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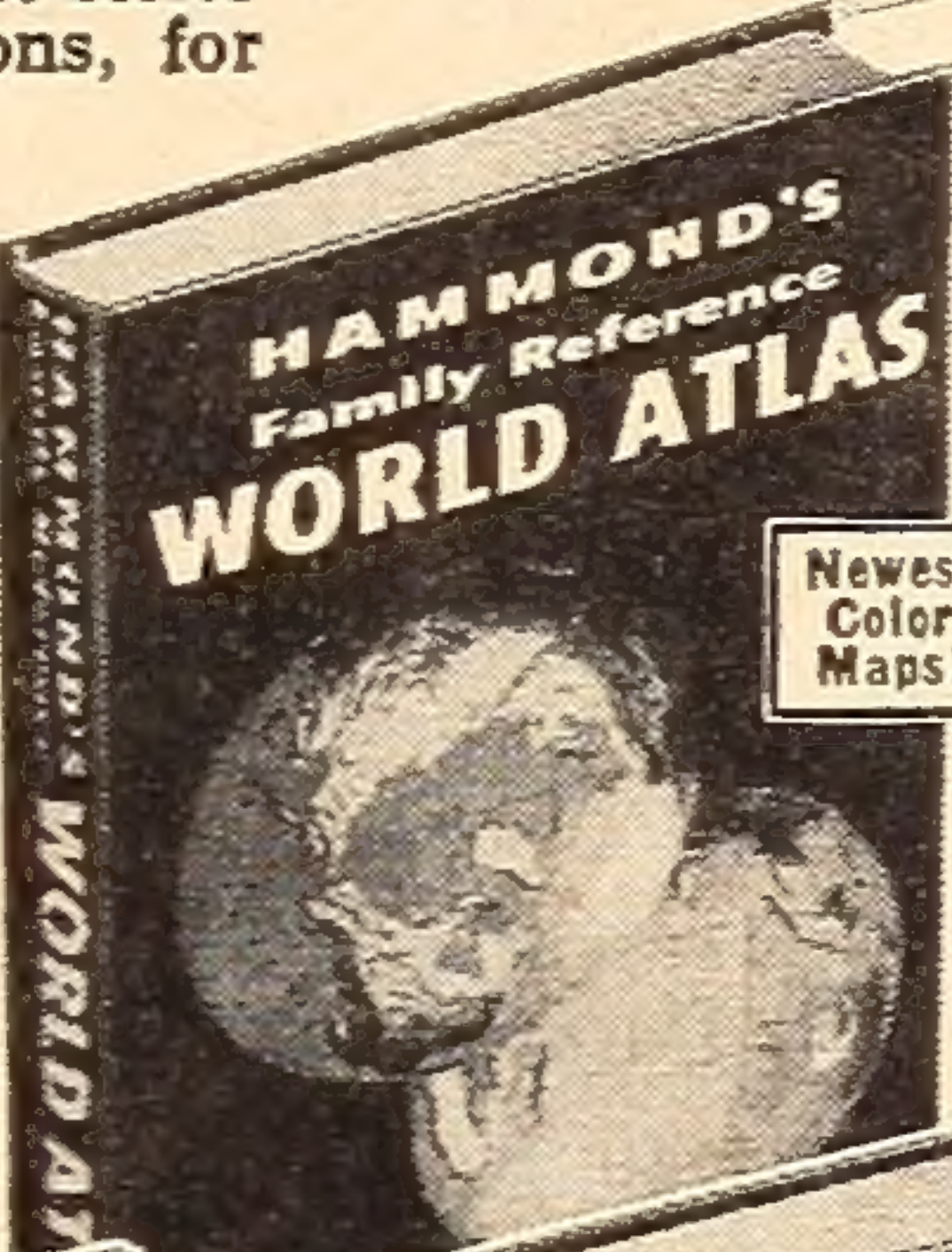


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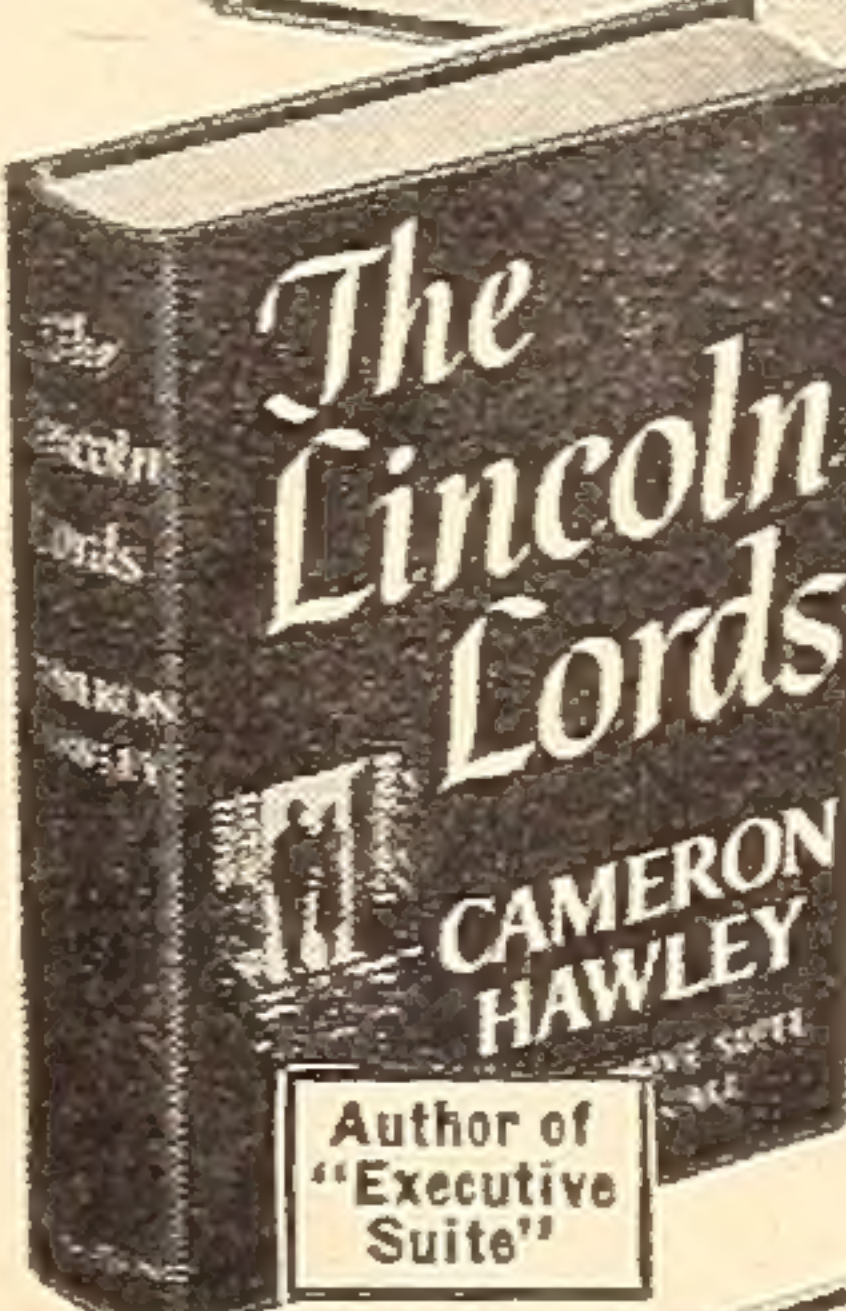
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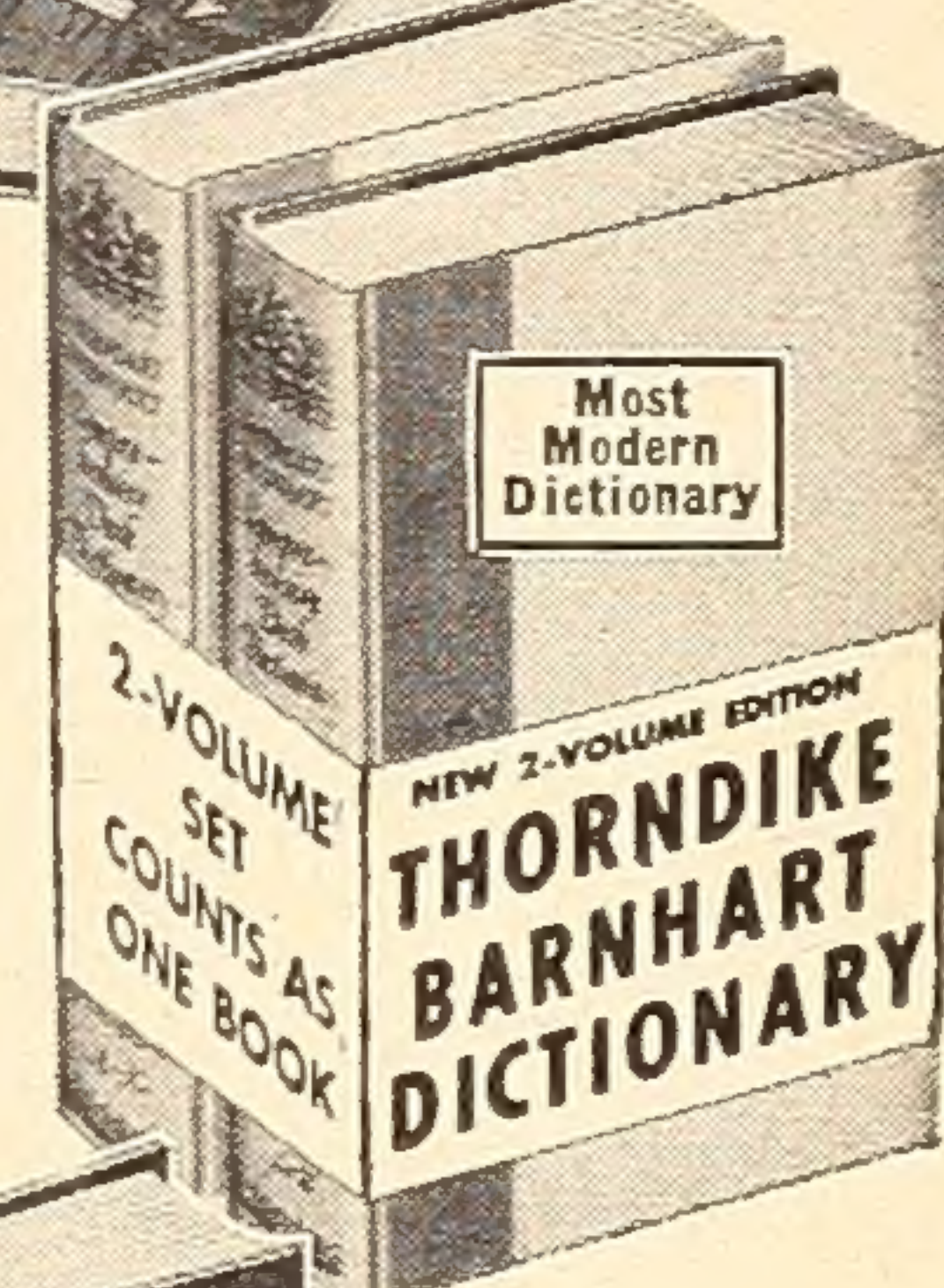
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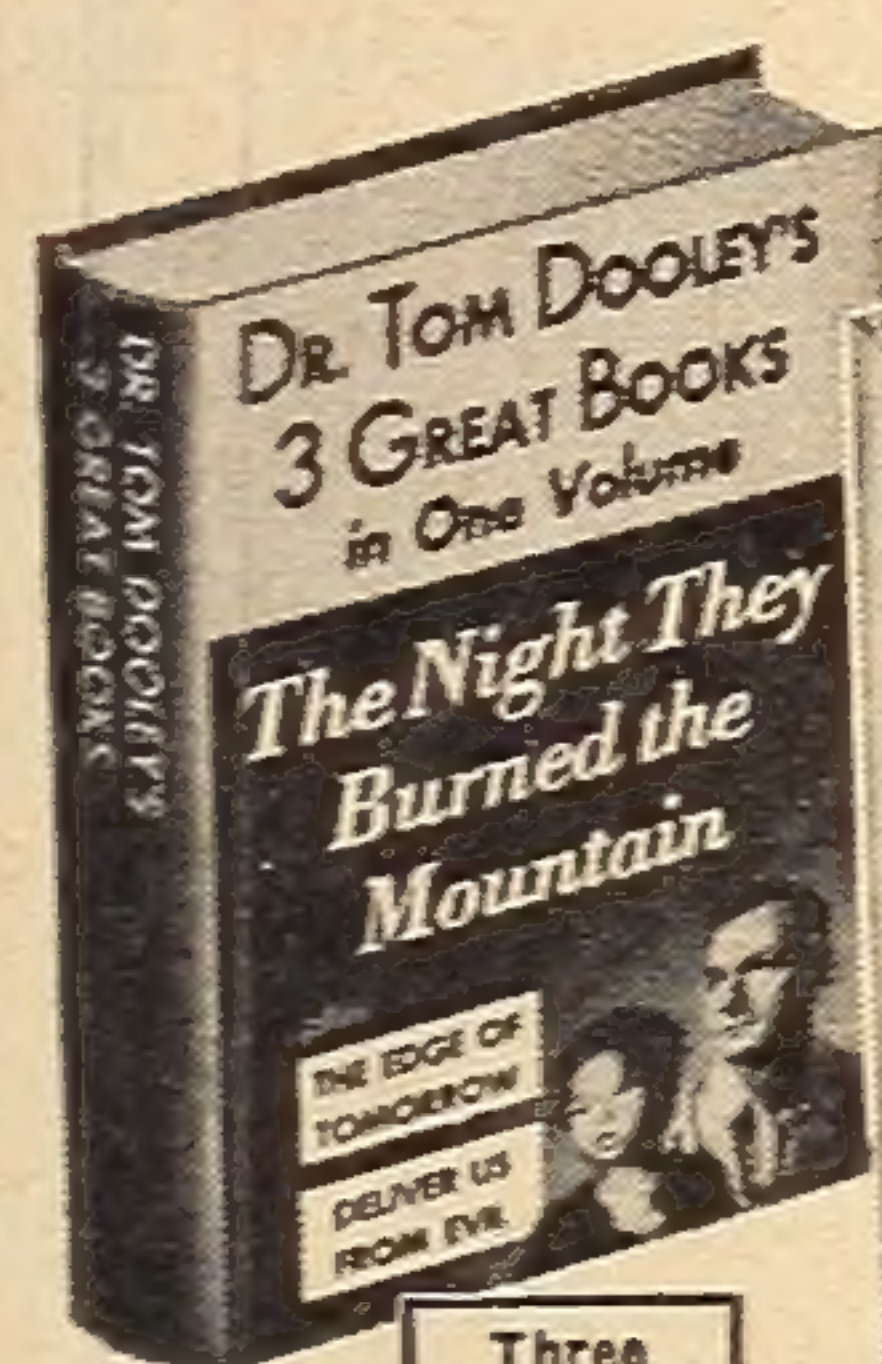
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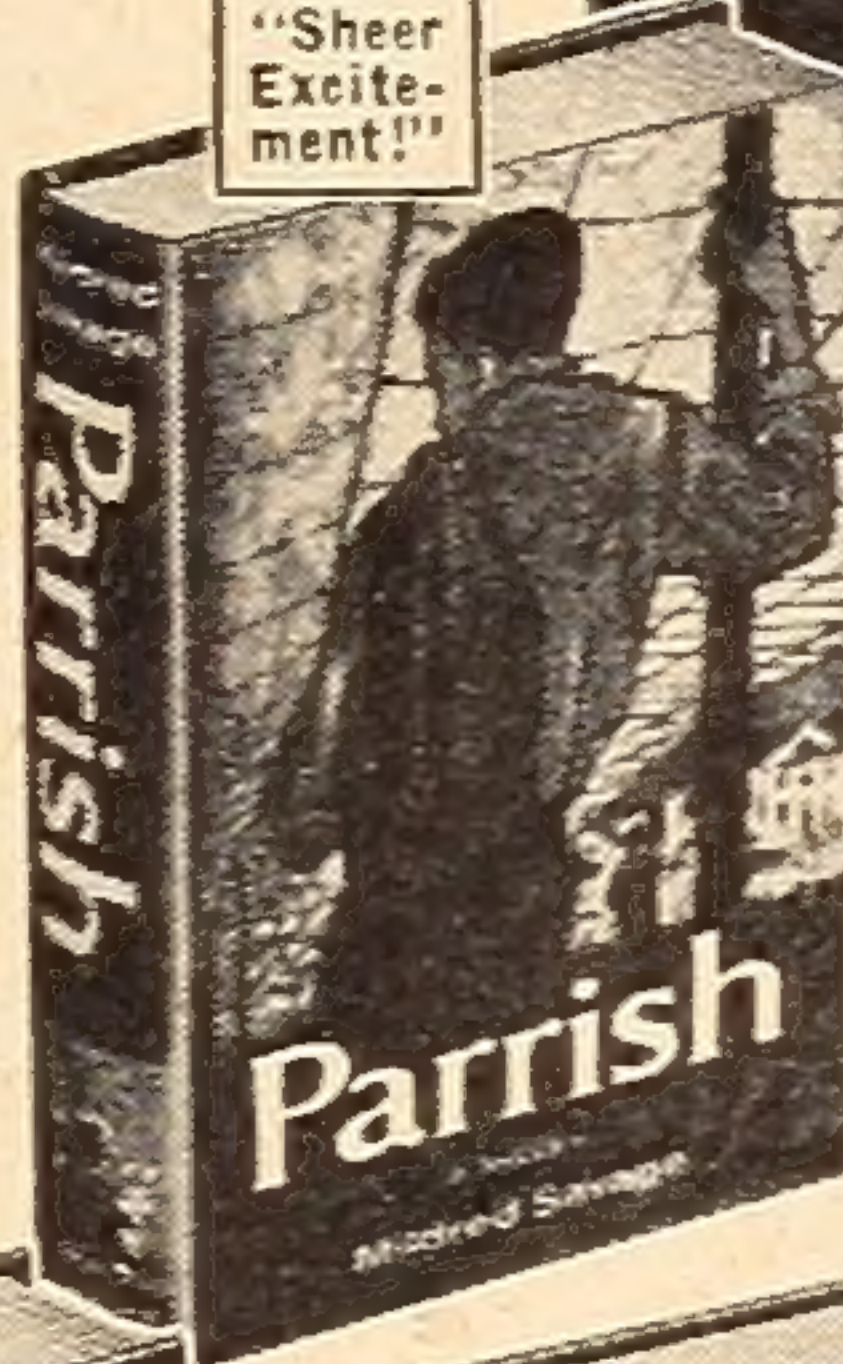
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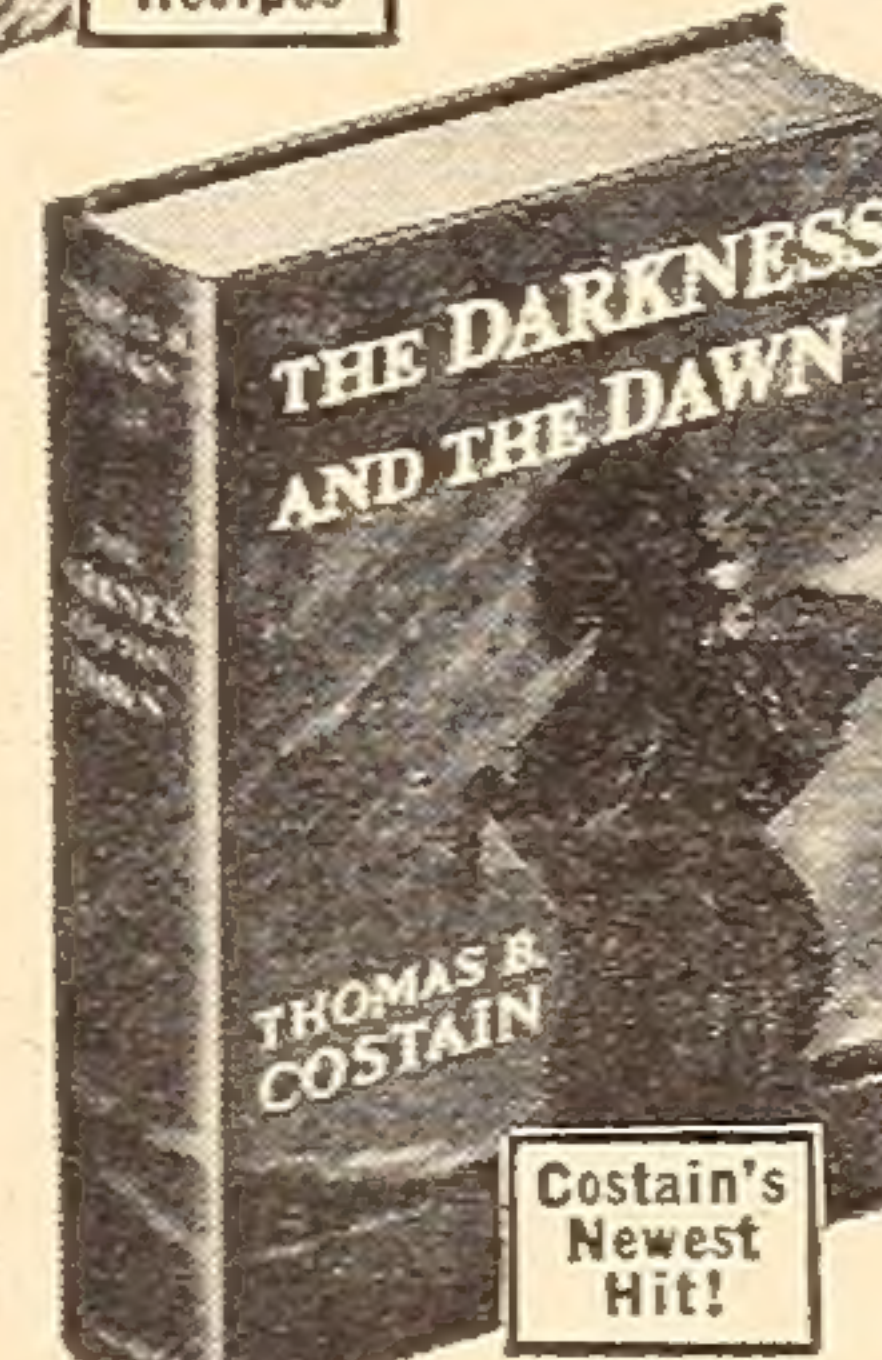
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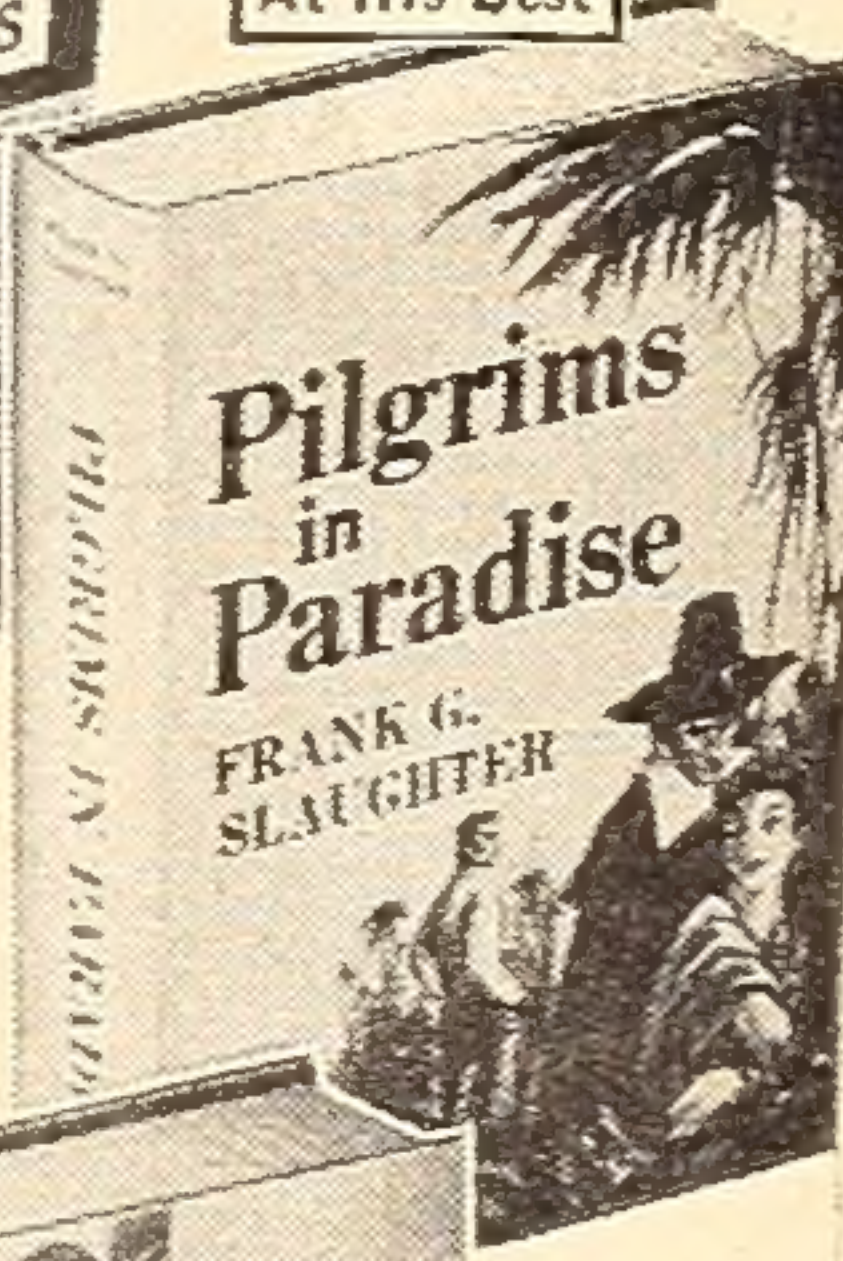
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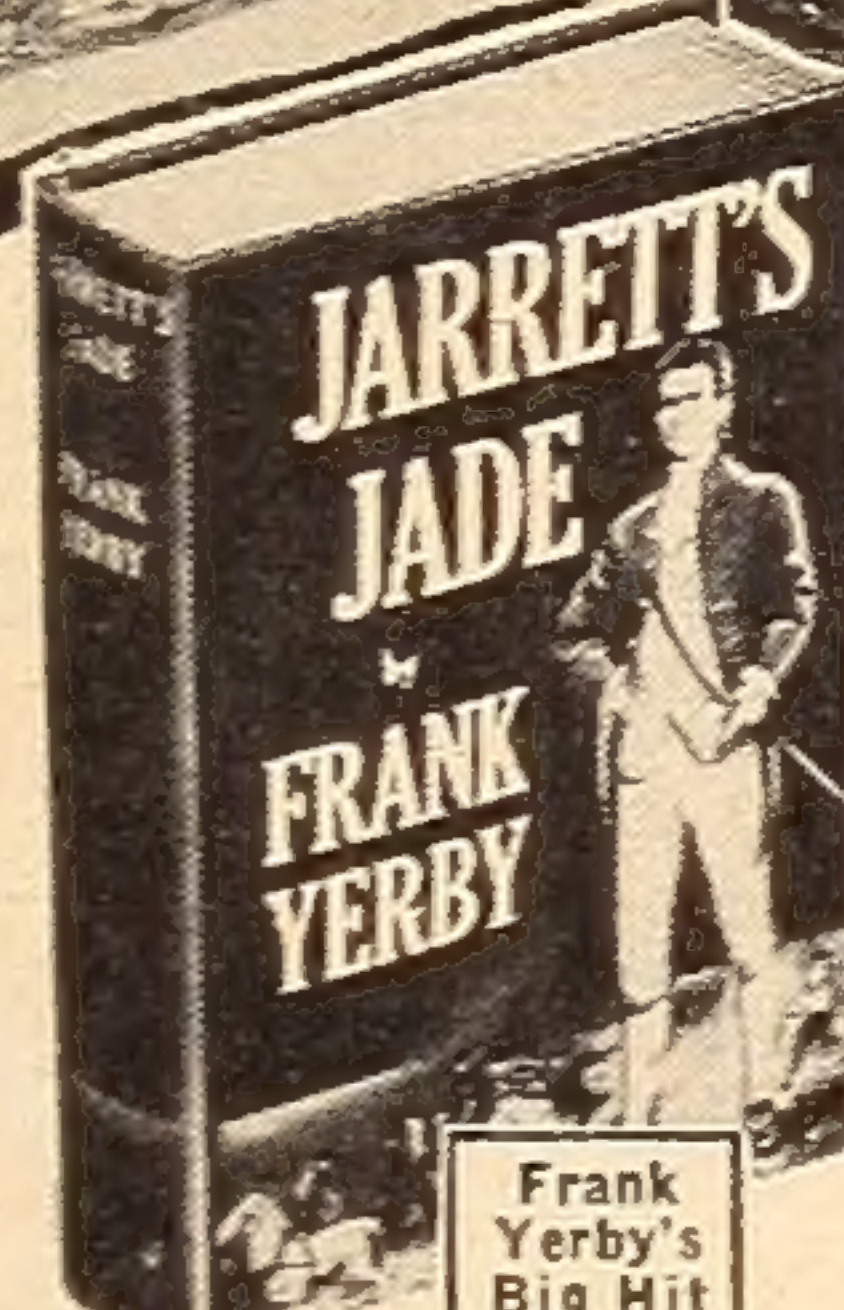
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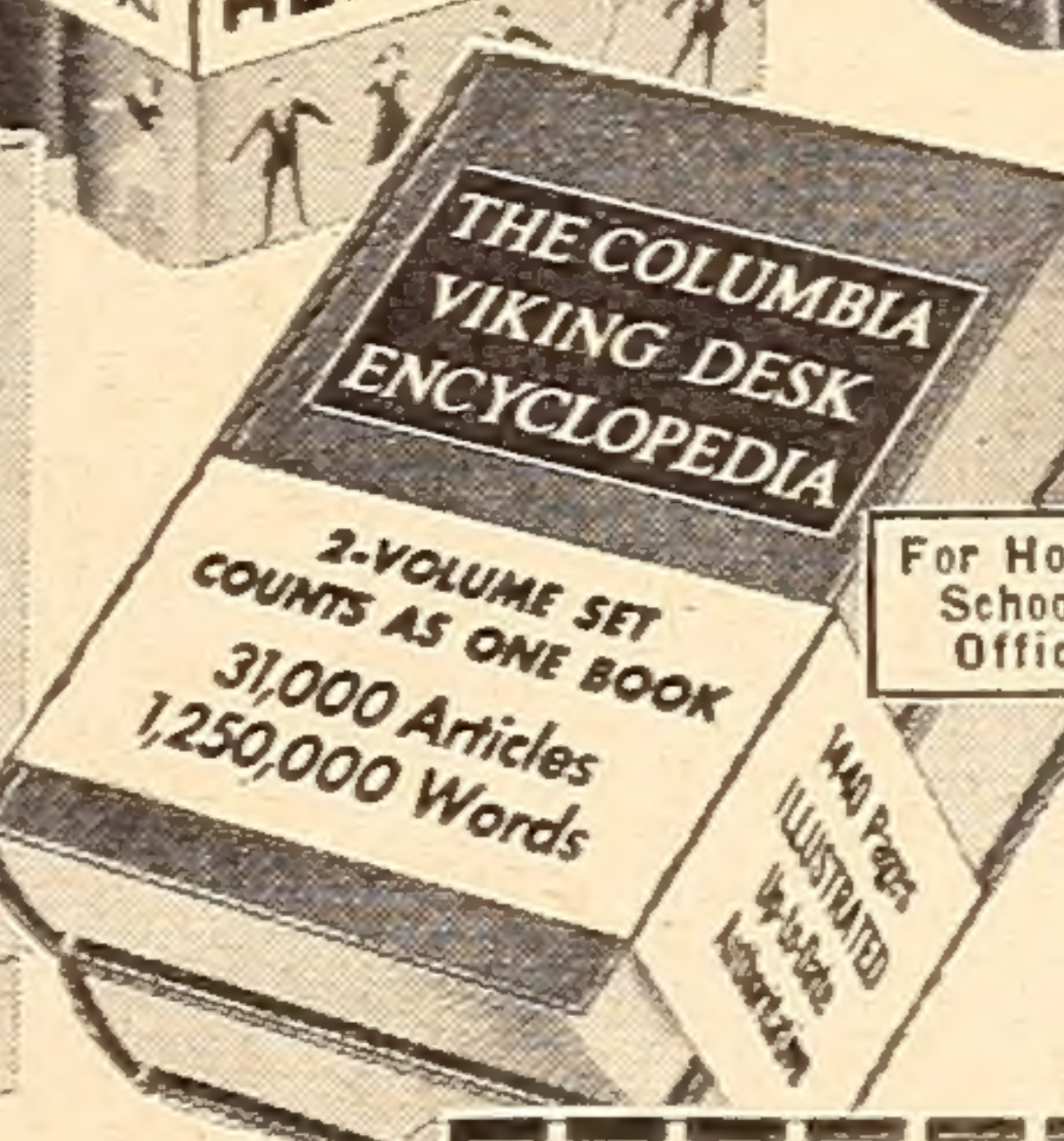
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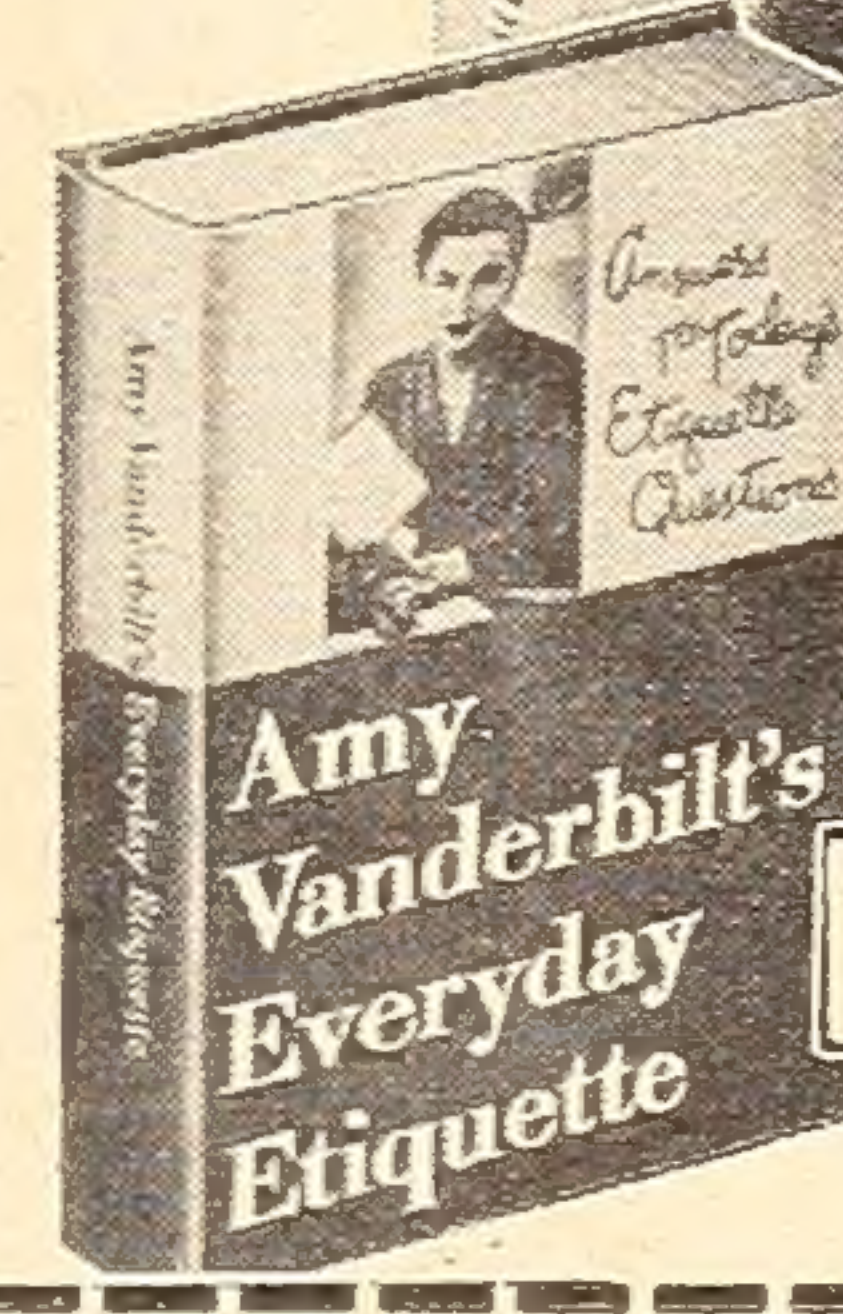
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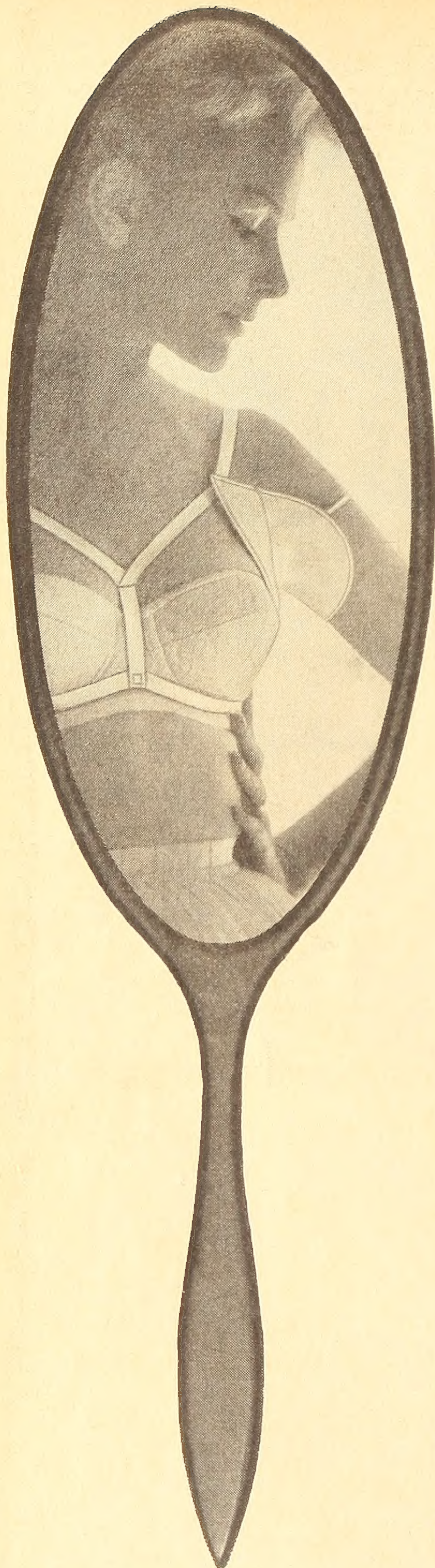
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modern screen

NOVEMBER, 1960

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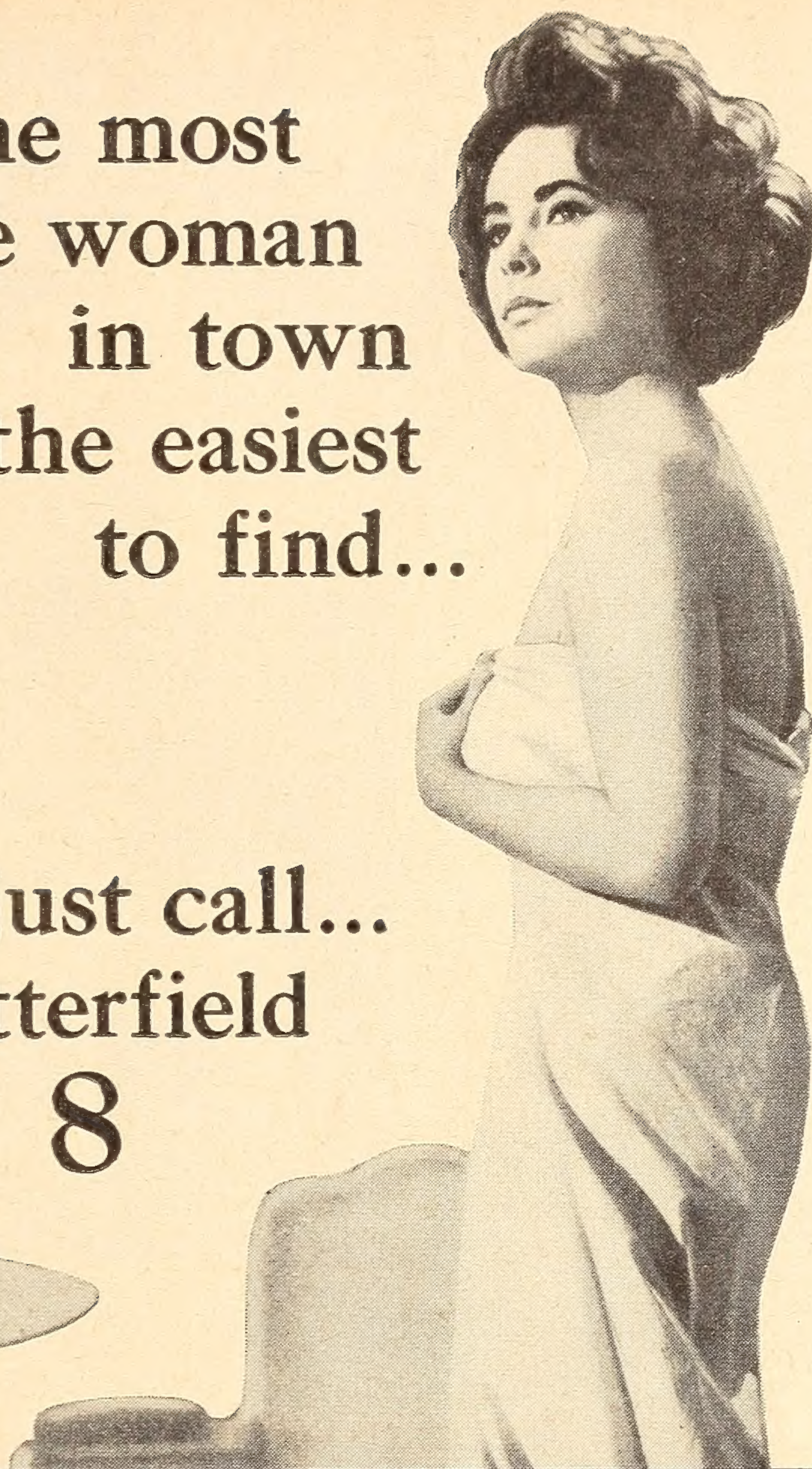
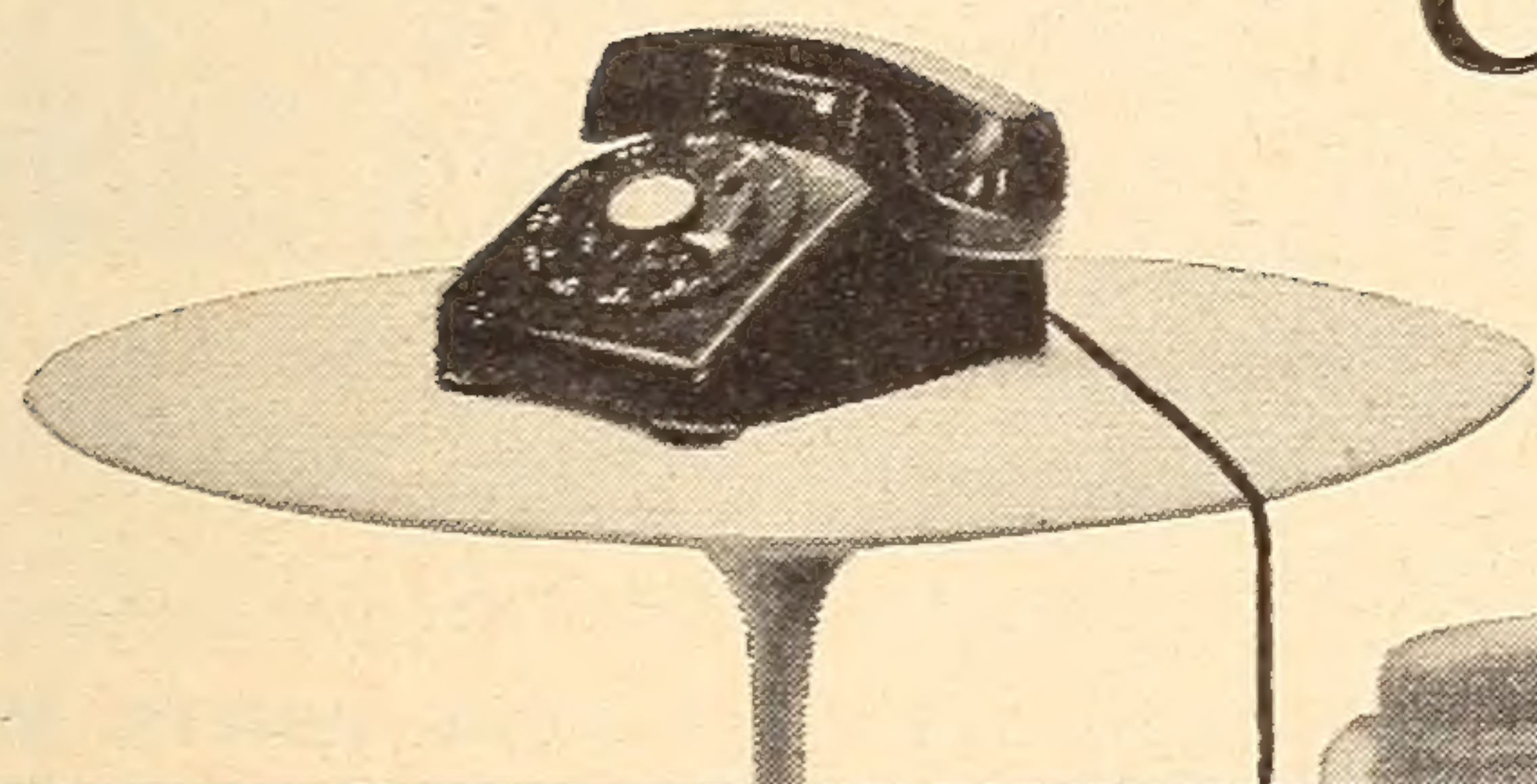
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in town
and the easiest
to find...

just call...
BUtterfield
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This is Liggett... who called Gloria when-
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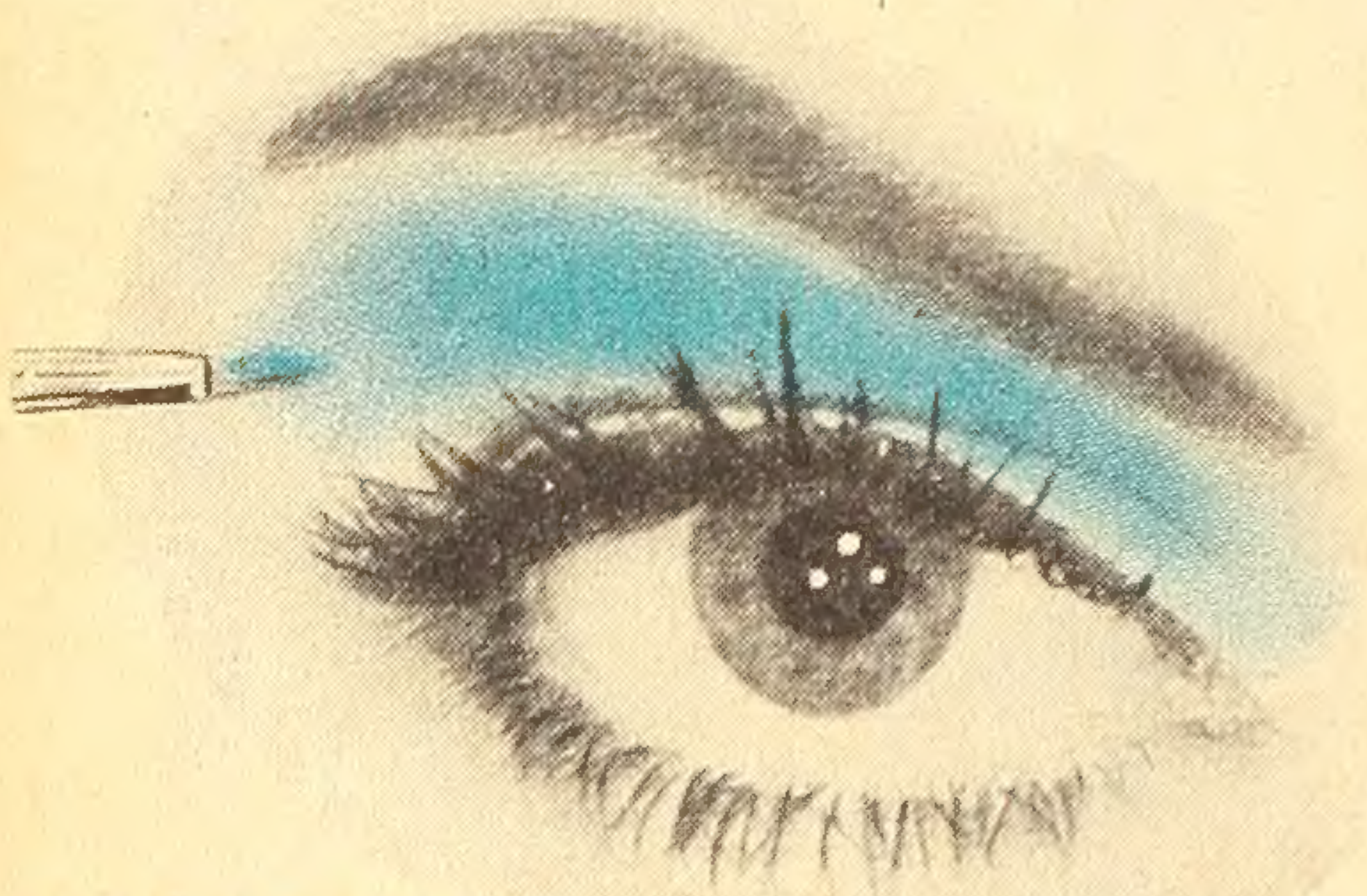
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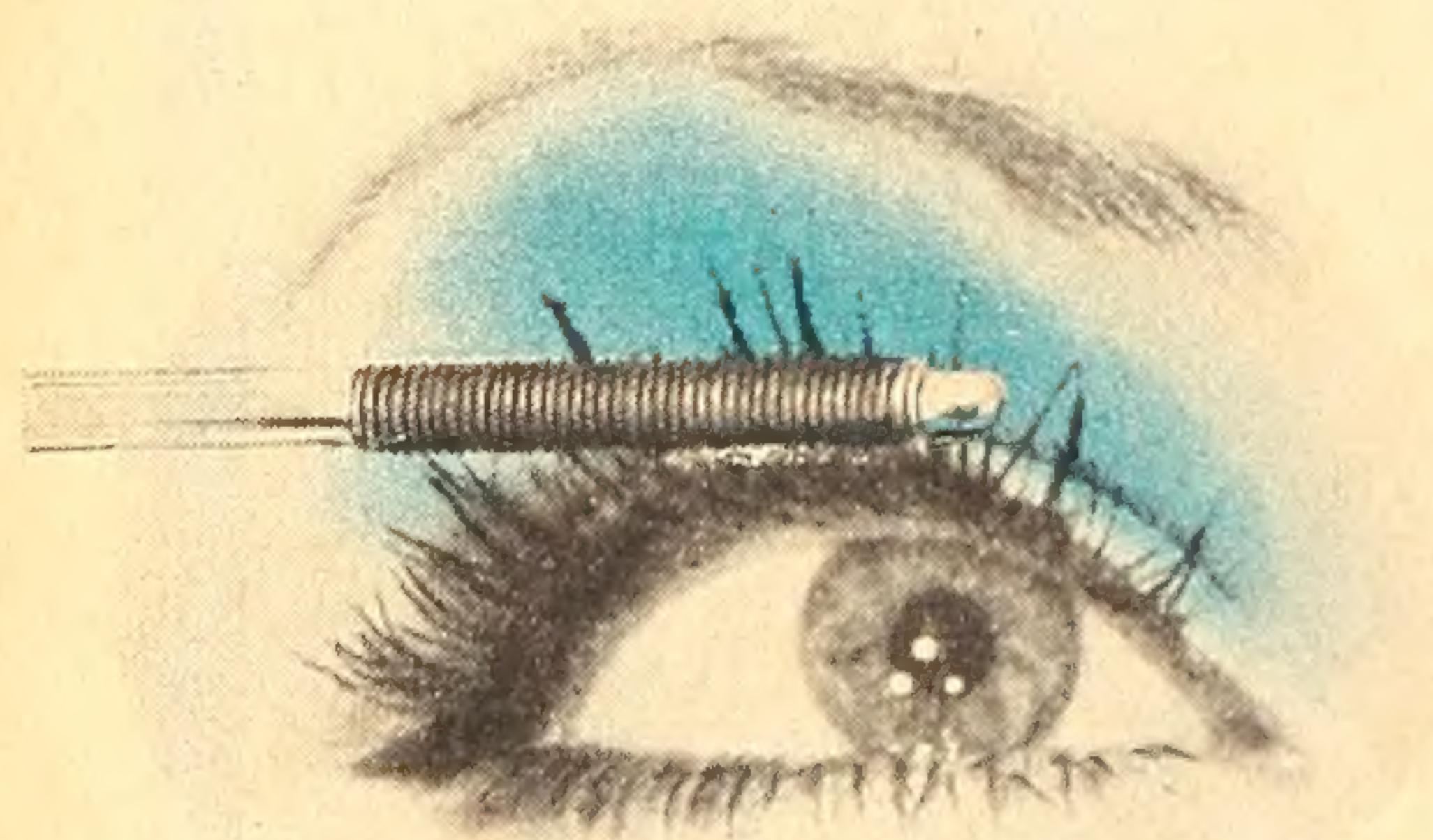
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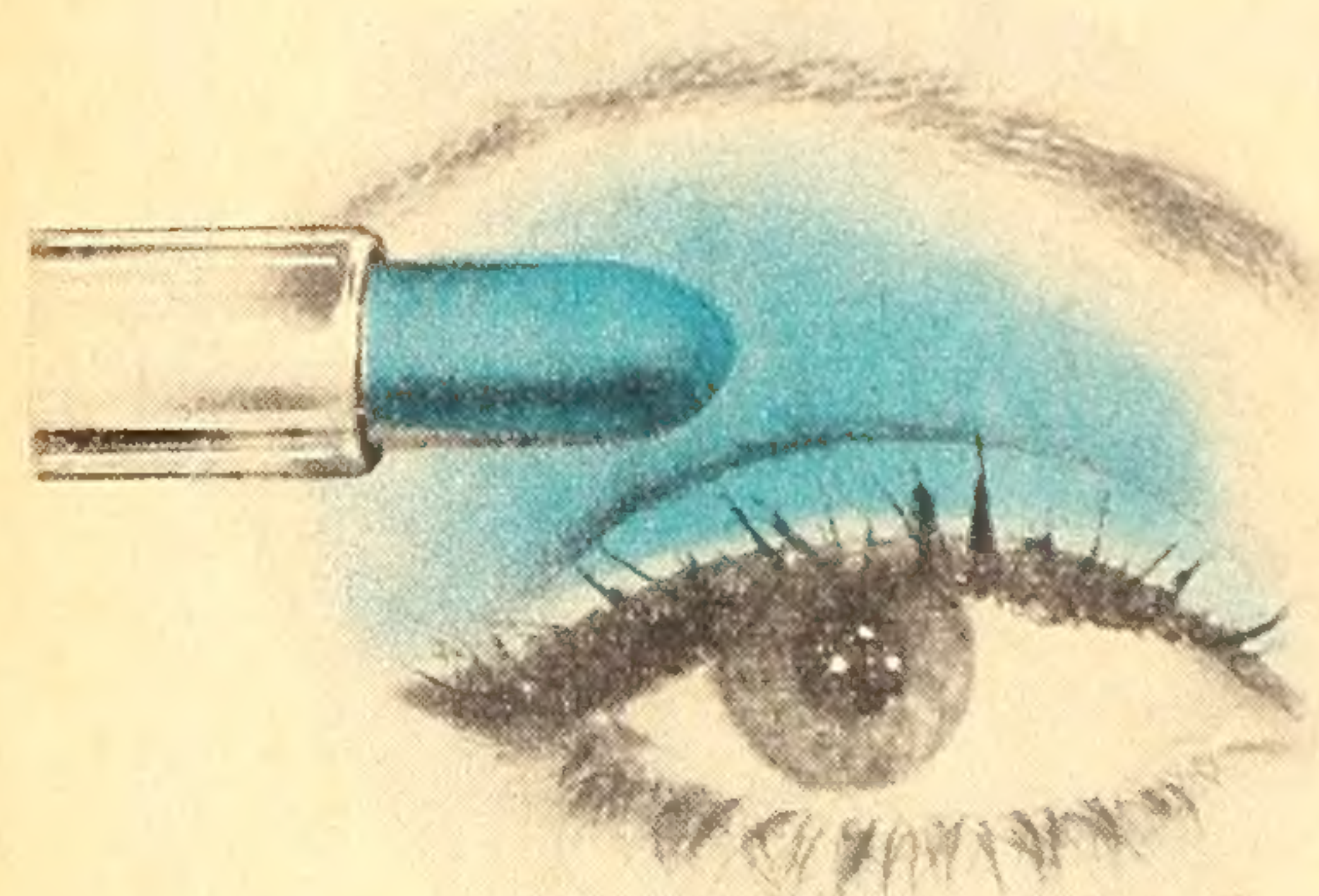
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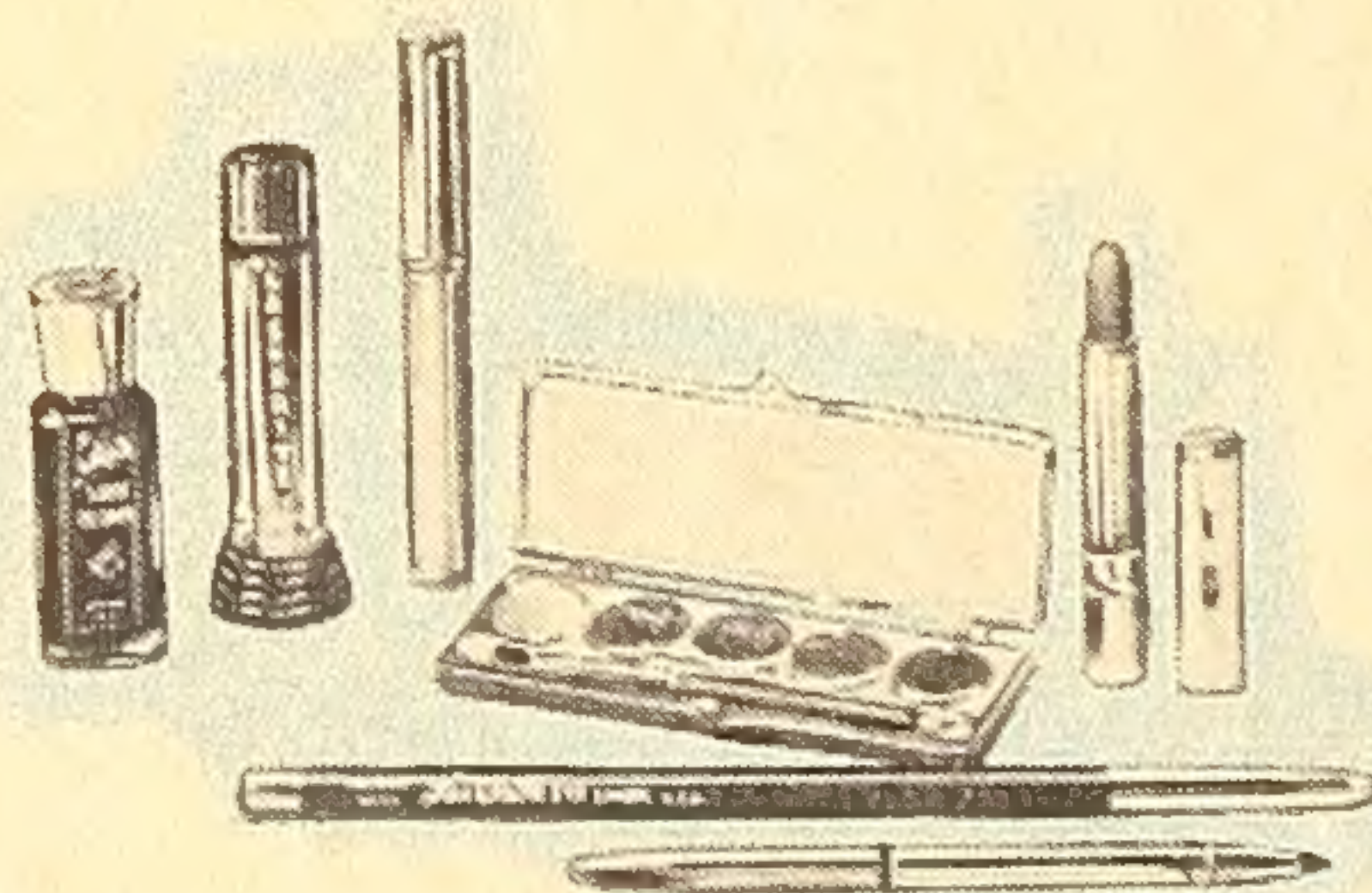


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by Florence Epstein



Billionaire Yves Montand could have any girl, but he wants Marilyn, and he has a delightful scheme to win her.

LET'S MAKE LOVE

... with Marilyn

Marilyn Monroe
Yves Montand
Tony Randall
Frankie Vaughn
Wilfred Hyde White

■ If the girl's Marilyn Monroe and the boy's Yves Montand the picture doesn't need much of a plot. And not much of a plot is exactly what you get in this frothy comedy with music. Montand is a billionaire businessman who can have any girl in the world—and has had a majority of them. But he knows they love him for the diamond bracelets he distributes like popcorn. He has become such a notorious playboy that an off-Broadway group has written a play about him. Jumping into his Rolls-Royce he is taken to the scene of this crime where he finds Marilyn wearing practically nothing and knitting (it keeps her hands busy during rehearsal). He is so enamoured of her that when he's mistaken for an actor auditioning for the playboy role he goes along with the gag. He wants Marilyn to love him for himself. Since she appears to be in love with the show's singer (Frankie Vaughn) Montand has a job cut out for him. Desperate to make good in the part, he hires Milton Berle, Bing Crosby and Gene Kelly to give him private instructions in their respective arts. This works out very well because Montand has also bought 51% interest in the show. It's a slick movie, all right, and Marilyn's singing is delightful. You keep wishing Montand could have displayed more of his many talents and that a couple with this much fire had been given better fuel to burn. —CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPITAPH

a boy of the slums

Burl Ives
Shelley Winters
James Darren
Jean Seberg
Ricardo Montalban

■ The young James Darren doesn't know what he's up against—his father died in the electric chair and his mother (Shelley Winters) works as a "B" girl in a cafe to support him. Nevertheless, Shelley has some good friends there on the seamy South Side of Chicago and, one Christmas Eve, they all decide to become Jimmy's godparents. You can't call any of these people solid citizens—a punch-drunk ex-fighter, a prostitute, a dope-addicted singer (Ella Fitzgerald), an alcoholic ex-judge (Burl Ives), etc., make up the "family." Happily enough they do him good and he becomes an outstanding piano student. Shelley worries because he gets into fights defending his late father's reputation. Jimmy doesn't tell her that he's defending *her* reputation. Finally hauled up before a judge Jimmy is surprised when a stranger (Ricardo Montalban) pays his fine. Ricardo has been romancing Shelley and, just lately, has introduced her to the use of drugs. Jimmy has just fallen in love with Jean Seberg, a girl from the other side of Chicago, and is about to audition for a music scholarship when he learns how Ricardo has victimized his mother. In a rage Jimmy breaks into Ricardo's florist shop (he peddles drugs in the backroom) and waves a pistol at him. Luckily, Jimmy's godparents are sober enough for the finale.—COLUMBIA.

(Continued on page 6)

Many doctors know coughs really start in your Cough Control Center.



Now, Vicks cough syrups calm your Cough Control Center, let you sleep.



New Vicks "Cough Silencer" stops nagging coughs

New discovery works in your cough control center . . . without narcotic codeine . . . lets you sleep all night!

Did you know that nagging coughs are actually controlled in the brain . . . at your Cough Control Center? Congestion and irritation in your throat and chest overexcite, aggravate this Control, make you cough.

Until recently, only medicines containing narcotics like codeine could reach this Cough Control Center. But, codeine can have sickening side effects. Can be habit-forming.

Now Vicks announces an amazing new cough silencer called Silentium, that works in your Cough Control Center . . . calms, quiets, stops nagging coughs, safely, surely . . . without narcotic codeine. Lets you sleep the whole night through!

Get Silentium in two Vicks cough syrups: **Improved Vicks Cough Syrup** with the wild cherry flavor children love; and for Silentium in extra-strength, new **Vicks Formula 44**. Buy both, stop nagging coughs!



JULIE LONDON tells all . . .



How could a girl resist Martin Denny? He sweeps you away to a tropic paradise and the gay glam-ning...with his new Catch the way he Hideaway" and



our of New York in a breathtaking evening. EXOTIC SOUNDS VISIT BROADWAY album. weaves tropic sounds into "Hernando's "Love for Sale." Exciting! You'll love his

other albums too—like QUIET VILLAGE and SILVER SCREEN. But the man who really tickles me (makes me laugh, I mean) is Dave Barry. I have a ball with Dave and his new album LAUGHS FOR LOSERS... loaded routines like "The Unfair Sex" and "Dis- the Best Policy" recorded from an actual Las club performance. Honey, you haven't lived till



ten laugh- honesty is Vegas night- you've met

Dave Barry! There's another funny man in my love life—Spike Jones. Just wait till you hear his latest Liberty album 60 YEARS OF MUSIC AMERICA HATES BEST.



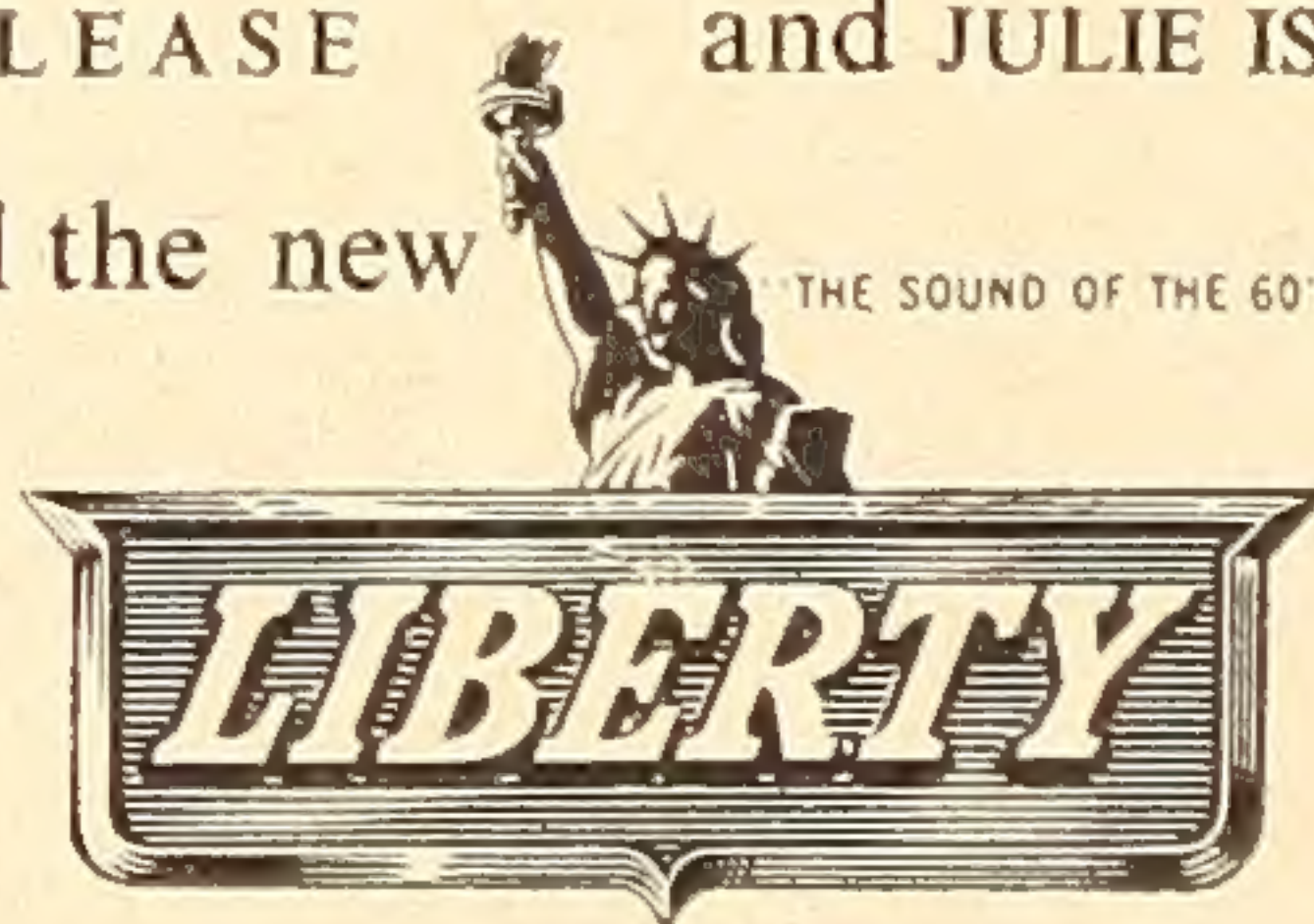
You'll laugh as I did when you hear some of his "zany" take-offs on tunes like "Three Little Fishies" and "Hut Sut Song." More surprises than a carload of crackerjack boxes and just as nutty! If you're a Spike fan like I am, you'll want his OMNIBUST

album too. P.S. Like to tic mood? Leave it to album has twelve tan- "The Party's Over" and



put the man in *your* life in a roman- me. My new AROUND MIDNIGHT talizing love songs like "Misty," "Don't Smoke in Bed." For an

encore try my other Liberty albums YOUR NUMBER PLEASE and JULIE IS HER NAME. Just write me for a complete catalog of all the new Liberty albums...Julie London, Liberty Records, Dept. MS-11, Los Angeles 28, California.



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MIDNIGHT LACE

suspense in London

Doris Day
Rex Harrison
Roddy McDowall
John Gavin
Myrna Loy

■ Marry an American and anything can happen, but suave financier Rex Harrison never imagined that his wife (Doris Day) would pounce on the idea that someone was trying to kill her. What for? First she's walking through the London fog and a threatening voice floating out of it nearly scares her to death. Next a load of steel girders just missing falling on her head. Contractor John Gavin, a husky bloke, hurls her out of the way. When Doris notices that her housekeeper's son (Roddy McDowall) happily walks off with all his mother's wages there's more food for thought. And when Roddy leaves, the phone rings—another threat. Rex informs her that London is full of practical jokers but he takes her to Scotland Yard anyway, where Inspector John Williams decides she just likes attention. She gets plenty—more phone calls, split-second rescues from a stalled elevator and a wayward bus, more phone calls. In desperation Rex says he'll take her to Venice. Who can harm you in a gondola? Who, indeed?—U.-I.

I AIM AT THE STARS

conquering outer space

Curt Jurgens
Victoria Shaw
Herbert Lom
Gia Scala
James Daly

■ Does a scientist's desire to conquer outer space excuse him from the necessity of making moral choices on this earth? That's a question nobody wants to answer in this film. Playing it safe the story concerns itself mainly with a boy whose infatuation for designing rockets never dies. The boy grows up into Wernher von Braun (Curt Jurgens) who while Hitler is marching through Europe, is busily perfecting the V-2 rocket in Germany. Von Braun doesn't join the Nazi party at first, he does so later in order to continue his work. The fact that his work may reduce London to rubble is somehow ignored by Jurgens whose only desire, he insists, is to reach the stars. (His attitude, to be fair, even makes the Nazis suspicious.) When he and his co-workers finally surrender to the Americans, Major James Daly resents the special treatment given him. But Daly's resentment is explained away on a personal basis—that is, his wife and children were killed in a London air raid. The war over, von Braun goes on TV in America to warn the people about the importance of winning the "space race." The President, himself, asks him to launch an American missile into orbit—which he does. It is Explorer I. It's chilling to think that if the Russians had captured him he might have been on their "team" now. Victoria Shaw plays his childhood sweetheart, whom he marries. Gia Scala is one of his secretaries who was able, despite the German secret police, to do a little spy work on the side.—COLUMBIA

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

family drama

Dorothy McGuire
Robert Preston
Eve Arden
Angela Lansbury
Shirley Knight

■ Family life in the '20's was not radically different from life in the '60's. Traveling salesman Robert Preston is the kind all customers love and all wives (e.g., Dorothy McGuire) complain about. He's not home enough, he doesn't make enough money, he's not a good enough father. Teen-ager Shirley Knight needs

clothes (she needs *something* to overcome her shyness with boys) and 10-year-old Robert Eyer needs masculine influence. A fight about one of Shirley's new dresses sends Preston, who has just lost his job, flying into Angela Lansbury's beauty shop (she's a sympathetic widow). Dorothy's unhappily married sister (Eve Arden) arrives with her unhappy husband (Frank Overton) to console her. Dorothy and Preston reconcile only to split again when she resists his affectionate advances. Meanwhile teen-ager Shirley is having problems of her own. She's finally found a beau (they met when he narrowly avoided running her down with his car) but he has a Jewish name and is asked to leave the country club where they've been dancing and smooching. This snub is enough to make him commit suicide. Preston has moved to a hotel and found a new job. Will Angela Lansbury get him—or will Dorothy McGuire bring him home alive?—WARNERS.

SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO

early days of
a great president

Ralph Bellamy
Greer Garson
Hume Cronyn
Ann Shoemaker
Jean Hagen

■ A hit on Broadway, *Sunrise At Campobello* retains all the qualities which made it an inspiring story of courage. It also retains the original star (Ralph Bellamy) as Franklin Delano Roosevelt. On a summer afternoon in 1921 the Roosevelts—Greer Garson plays Eleanor—and their five children are happily swimming and sailing near their summer lodge in Canada. That night FDR is stricken by polio. A clash soon develops between FDR's close friend (Hume Cronyn) and his domineering mother (Ann Shoemaker). Mother wants FDR to rest and retire at Hyde Park; Cronyn believes that a political career and dreams of achievement will speed his recovery. Eleanor, who is extremely shy, forces herself to enter public life in order to keep her husband informed. Meanwhile, he delves into business and spends much time building up his physical strength. A final clash with his mother about his future prompts him to rise from his wheelchair in a brave attempt to walk. In 1924 FDR is asked to give the nominating speech for Al Smith at the Democratic Convention. To do this he must be able to stand on his feet for half an hour and must take ten steps from his seat to the lectern. As his friend Cronyn informs him, they are the biggest ten steps he'll ever take in his life. Go see!—WARNERS.

HELL TO ETERNITY

island warfare

Jeffrey Hunter
David Janssen
Vic Damone
Patricia Owens
Richard Eyer

■ This movie is based on the life of a then eighteen-year-old Marine who captured nearly 2,000 Japanese single-handedly during World War II (it's remarkable what can happen if you speak the language). The young Guy Gabaldon (Richard Eyer) is a pugnacious kid born in the slums of Los Angeles. One day he steals some potatoes and the school athletic coach (George Shibata), a Japanese-American, escorts him home. It turns out that Richard's been living alone in abject poverty. Shibata takes him to his own home where Guy discovers the warmth and security of a happy family life. He learns to speak Japanese and grows up into a husky, sensitive specimen of a man (Jeffrey Hunter). When

(Continued on page 56)

JUST A'JUST.

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to fit
just you
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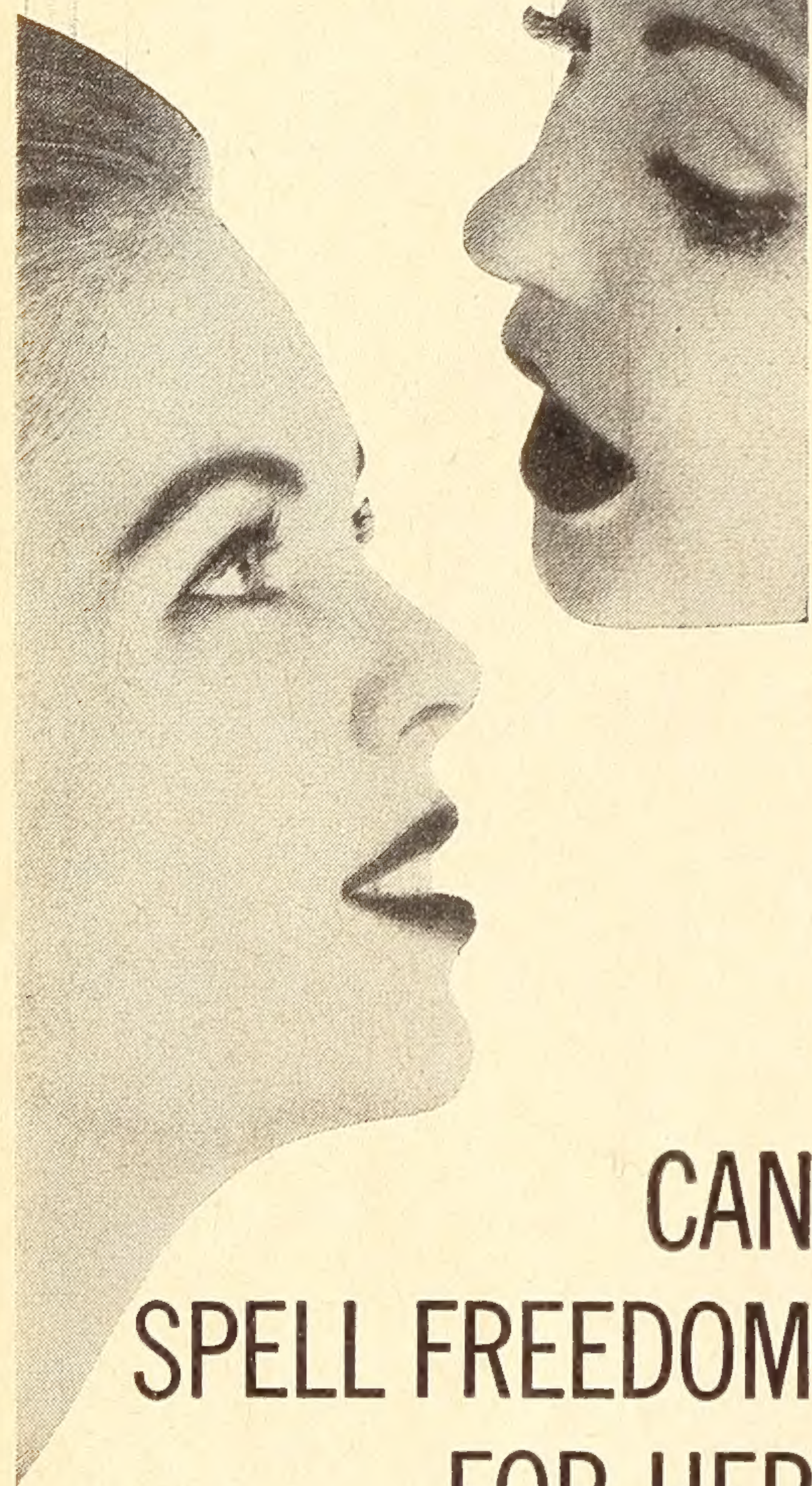


Your form wasn't meant to conform to a cup... the cup must conform to *you*!
And I'm the magic tab that can pull the magic trick. Just pull me up... or down... for just the fullness and separation you *need*... just the comfort and attract-appeal you *want*!
Imagine... custom fit at a ready-made price.
Available in Bandeau and Longline... black or white... embroidered cotton; nylon marquisette or nylon lace. Elastic of acetate, cotton and rubber.
A, B, C and D cups. In bandeau, illus.... \$2.95
In longline from \$5 to \$7.50 (illus.)
D cup slightly higher.

PHOTO BY GERALD HOCHMAN

AVAILABLE WHEREVER FINE BRASSIERES ARE SOLD IN THE U.S.A. AND CANADA

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ONE
WORD
FROM YOU



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The word is—Tampax! Tampax® internal sanitary protection. Read what girls *just like you* have said about recommending it to a friend:

"Of course I'd tell a friend about Tampax—just as I'd tell a savage that electric light is better than an oil lamp."

"I tell my friends that using Tampax is like moving from the horse and buggy age to the automotive age."

"I'm just rabid on the subject. I can't stand to have a friend of mine in that cumbersome belt-pin-pad harness."

Do users think Tampax is a step ahead? They most certainly do! A step ahead in freedom, in comfort, in convenience! Tampax can't be seen or felt, once in place. Tampax prevents odor. Tampax is easy to insert with satin-smooth applicator, easy to dispose of, convenient to carry. And Tampax meets the needs of every girl with 3 absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior, available wherever such products are sold.

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies. For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's **SUPER STAR CHART**. Coupon, page 64.

Q I read that *all* the **Crosbys** are so completely reconciled now that the entire clan, sons, grandsons, Bing, Kathy, etc., all get together for church on Sundays and then have a long weekly brunch at Bing's house each week. How did all this come about?

—G.F., NEW YORK CITY

A *Through the fertile imagination of a press-agent. Not a word of truth to it.*

Q Now that **Shelley Winters** and **Tony Franciosa** are divorcing, is Tony interested in another girl already?

—R.L., RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

A *Several.*

Q All the columns have **Marlon Brando** dating **Charles Boyer's** daughter all over Paris. What does this mean?

—T.H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A *Just that someone goofed. Boyer only has a son.*

Q Is it true that **Hope Lange Murray** and **Don's** new girl **Dolores Michaels** are set to appear in the same movie together? Isn't Don embarrassed?

—U.H., PORTLAND, MAINE

A *They are competing for the same role in **DRAGON TREE**. Don's been out of town—and out of the situation.*

Q What ever happened to the **Tuesday Weld-Dick Beymer** romance?

—H.B., CANTON, OHIO

A *As usual, Tuesday got bored with the whole thing.*

Q Is it serious between **Ina Balin** and **Roddy McDowall**?

—Y.F., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A *It's strictly for laughs.*

Q Is it true that **Liz Taylor** went along with **Eddie** when he visited his children in California this summer? Did **Debbie** give her permission for this?

—M.B., DENVER, COL.

A *No.*

Q They say **Sandra Dee** has fallen for a boy whom she met while she was in Rome filming *Romanoff and Juliet*. What are the possibilities of this romance lasting? Or do you think it

will go the way of all Sandra's other romances?

—Z.R., LONDON, ENGLAND

A *It's gone.*

Q Do **Jean Simmons** and director **Richard Brooks** plan to get married right away now that she has a rush divorce from **Stewart Granger**?

—T.G., PORTLAND, ORE.

A *You can get a rush divorce in Arizona, but not a rush remarriage. Jean will have to wait a year before becoming Mrs. Brooks.*

Q I heard a rumor that **Hayley Mills**, the fourteen-year-old star of *Pollyanna*, has a big crush on a famous older star and is dating him secretly. Who is it?

—T.F., FORT LEE, N.J.

A *Hayley has a crush on **Elvis Presley**. Their only "dates" are via a recording machine. She doesn't go out with boys of any age . . . yet.*

Q Is it true that **Bill Holden** is still such a big draw that his name on a marquee automatically means at least a million dollars profit for a movie?

—C.C., CHICAGO, ILL.

A *THE KEY (in which Bill starred with **Sophia Loren** a couple of years back) was more than a million dollar loss. It depends entirely on the story.*

Q What's the story behind the **Lee Remick-Yves Montand** feud?

—T.G., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

A *Yves isn't feuding with Lee—just with their studio—for giving her the best scenes in their new movie, **SANCTUARY**.*

Q Now that **Esther Williams** has fallen for **Fernando Lamas** where does this leave **Jeff Chandler**?

—E.E., SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

A *High and dry.*

Q I read a story in which **Diane Baker** is supposed to have told her studio that unless she is give meatier roles in more "classy" pictures she'd prefer to take a suspension. What's happened since?

—P.L., LUBBOCK, TEXAS

A *Diane's currently starring in **THE WIZARD OF BAGHDAD**.*



NEW PEARLESCENT MAKEUP

Touches your complexion with moonlight
Sparkles your lips with iridescent color

A whole new concept—a makeup that lights up your complexion with the shimmering beauty of pearls. Puff on new glittering Pearlescent powder; *instantly* your complexion looks flawlessly caressed with moonlight. Touch on new creamy Pearlescent lipstick; your lips are *moist* with an iridescent sparkling beauty that he's bound to find more than a little disturbing. Find out for yourself—pearls are a girl's best friend!



5 glittering shades,
compact makeup
Shown: new "Think Pink"
lipstick—one of 7 moonstruck
colors 79¢ each

Evening in Paris

CREATED IN PARIS. MADE BY BOURJOIS, U. S. A.

Is it true...
blondes
have more
fun?



Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see... a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With *amazingly gentle* new Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! It takes only minutes!

And Lady Clairol feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, *that's* a beautiful advantage! Try it and see!

Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is

Instant Whip* **Lady Clairol**® Creme Hair Lightener



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MODERN SCREEN'S
GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

**Fun Party for George Burns
and Bobby Darin**

**The Truth About
Marilyn and Yves**

**Debbie Makes an
Announcement**



Glamorous Rosalind Russell (left) joined Louella and her escort Jimmy McHugh for George Burns' and Bobby Darin's Greek Theater gala opening.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Esther and Fernando: seen together lately in quiet restaurant corners.

Esther and a New Beau?

The first rumor that **Esther Williams** had said farewell to her boyfriend of three years, **Jeff Chandler**, was surprising news since all Hollywood believed they were preparing to marry. In fact, Esther and Jeff hinted they were headed in that direction. Their romance started when they made a picture together in Rome and continued to be one of our most steady flames.

Then came word that Esther had fallen hard for another of her leading men. Just as in the case of Jeff, this leading man also was married. He was with her in her TV Spectacular, *Esther Williams at Cypress Gardens*. I speak of **Fernando Lamas**.

The gossip didn't seem possible until, out of the blue, redheaded **Arlene Dahl** sued Lamas for divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty. Then Esther and Fernando were seen together in quiet corners at smaller restaurants.

Whether this romance will continue no one can say, but as this is being written the Latin lover seems to have fallen hard for the movie mermaid.

Jean and Stewart Reach a Settlement

Although I had known for a couple of years that the marriage of **Jean Simmons** and **Stewart Granger** was in shambles, they persisted in denying it. Then, out of the blue, from London Jean announced that a divorce was contemplated—and about three weeks later she slipped quietly into Nogales, Arizona, her legal residence, and filed for a divorce.

Why all the long drawn-out shenanigans? In the beginning I think the British Stewart was determined that his lovely English bride of over nine years would not get a divorce with his approval. He seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown every time I called to check him over persistent reports that he and Jean were through.

This may have been partly due to the fact that Jean's screen career is soaring and Granger's has slipped in recent years. He was very unhappy about not working more.

Finances were another hurdle. They had bought jointly a 10,000-acre ranch in Arizona stocked with the finest cattle and the investment took a big chunk of Jean's earnings.

There was also the big difference in their ages, Granger being forty-one when he married the young teen-age actress in London.

These tensions mounted over the years and even the birth of their loved little daughter Tracy after six years of marriage did not bring the happiness they hoped for.

It seemed for a time as if this marriage had reached an impasse that might drag into years of Jean going her way and Stewart going his without benefit of real freedom—when suddenly a fine thing happened. MGM signed Stewart for three big pictures and the frustrations he had felt, and the bitterness, seemed to melt away in the glow of contentment he found in again being a busy and active man. A settlement was reached between him and Jean—and their friends hope there is contentment ahead for both of these Britishers, now American citizens.



Poor Taina Elg (left). One moment she was looking forward to a visit from Keith Larsen; the next she discovered he had just married actress Vera Miles (right).

Backstage Drama

The vivid redheaded star stood in the wings of the *Redhead* show at the Dallas State Fair waiting for her cue music that would bring her onto the stage. But first she paused to read again the telegram which had brought such a big smile to her face: ARRIVING OVER THE WEEK END. LOVE, KEITH.

Once again she quickly read the message which had made her so happy before shoving it into the hands of her dresser. Then **Taina Elg** whirled onto the stage to the sound of much applause.

Two hours later, sitting in her dressing room, removing her make-up, she switched on the small radio on her dressing table to a news broadcast.

"Flash from Hollywood," came the voice of

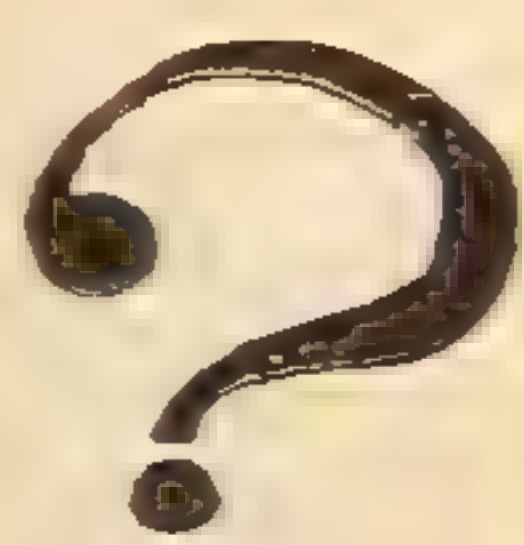
the announcer, "**Keith Larsen**, TV star, and blonde actress **Vera Miles** were just married in Las Vegas in a surprise move that caught most of Hollywood off guard. The newlyweds will return immediately to the bride's home in Thousand Oaks in the San Fernando Valley where they will join Miss Miles' son by a previous marriage to **Gordon (Tarzan) Scott**, and two daughters by her marriage to Bob Miles."

As they say in the scripts—Cut. And that's about all there is to this strange little story except that when Taina returned to Hollywood someone connected with Keith's TV show *Aquanut*, who probably was unaware of the situation, offered her the lead in his next chapter!

Shrugging, she said, "Everyone will say that I refused it because of other reasons—but honestly the role wasn't up my street."



Although their marriage was long on the rocks, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger persisted in denying it.



PERSONAL OPINIONS

Now her divorce from Stewart Granger is behind her and their years of unhappiness are no longer denied, look for **Jean Simmons** to become the bride of director Richard Brooks. They may not wait the full year required by Arizona law although neither admits contemplating a quickie marriage in a state permitting immediate remarriage after a divorce. . . .

Too bad, girls. One more eligible Hollywood bachelor is out of circulation since **Gene**

Kelly married his pretty dance assistant Jeannie Coyne in a surprise ceremony at 2:00 in the morning in Tonopah, Nevada. Gene had waited until his fourteen-year-old daughter Kerry was visiting from her school in Switzerland so she could be present at his wedding. Jeannie and Gene (euphonious, aren't they?) have been dating quietly for some time. Their close friends suspected they were in love—but even so, the marriage came as a bit of a surprise. . . .

How time passes—much too swiftly. **Tommy Rettig**, the first little boy star of *Lassie*, now has a 7-pound, 13-ounce little boy of his own. Tommy and Darlene have named their first Thomas Eugene—and Tommy says, "Yes, as soon as he's old enough we're going to get him a dog!"



Lucky Nat's ever-lovin' husband R. J. gifted her with a birthday surprise.



Gene Kelly (center) with his two favorite girls—his recent bride, Jeannie Coyne (left), and his fourteen-year-old daughter Kerry, home from abroad.

Debbie Says She'll Marry Harry

When **Elizabeth Taylor** and **Eddie Fisher** were in Hollywood they saw none of their friends. They attended no social events and Eddie told pals his sole reason for being in Hollywood was to see his two children, Carrie Frances and Todd.

When he visited them, **Debbie Reynolds**, the mother of these two beautiful children, made it a point to be absent. She had no wish to meet Eddie for whom she still holds some bitterness although she never admits it, nor does she show it by word or deed.

Those who claim to know say that Debbie will be mistress of the beautiful home that Harry Karl, shoe manufacturer, has recently decorated for her. She dates no one else and she says he is very good to her parents and children.

He gifts her with beautiful furs and jewelry and she says no one has ever been as good to her as Karl. That, if anything, can win a woman's heart. She said they'll marry as soon as his divorce is final.



She said it—they'll marry just as soon as Harry Karl's divorce is final.

Birthday Party via Long Distance

If I had been there myself I couldn't have had a more vivid impression of **Natalie Wood's** twenty-second birthday fiesta than I received long distance from New York from Nat herself.

"The most wonderful surprise was Bob's having my mother (Mrs. Marie Gurdin) plane in from Hollywood the afternoon of the party—and then he hid her until time to spring her at the party!

Then Natalie lapsed back into referring to her doting **Bob Wagner** as the usual "R.J." as she happily rattled on. "R.J. took over the wine cellar at Pierre's—just like they do for parties in Paris and all those kegs and bottles around sure puts everyone in a convivial mood—to understate it," Natalie laughed.

"If mother and the party weren't enough—old R.J. also broke out with a big diamond set in the middle of a heart for my birthday gift—am I lucky or not?"

Natalie continued to run up her 'phone bill as she went on with the details of the celebration. "Remember **Frank (Sinatra)** gave me my twenty-first birthday party last year at Romanoff's. He couldn't be in New York—but I can tell you he's just as thoughtful and original 3,000 miles away as he is on tap.

"He had twenty-two bouquets of flowers made up—and one was delivered every hour during the evening. Also, he hired 22 musicians who marched in playing and singing, *There's Nothing Like a Dame*. How about that?"

If you're asking me—it couldn't have happened to a more excited or appreciative girl, Natalie. Even if you have hit the big-time stardom in your New York picture *Splendor In The Grass* you still sound like the slightly slangy and down-to-earth girl you were when you left town.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Bob Taylor's Stepdaughter Elopes

Another teen-ager making Hollywood headlines was Manuela Theiss, 17-year-old daughter of **Ursula Theiss** and stepdaughter of **Robert Taylor**. Without a word to her distraught parents, Manuela had eloped to Tijuana, Mexico, and married Lal Baum.

Ursula was too crushed to talk about it but Bob told me:

"We had thought this whole thing was over as far as Manuela was concerned. She had been dating Baum for some time against our wishes but lately it seemed to be over." I asked Bob what business the bridegroom is in.

He laughed, "He seems to work among the potted plants in a nursery most of the time. He told me he had an Actor's Guild card—but

I never knew of his having an acting job."

I had heard that Ursula and Bob planned to have the marriage annulled as Manuela was under age.

"Definitely not!" he retorted. "Ursula agreed with me that Manuela took this step with her eyes open—and if there is a lesson to be learned—let her learn it."

"On the other hand, we have no intention of giving our permission for her to be remarried to Baum in the United States."

"She just telephoned us from Mexico—told us of her marriage—and we haven't heard anything since—not even where she is."

By this time, I sincerely hope the situation is happier for all concerned. Bob has been a wonderful father to Ursula's children by her previous marriage as well as to their own two beautiful youngsters and I know he was bound to act as wisely as though Manuela was his own.



The "older set" also graced the "young set" party—here, Tony and Janet.



Mark Damon and Joan Benny loved this swank party for the Ford girls.



Merle Oberon and hubby Bruno Pagliai hosted a delightful party, as always.



Maria Cooper, helpful assistant hostess, greeted stag Gardner McKay.

Swank Young Set Event

The visit of the young Detroit heiresses, Anne and Charlotte Ford, charming daughters of the Henry Fords, inspired the party hosted by **Merle Oberon** and Bruno Pagliai at which Maria Cooper (**Gary Cooper's** young beauty) acted as assistant hostess.

All of Merle's parties are delightful. Even though her home is famed for its paintings and objets d'art and her silver and crystal service is exquisite, she makes a point of seeing that her affairs are not stuffy or formal.

Dancing was the order of the evening at

which the young Ford girls met many of their Hollywood contemporaries—and the music put everyone in a toe-tapping mood from the start.

Hollywood's young "aristocrat," **Susan Kohner** came (surprisingly) with **John Saxon** but whispered to me not to make a "note" of it as **George Hamilton**, her extra-special fella, was working.

Mark Damon spun by with Joan Benny Rudolph, **Jack Benny's** daughter, and his date. The very handsome **Gardner McKay** tagged it—much to the delight of many of the belles.

Fabian had been invited—but couldn't attend, much to his regret, due to a persistent

sore throat. "But I shall be represented by my fourteen-year-old brother," Fabian told me over the telephone before I left for Merle's.

I took particular notice of the fact that both of the **Nelson** boys, **David** and **Ricky**, devoted themselves to Anne Ford, one of the prettiest and most intelligent young girls I have ever met.

Tony Curtis, who kept insisting he was one of the few "veteran" actors invited, capped the evening for laughs when, hearing the Goo Humor wagon passing by, dashed out and bought 100 chocolate-covered ice cream bars for all the guests. The "older" set also included **Janet Leigh**, of course, the Gary Coopers **Ernie Kovacs** and **Yves Montand**.



Arthur Miller (left) advises his friend Simone Signoret, wife Marilyn Monroe and Yves Montand not to be perturbed by the shocking lies about divorce.

"Arthur Miller to Divorce Marilyn Monroe Naming Yves Montand"

... this, **Yves** himself told me at **Merle Oberon's** party, was the shocking headline printed in a Paris newspaper!

He was, and is, seething about this "libel" which he says has brought on intense embarrassment between four fine friends. "My wife **Simone** (**Signoret**), Arthur, **Marilyn** and I have been fast friends ever since I appeared in one of Arthur's plays in Paris," the fascinating but very distressed French

charmer told me.

"Although Simone knew this to be the worst untruth, she is in Paris completing her new film, and the headline has been so humiliating to her. We have talked almost daily over the telephone. Marilyn is unhappy, I am furious—it has been such a headache. Only Arthur is unperturbed because he is an unperturbable man when confronted by a lie."

Yves believes the gossip that he and Marilyn were "infatuated," to give it an understatement, began with the sexy photographs they posed for to exploit *Let's Make Love*.

"It's hitting below the belt to print things that have no semblance of truth," said the hot-under-the-collar Montand—and I'll admit I agree with him in this case. I usually stick up for my newspaper confreres—but that headline was pretty strong stuff.



Terry Moore (proudly displaying son to daddy Stuart Cramer) watched birth in a mirror.

Childbirth: Ultra-Modern Method

I've talked with new mothers soon after the birth of a baby. But I've never talked with one who had watched the whole thing in a mirror and who was on the telephone exactly one hour later as was a very excited and happy **Terry Moore** (Mrs. Stuart Cramer III).

"I've just gone through the most wonderful experience of my life," said Terry from her room in Good Samaritan Hospital to which she had just been returned from being delivered of a 6-pound, 13-ounce boy who had chosen to arrive three weeks ahead of schedule.

"I watched the entire delivery in a mirror," went on the excited redheaded movie star. "I had prepared myself by reading *Childbirth*

Without Fear and taking all the exercises recommended. I feel just great and so happy. Everything they promised in the book is true!"

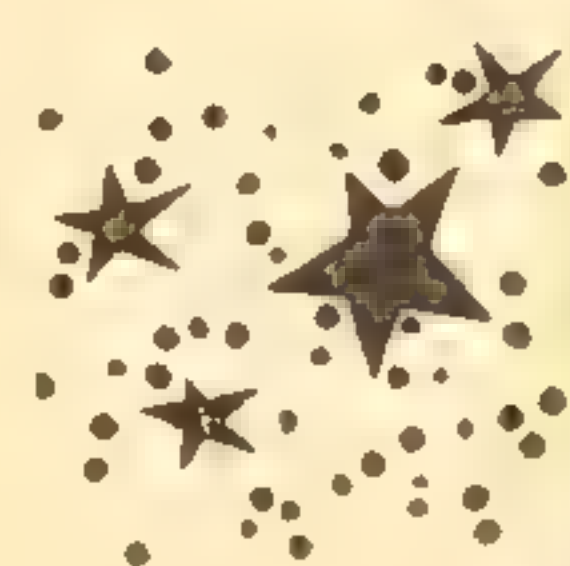
All I could do is just shake my head with wonderment over these new mothers. Just the night previous I had seen Terry and Stuart at **Ginny Simms'** cocktail party. They had told me they were going on to the theater to see **Vivien Leigh** in *Duel of Angels*.

At 2:30 the following morning, Terry awakened her husband and at 9:30 young Mr. Cramer arrived.

"I just hope that any young wife who is afraid of childbirth hears about my experience and prepares herself for this miracle by being well and happy and interested during the birth of her baby," said the astounding Terry.

Then someone grabbed the telephone and told me the new mother should really get some rest.

I should think so!



I nominate for
STARDOM

—Capucine

She's no "cutie" or "doll" or baby beatnik. On the contrary the five-feet seven-inch former model who hails from France is more in the tradition of a Garbo, a Dietrich, or the former great beauties of the screen. In this wave of obviously over-sexed and over-exposed glamour girls, she's a welcome relief.

The one-name beauty moves through the delightful *Song Without End*, the classic music treat with **Dirk Bogarde** portraying Franz Liszt, like a series of animated exquisite posters. Then, surprisingly, she went from this lovely period piece into the lead opposite rugged **John Wayne** in *North To Alaska* with equal effectiveness.

Off screen, she maintains consciously or unconsciously a feeling of mystery and excitement of the same variety she projects before the cameras. Yet she has a quiet and appealing sense of humor.

Born Germaine Lefebvre in Toulon, France, she changed her name to the single Capucine after she started to click big as a leading model in Paris. Asked why, she laughed, "I'm a name dropper!"

She lives so quietly since she was discovered by the Famous Players Agency and brought to Hollywood from New York, where she had transplanted her success as a model, that she's practically never seen at the night-clubs or premieres. But already she is a charmer in movietown's more social circles.

She is crazy about children and dogs in the order named. She brings her toy poodle, France, on the set of *North To Alaska* and formed an immediate and surprising friendship with **Fabian** (also in the movie) because "he loves my dog, too."

To the public eye her ash-blonde hair is always immaculately groomed and her grey-blue eyes carefully made up. "But when I am alone and relaxing," she admits with that surprising humor, "I am really a mess. Most models are—it's such a relief from always being dressed up."

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Ronnie Burns made no bones about it: Carol Everne is his very best girl!



Pamela (Mrs. James) Mason is so proud of her grownup-looking Portland.

The Fun Party of the Month

Guess you could call it the Hollywood version of the old-fashioned hayride. I've never seen so many stars having such a gay care-free time as they did riding three luxury buses from **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns'** house in Beverly to the outdoor Greek Theater prior to George and **Bobby Darin's** opening.

Gracie and George and **Mary** and **Jack Benny** got the idea of transporting their large group of pals via bus—and believe me they did it up with all the trimmings. Each bus was equipped with a bar and some very



Bobby Darin (left) thought it was pretty funny when Pat McCallum (center) told him how Rock ate all his fried chicken—and hers.



Anne and Kirk Douglas had a gay time at George and Gracie's party.



Their old friend Mary Livingston (right) contributed good ideas that made the Burns and Allen party the fun party of the month.

healthy "snacks" plus those delicious box lunches ready and waiting.

Rock Hudson, beaming like a kid, and with Pat McCallum in tow (what goes here—more and more Rock seems to have settled on Pat as his favorite date?) sat in the front seats behind the driver. Rock ate not only his own cold fried chicken—but all of Pat's as well.

Ronnie Burns made no bones about being with his favorite date and called Carol Everne "my best girl" when he introduced us.

The **Kirk Douglasses** were so happy that Anne's mother, Mrs. Pauline Michael, visiting from Paris, had the opportunity of enjoying such a different kind of American party.

Those dignified ladies of stage, screen and TV—**Greer Garson** and **Rosalind Russell** acted like teen-agers during the entire ride—and then reverted to glamorous movie queens when they got off the bus and were deluged by all the fans at the Greek Theater.

Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer lamented that their eight-month-old son Mark wasn't "quite" old enough to be brought along—but they just happened to have some pictures of him!

Portland Mason, looking all of eighteen, "chaperoned" her parents, Pamela and **James Mason**, and among others having a fine old time were **Carol Channing** and **Barbara Rush**. Big night—lots of fun.

I dreamed I was



HAT BY JOHN FREDERICKS

WANTED

in my Maidenform bra

Name: Star Flower*

Reward: Just wearing it!

Distinguishing characteristics: Circular stitched cups in pretty petal pattern. Twin elastic bands beneath cups. Upper bands adjust to make bra fit like custom-made. Lower bands make bra breathe with wearer.

Physical description: White broadcloth. A, B, C cups. 2.50.

Last seen: In stores everywhere. Looking *ravishing*.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



A cautious Kim is being very careful before she leaps into marriage with Dick Quine.



John Vivyan, one reader opines, is our next star.



Elvis and Juliet Prowse just a press agent's dream



Newlyweds Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell persist in "hiding. . . ."



LETTER BOX

What's the matter with **Kim Novak** that she is afraid to marry the man she admits she loves—Richard Quine? Don't you think she needs psychiatric counsel about her love life? asks VIRGINIA F. WEIDMANN, SPOKANE. Not necessarily. Kim's just being very careful before she leaps, which is much better in my book than marrying and divorcing, divorcing and marrying. . . .

Wish you would plug the career of **John (Mr. Lucky) Vivyan** as ardently as you did for TV's **David Janssen**, hints JON BEERS, FT. WORTH. It's my opinion that the next great male star of the screen is waiting his break in the movies standing in the wings of TV. The P.S. on your letter reveals that you are a girl with the unusual name of Jon. I thought your enthusiasm sounded quite feminine, my Texas friend. . . .

Sixteen-year-old KATHRYN CARTER, MILWAUKEE, writes: It's all right to say that tall girls are in vogue and that **Capucine** and **Suzy Parker** among other newcomers like **Julie Newmar** are the new 'glamazon' of the movies—but take it from me, it's tough to be a girl towering 5-feet, 11-inches, over most of your dates! There was much more to your semi-comic, semi-sad letter, Kathryn—but don't go into a spin because of your height. Stand up straight and look the world in the eye—you

may eventually find yourself looking straight into the eyes of a six-foot male who will be proud of you. . . .

Just one question, postcards WILLIE MAE VAN NESS, DETROIT: What has happened to **Millie Perkins**? She's still very much around—still under contract to 20th Century-Fox and as this is written, about to go into a new picture. Don't ask me why she and **Dean Stockwell** persist in living and acting like they are on the lam from the FBI. . . .

DODIE WEAVER (no relation to the celebrity) who hails from ALBANY, has been making her own private poll of the stars who are "polite" enough to answer "nice" fan letters: **Tuesday Weld** is the best. She actually answers questions I have asked her and seems interested in my problems. (This isn't the first fan praise I have heard about Tuesday.) The absolute worst is **Susan Hayward** who has not only ignored my letters for two years—but those of five other fans I know. Don't forget that when Susan isn't actually working in Hollywood she's now a happy housewife living in Georgia and may miss much of her mail. . . .

You'll never make me believe that **Elvis Presley** tell for **Juliet Prowse**, snaps "TINY" of TALLAHASSEE. It was just a press agent's dream for their picture. If you read

what I wrote in this department last month you'll know that I more or less agree with you, Tiny. . . .

Nice to hear from a mature fan such as OLIVER WILLIAMS (says he is fifty-two, a movie fan and proud of it) who writes: Just saw the wonderful and beautiful **SONG WITHOUT END** and was transported into another world of music, sight and sound. There is nothing wrong with the movies that motion pictures such as this will not cure. I agree with everything you say, Mr. W.—and thank you for writing such an intelligent letter about a really fine picture—it was almost like a professional review. . . .

Am I the only one who thinks that **Fabian** career might take a more dignified turn if he used his full two names—Fabian Forte? Has there ever been a big star with just one name? asks GINNY GREER, TAMPA. Well, —**Cantinflas** comes quickly to mind. And both **Greta Garbo** and **Rudolph Valentino** became world famous by just their last names. Besides, who wants Fabian overly "dignified?"

That's all for now. See you next month.

Luella O. Parsons



GOWN BY ROSALIE MACRINI

*A touch of smoke
a hint of fire...*

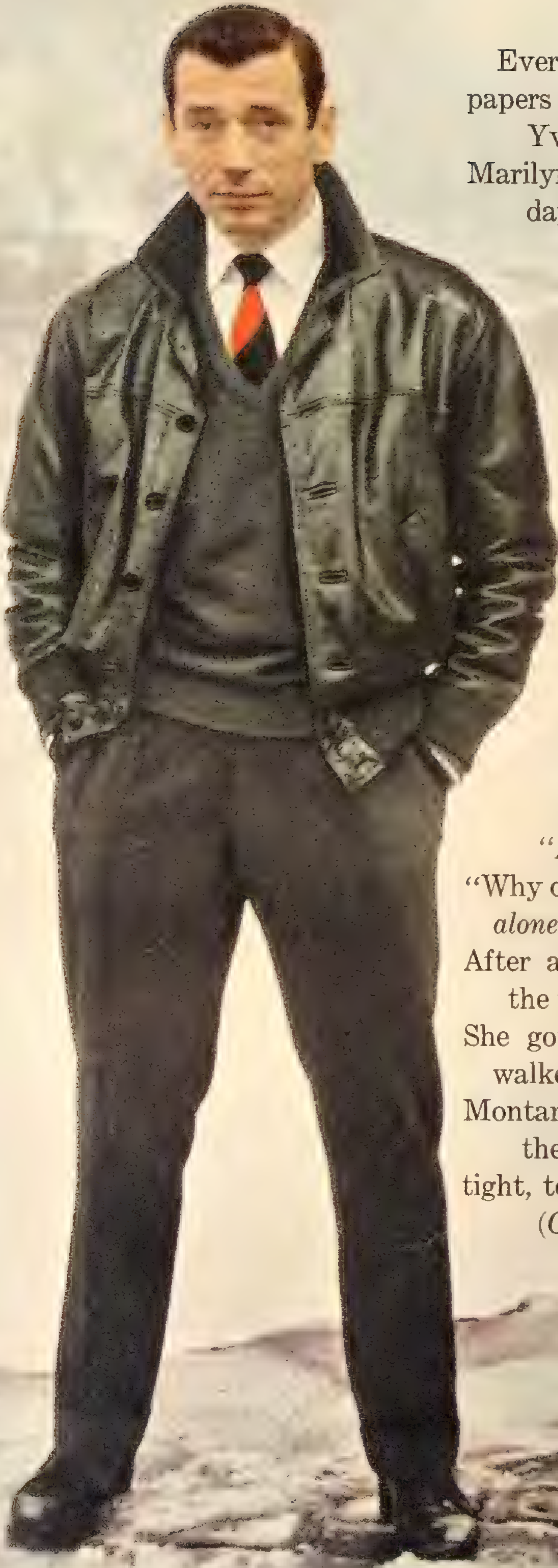
Vintage hues by **CUTEX**®

From Mediterranean hillsides, the warm, mellow tones of ripening grapes... the flash and fire of a fair Italian contessa. Cutex captures both the colors and the mood in its thrilling new "Vintage Hues" for your lips and nails. Wear Cutex "Tawny Port" for a smoldering bronzy look. Wear "Ruby Grape" when you need a red that's rich and luscious. It's a vintage year for color... and Cutex brings you the choicest reds of all!

Tawny Port and Ruby Grape ...





A full-length photograph of a man standing outdoors. He is wearing a dark, possibly black, suit jacket over a dark vest and a white shirt with a red tie. He has short, dark hair and is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. His hands are in his pockets. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with some foliage and a light-colored wall or fence.

Everyone knew the papers were referring to Yves Montand and Marilyn Monroe. Every day there were new digs, new insinuations. But today Marilyn could take it no longer. She sat in the living room of Bungalow 7 of the Beverly Hills Hotel, clutching the newspaper, the nails of her right hand still clawing into the column item she'd just read: *What blonde box-office queen, whose husband is away, is acting very cozy with what leading man, whose wife is away?*

"Again," she thought. "Why don't they leave us alone?"

After a while, she flung the paper to the floor. She got up and she walked to the phone. "Mr. Montand," she said into the receiver, her voice tight, tense. "Yves Montand.

(Continued on next page)

THE MAN WHO ALMOST DESTROYED MARILYN MONROE'S MARRIAGE

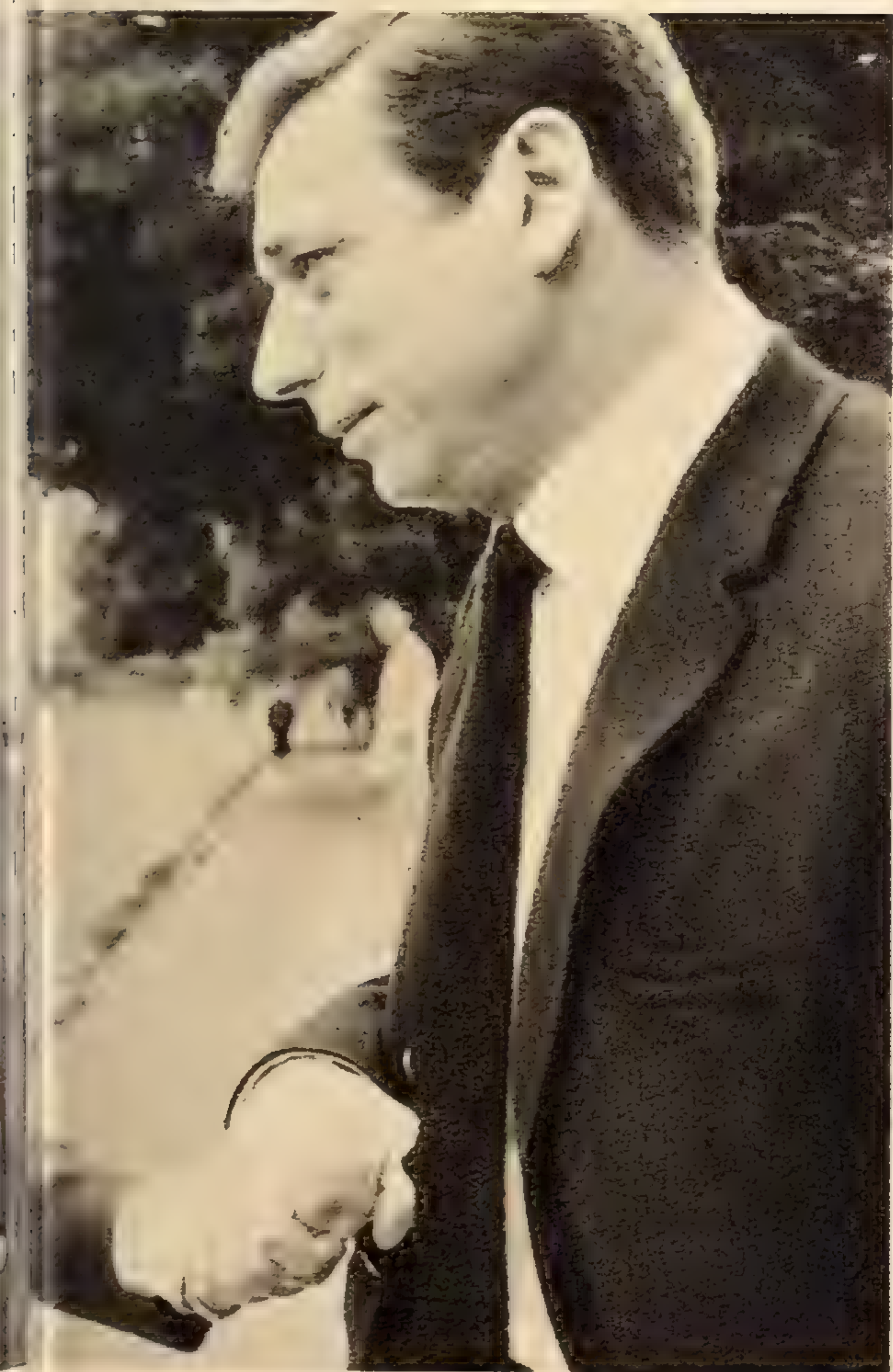




Reunited in Paris after the hubbub about Marilyn, Yves Montand and wife Simone Signoret sat tensely in airport cafe, walked thoughtfully by the Seine as Yves explained over and over, "I love only you." In their own home at last, Simone believed her man, flew into his arms. Later to the world she said simply: "I had faith in my husband. I waited. He returned."

He is staying in Bungalow Nine." She waited impatiently while the operator tried to connect the call. "Sorry, Mrs. Miller," she heard the operator say after a few moments. "Mr. Montand does not seem to be in." "But he must be,"
(Continued on page 60)

Yves Montand, cont.





AS GOD IS MY WITNESS, I DID NOT

A terrible accusation has been leveled against Tab Hunter. The editors of Modern Screen are proud that Tab has chosen our pages in which to answer his accusers.

MY DOG! BEAT



■ "I didn't beat my dog. I've never beaten *any* dog or horse or animal in my entire life.

"As God is my witness, this is so.

"For the past two months—ever since the manager of the building across the way from me called the police and accused me of cruel and inhuman treatment of my two-year-old Weimaraner, Fritz, I've been broken-hearted.

"I didn't have to defend myself or deny these charges to my friends or to the people who knew me.

"They know my love for animals. And they have been just as upset as I have because they know there is no truth to these accusations. (Continued on page 78)

by Tab Hunter

WE PAID \$300,000 FOR THE FREEDOM TO LOVE EACH OTHER

DEBORAH
KERR
AND
PETER
VIERTEL

■ Love sometimes carries an impossibly high price. Sometimes it's stolen and cherished in the darkness. Other times it's paid for with fortunes or with debts.

Two years ago Deborah Kerr celebrated her twelfth anniversary as Mrs. Anthony Bartley. Had she pictured herself as an unhappy wife? Never. When a friend once asked her about herself and her life, Deborah replied, "I've been lucky. I have what every woman needs. My children, a devoted husband and my work."

She spoke the truth, as she knew it then. Her life as Mrs. Anthony Bartley was quiet, sedate, contented. Her home in Hollywood with its spacious gardens and sweeping view of the Pacific Ocean, rang with the cheerful sound of her daughters' voices. "I live for Melanie's and Francesca's happiness," she told friends again and again.

No one suspected a marital unrest, least of all Deborah herself.

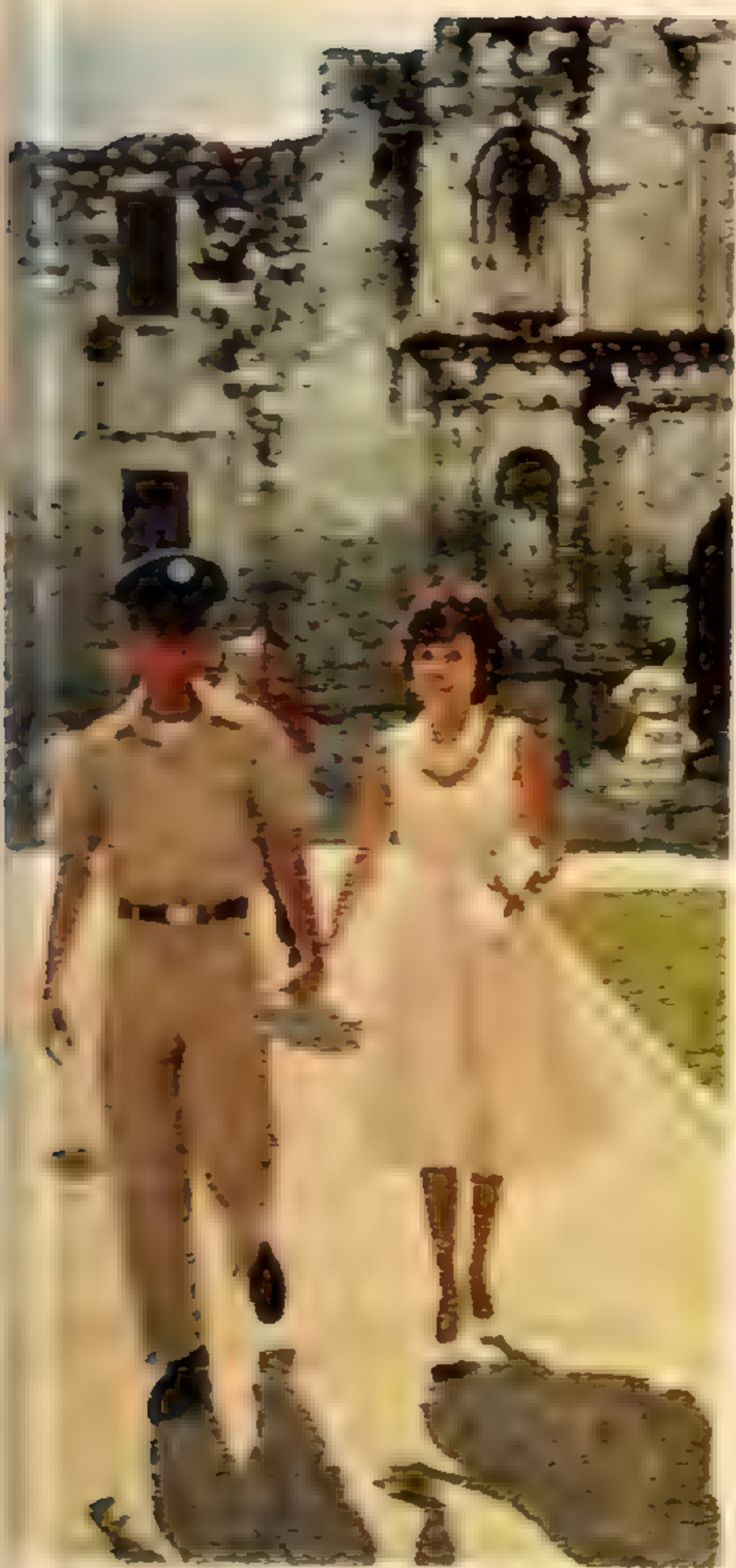
Although, there was one clue.

On the door of her studio dressing room, she had installed a "mood barometer." The barometer, designed in the graceful curves of the Baroque era, had a dial which was adjustable to Deborah's changing (*Continued on page 73*)



A SOLDIER'S LOVE STORY



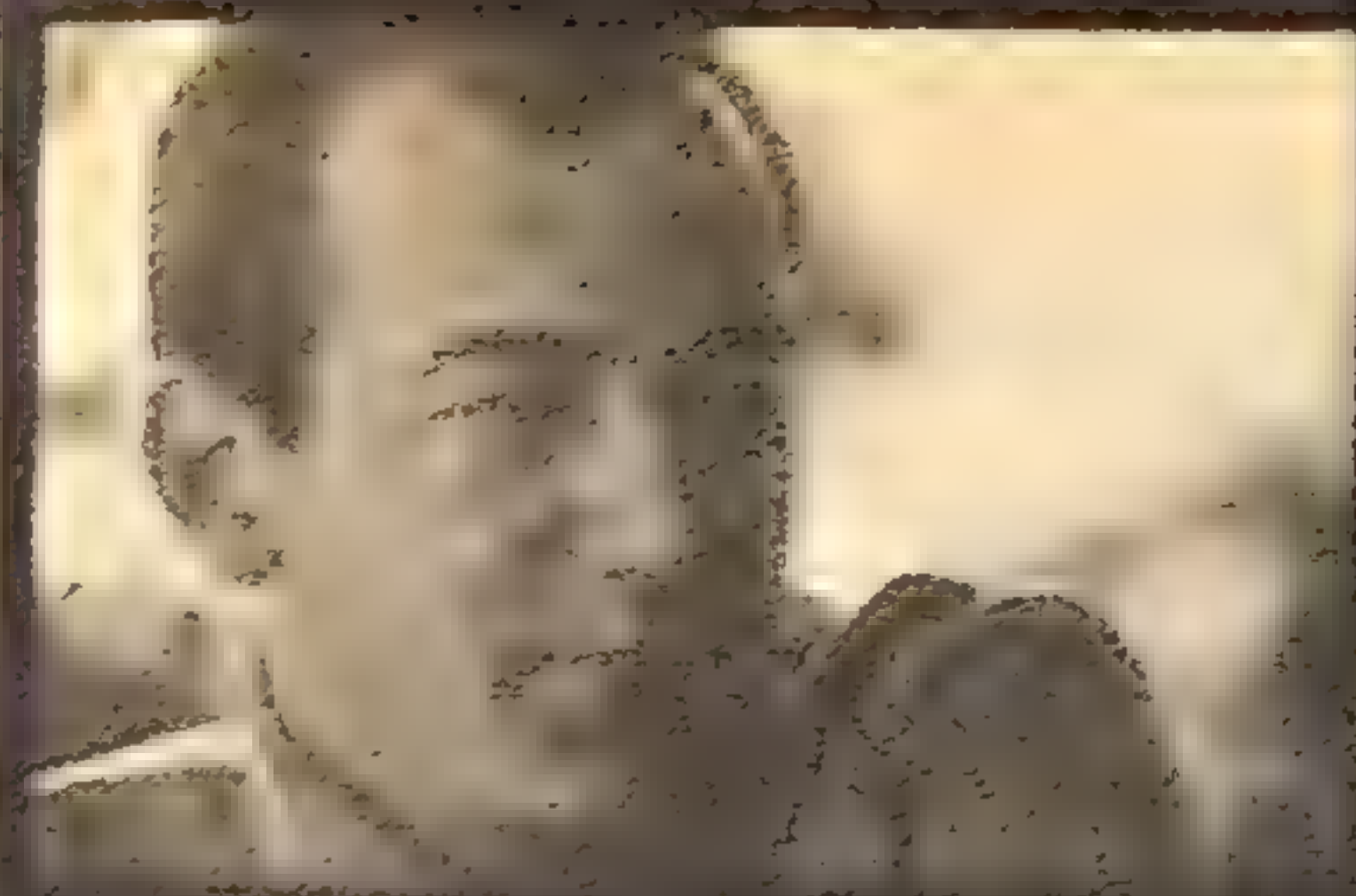


■ For days now Tommy Sands had been in a fog. The non-coms would issue orders and sometimes he'd have to ask a buddy to tell him what they had said. Words, moments, impressions all blended together because his mind throbbed with one hundred thoughts about Nancy.

For two weeks they hadn't spoken on the telephone, and it was as if his whole world was on the verge of collapse. He was on maneuvers on a lonely dusty *(Continued on page 80)*



I've



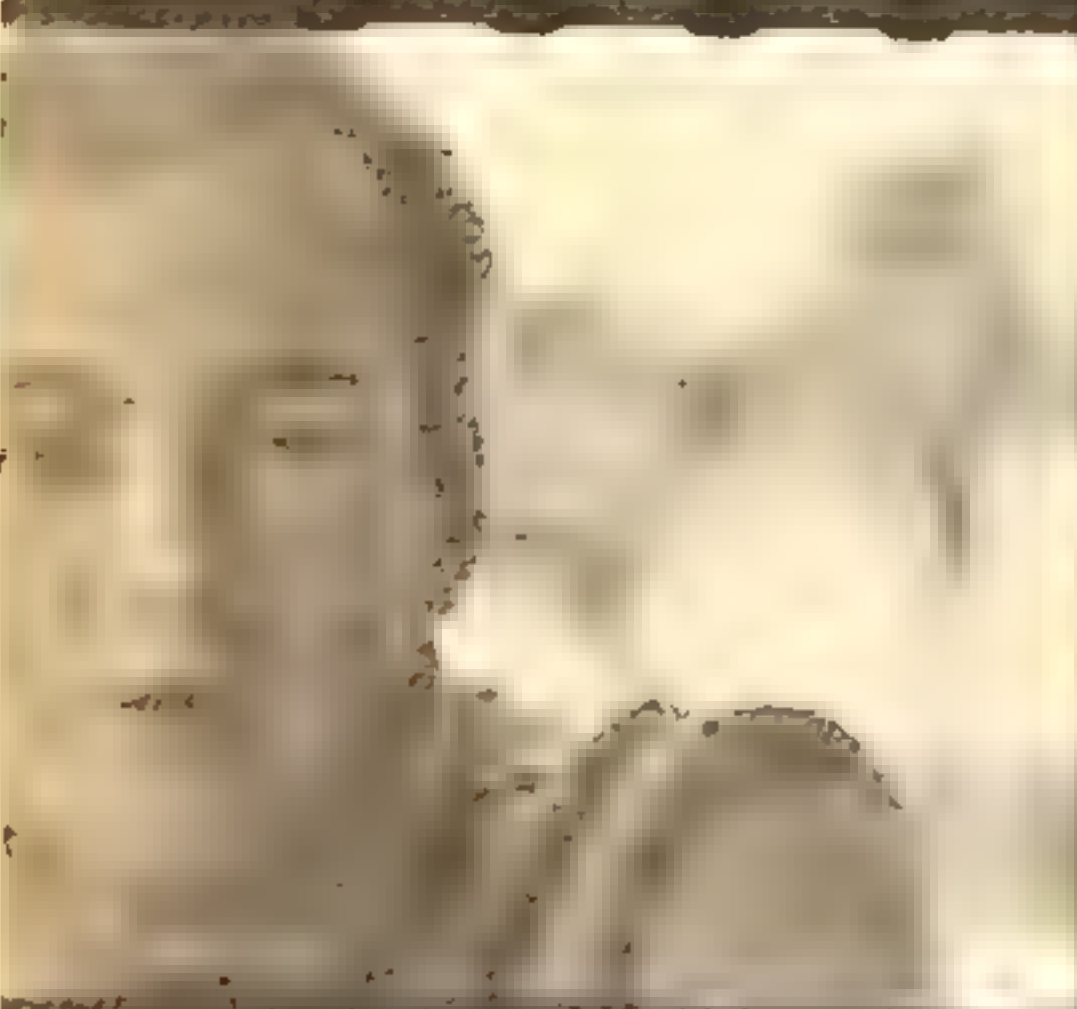
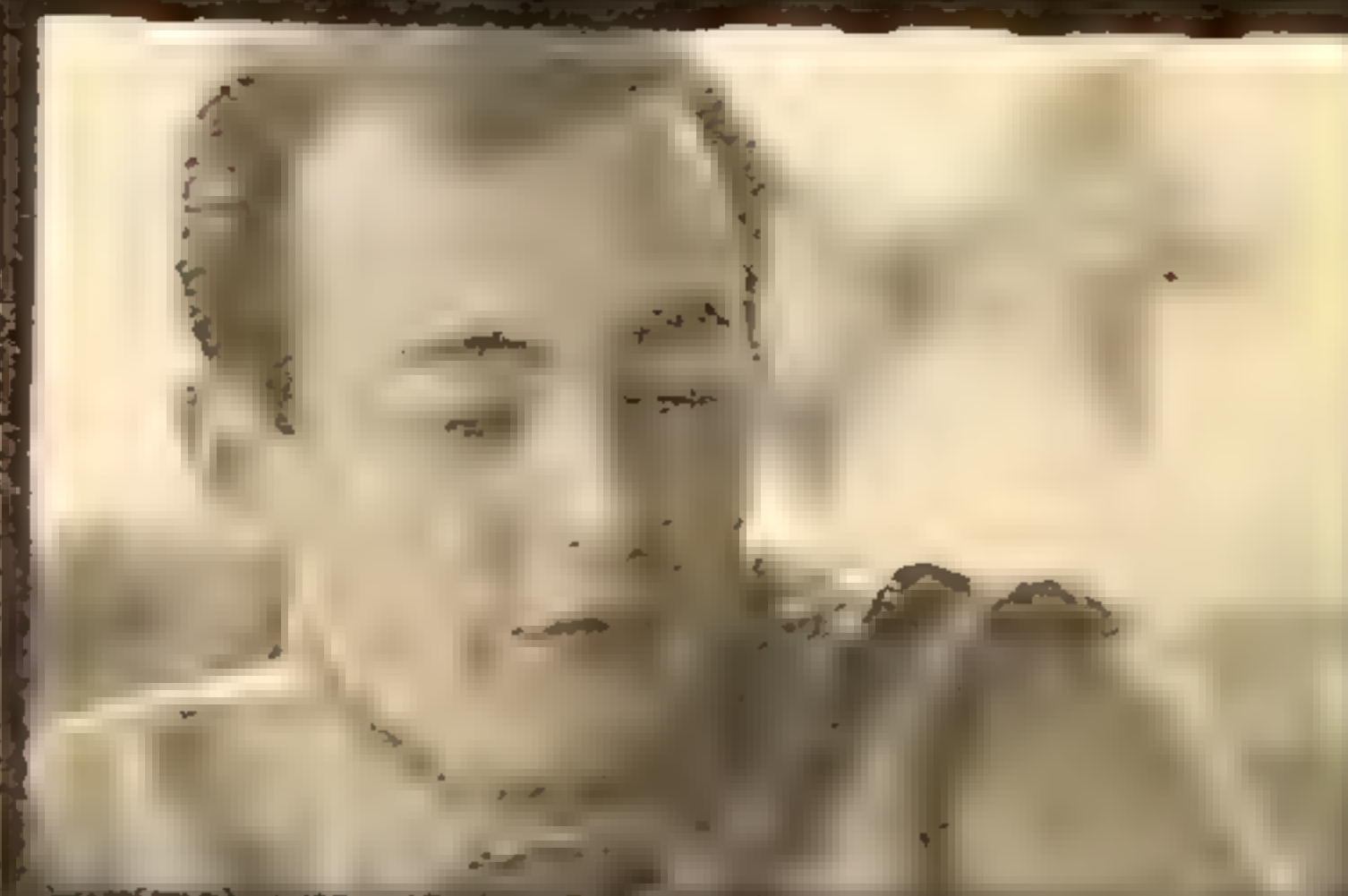
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this



feeling



I'm



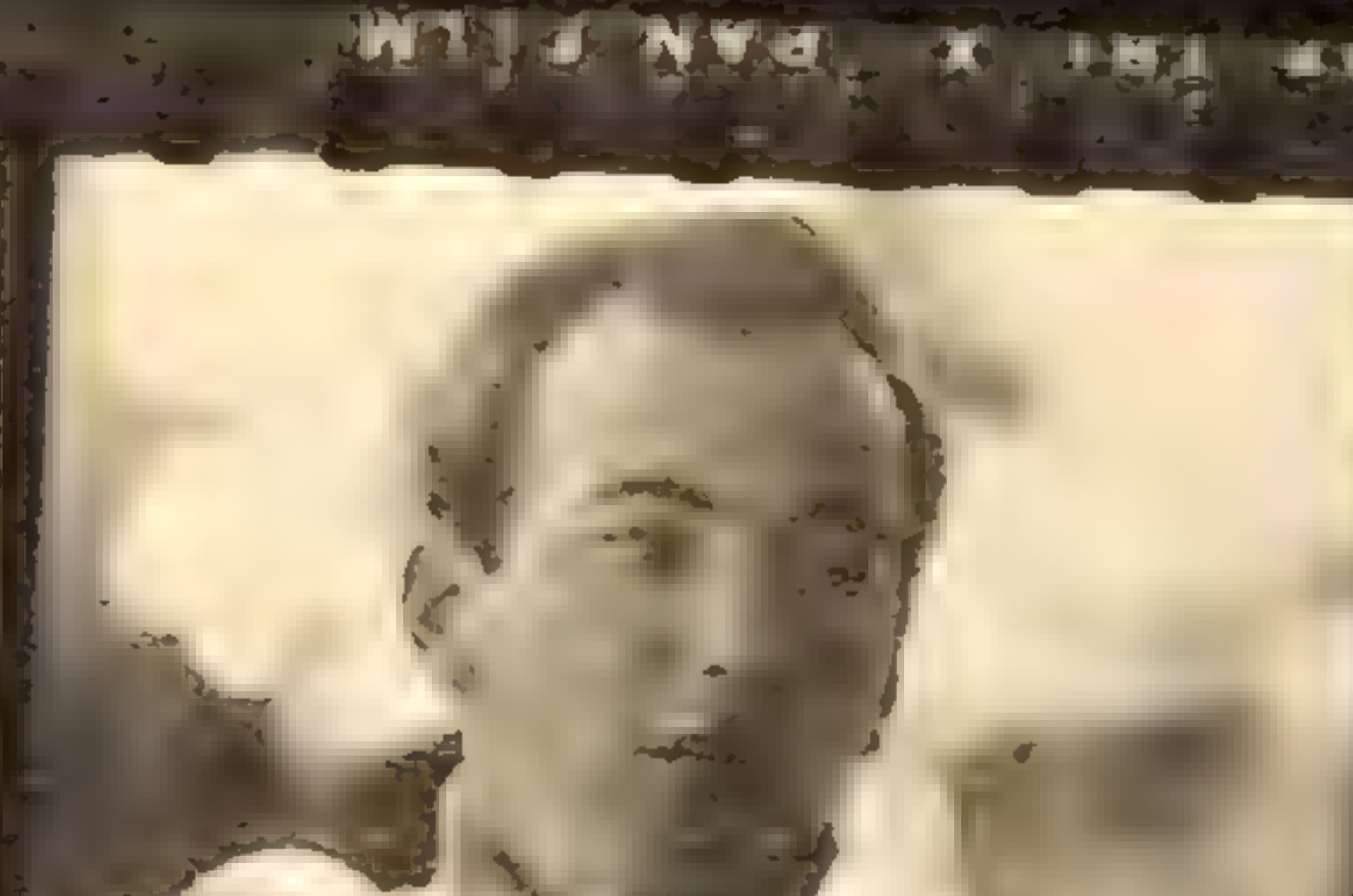
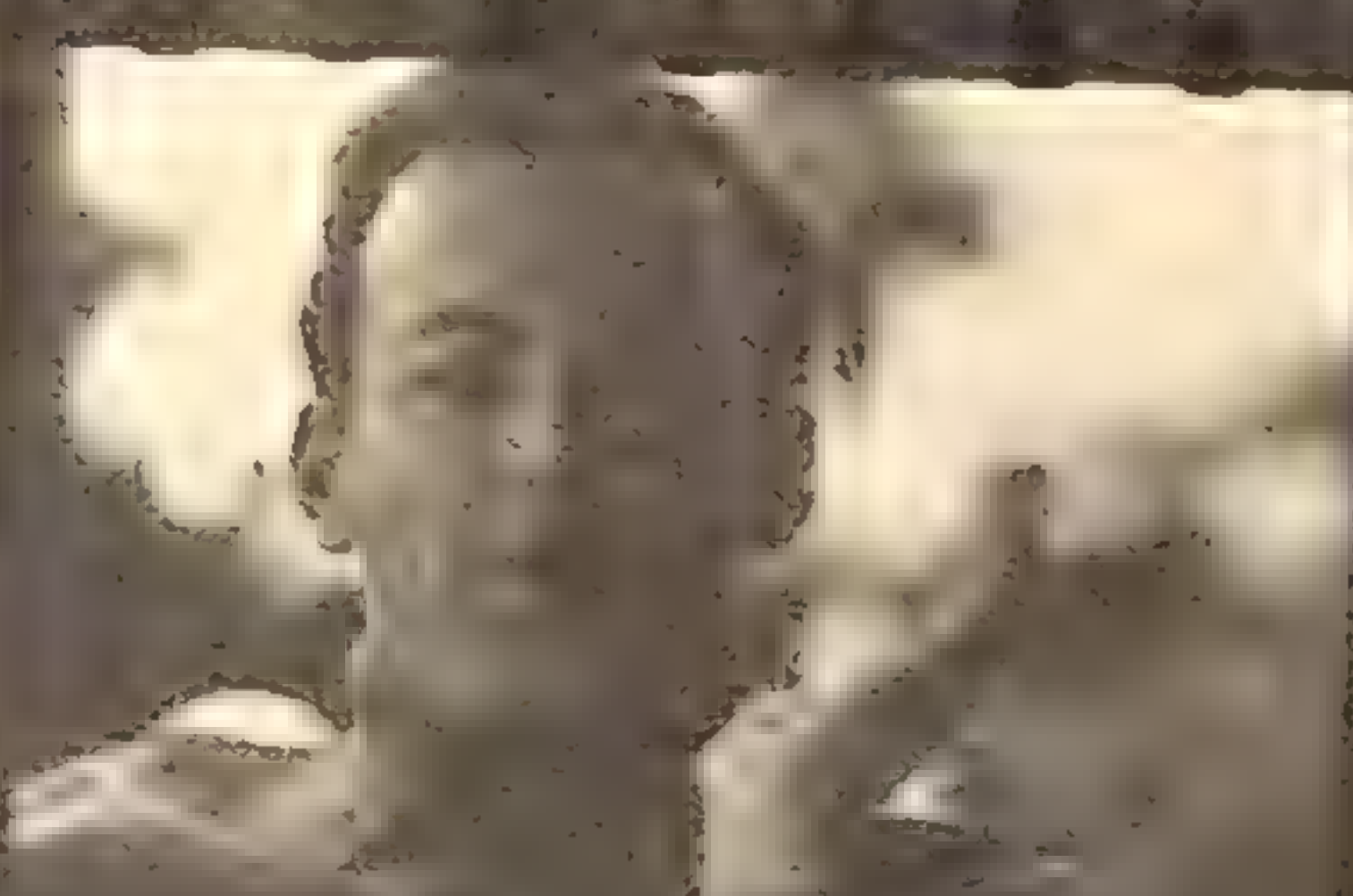
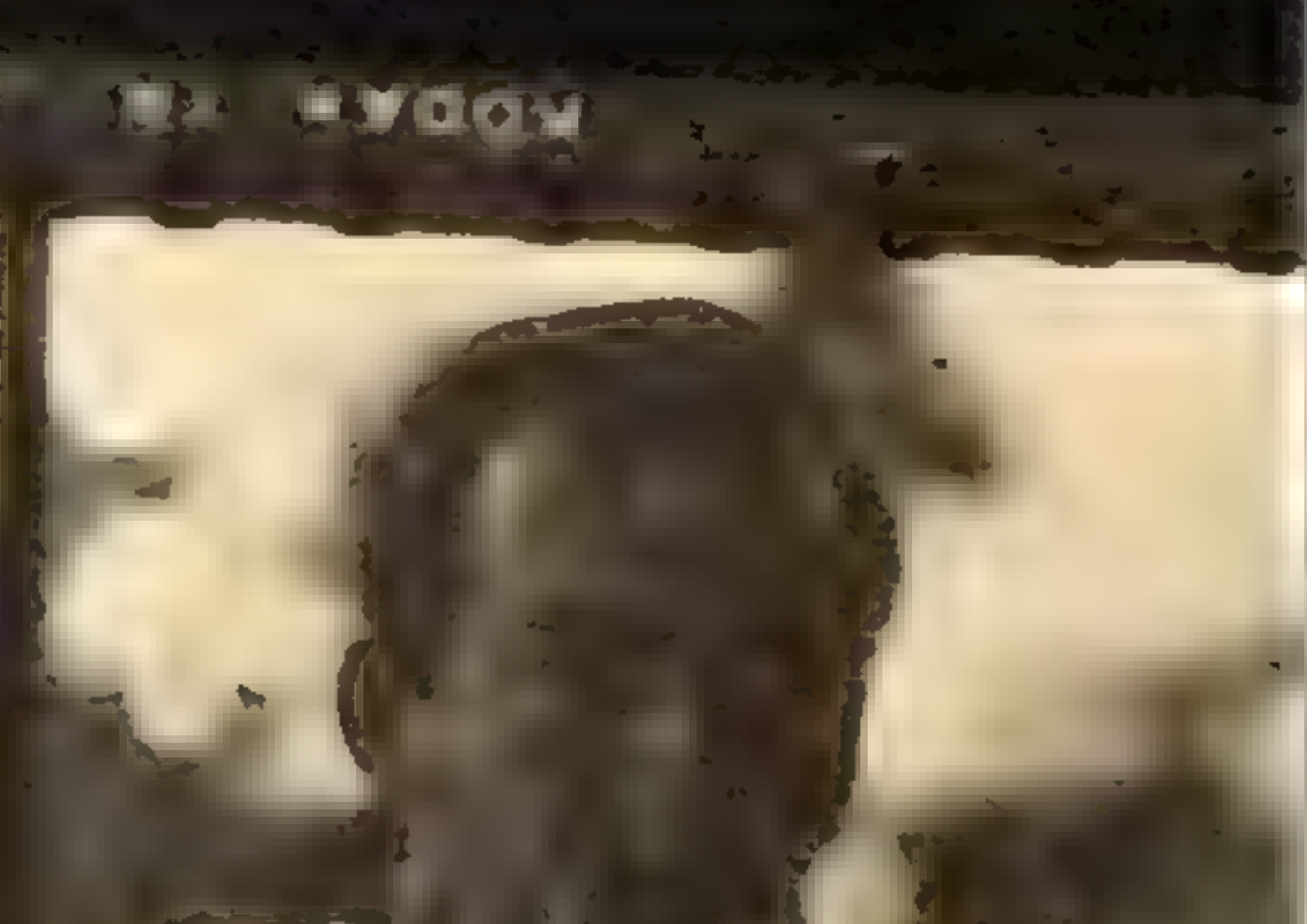
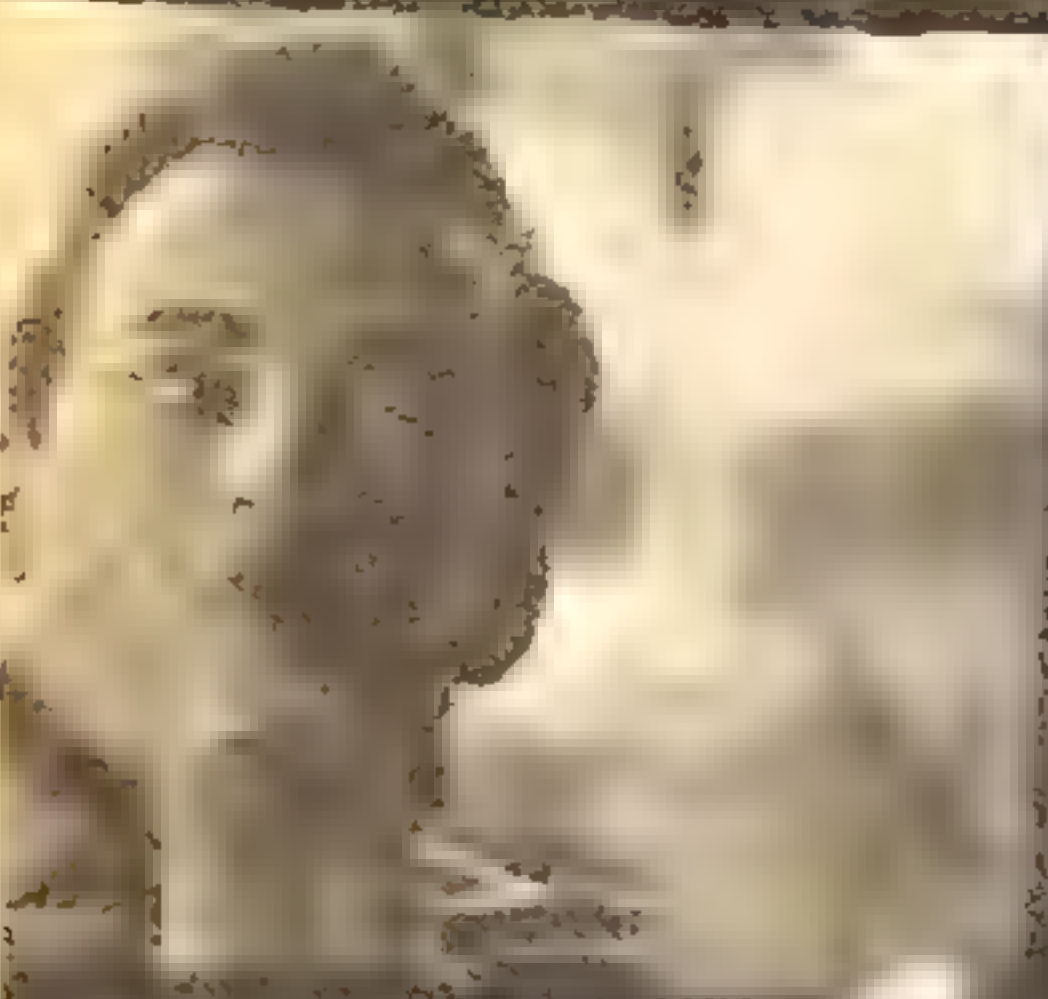
gonna



die

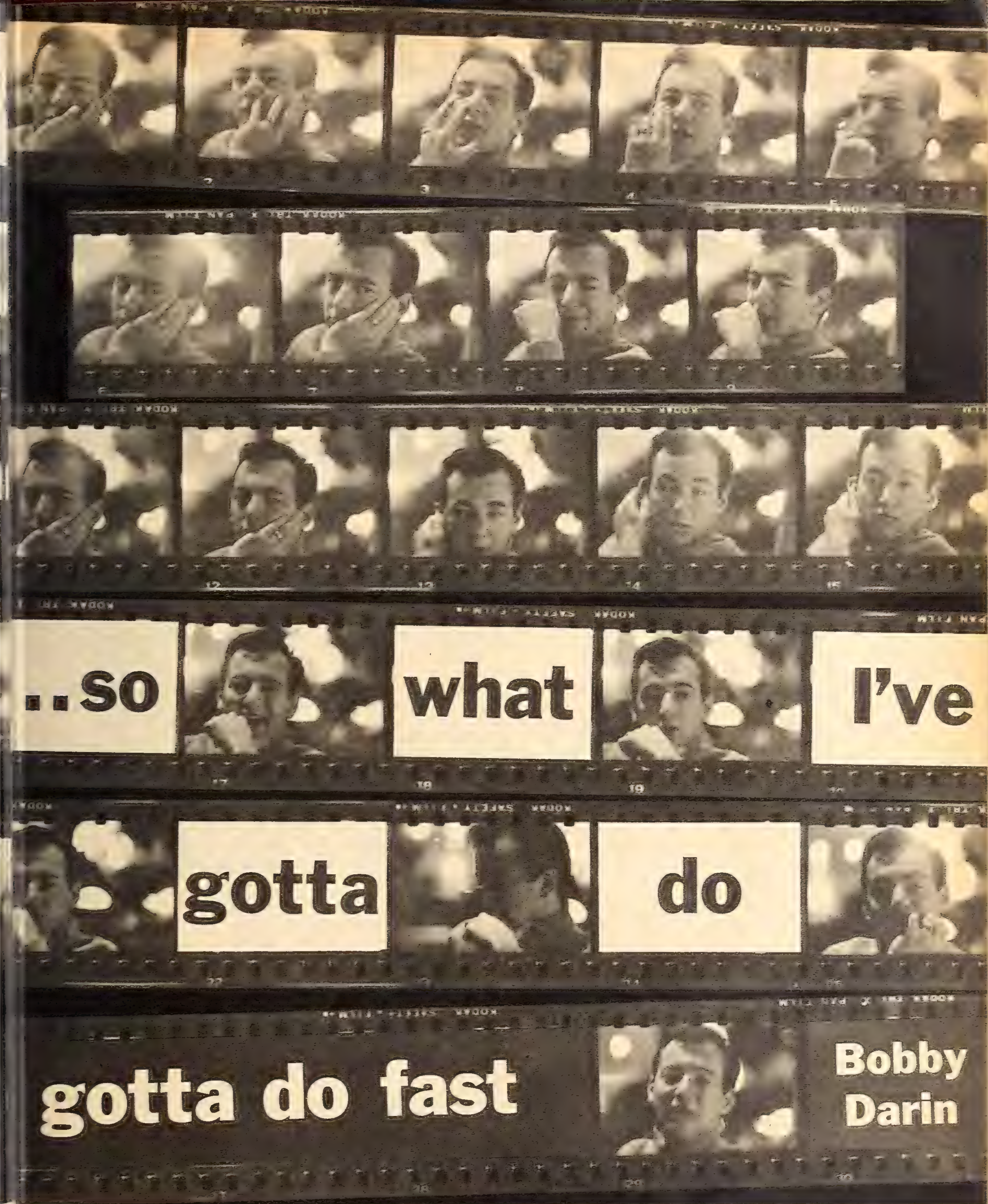


young



I've

■ "Bobby Darin, listen to me, and don't forget what I'm saying. Com-



ete rest. No phone
calls, no interviews,
nothing. Just quiet.
understand?" The

doctor raised his eye-
brows and peered
down at the young
man, stretched out

on the bed. The young
man's face was very
pale, but he managed
a cocky half-smile.

"Okay, Doc, okay.
Anything you say,
Doc. Anything you
(Cont. on page 81)



MODERN SCREEN'S FIRST CINDERELLA STORY*

I was left out . . . a
mess!



Evenings
were spent with TV.

But I met a Fairy



Godmother. Now I

get stares, whistles

and

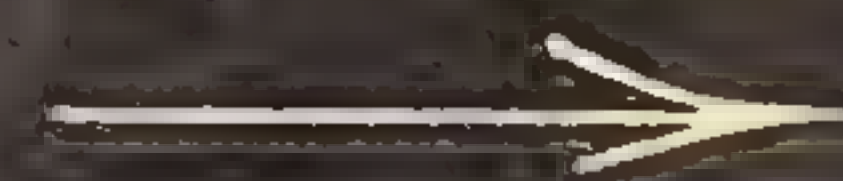



dates! I feel

like Cinderella—

I am Cinderella!

(*it could happen to you)





“Fairy Godmother,”
said I, “it would
take real magic
to make me a
princess.” Said
she, “that’s
just what I’m using.”

"Your hair needs a vigorous brushing and a good shampoo to give it life . . . a new red-tint rinse to add highlights."



The Cinderella styling takes shape.

"Try the blue-green eye shadow . . . a deeper tone liner and mascara. Then groom the brows with a tiny brush and use a curler to turn long straight lashes upward."

"Try a new medicated formula in the creams, lotions and foundations to improve your oily skin and those blemishes."

"Carefully shape your lips staying within their natural outline. Then add the magic of the new high-bright red-red lipsticks."

"And for that square jaw-line, use *white* make-up stick . . . blend two or three inches down from the ears toward the chin before final powdering."

If anyone had ever told me that I could be beautiful—and no one ever did—I'd have said they were crazy. But the girl you saw on page 34 is me, the mousy me you see opposite as I used to be. Honestly, I never dreamed that anything so unbelievable could have happened to me, and I can only try to tell you how it feels to be a Cinderella who found a fairy godmother.

I'm 19, and sort of a mother's helper for the Myers family to earn my way through college. They're lovely people, sophisticated in that New York way of editors, artists, writers and the other exciting people who make up their wonderful world, which I love to watch, but a world I never dared aspire to. I was so terribly shy and self-conscious that I just (*Continued on next page*)



But I doubt no more. Any girl can be beautiful. Goodby



I loved the lilac tones of this wool jersey dress with its own jacket. Jr. sizes 5-15. The costume, \$19.98.



A perfect "little" dress, also wool jersey in lichen green. Note those deep sleeves! Jr. Sizes 5-15, \$12.98.

lonely nights, I'm off to the ball.



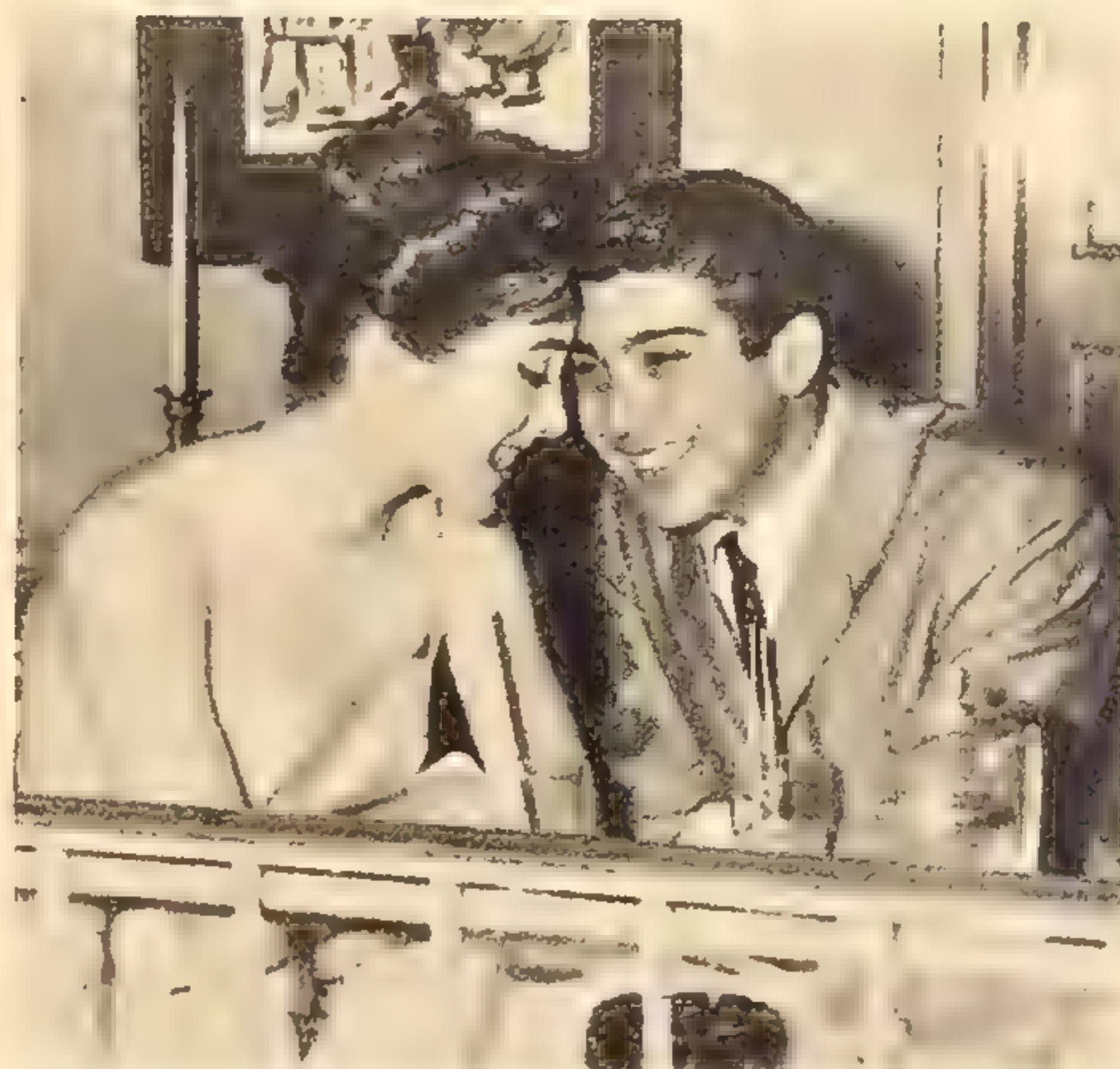
Me, going into Sardi's restaurant . . . the dress, middled with rayon satin, is a honey-toned wool flannel . . . matching jacket. Costume, sizes 5-15, \$10.98.



I feel just like a princess!



In Celebrities' Corner at Sardi's getting the royal treatment. This is a few minutes before I met Paul Anka. The dress was a big hit!



Lucky me! Paul asked for another date—this one at the St. Moritz.

couldn't bear to talk to any of their friends when they'd come to the house. As a matter of fact I couldn't talk casually even with the *girls* on campus, let alone the men! But I was at home with the Myers children, and when I was with them I was happy . . . very happy. I would tell them the saddest stories about the saddest girl who was all alone in the world: she had no friends, no one to love her; she was ugly and pitiful; she had no pretty clothes, no beautiful jewels; she worked hard, studied and sometimes had time to read books, exciting ones about people she would never know. How the children loved those stories, and, of course, I was the heroine of every one!

One afternoon some guests arrived and, as usual, I quickly rushed to the garden with the children so that I wouldn't have to say even "Hello" to any of them. Suddenly, as I was telling one of my tales, I was aware of someone sitting near me. I looked up and there was a (Continued on page 72)

Find the fashions on these pages at Sears Fashion Stores throughout the country.



THE MIRACLE

What were the real medicines that turned tragedy to triumph for



AT BUERGENSTOCK

■ To visit the beautiful resort of Buergenstock on its high mountain in Switzerland, you would never think of it as a setting for heartbreak or despair. Gaze at the miles and miles of fluttering scarlet and purple wild flowers, breathe the pure, invigorating air, bask in the smiling friendship of its kind villagers, and you are convinced this is a paradise, a heaven (*Continued on page 68*)

Audrey Hepburn, the girl who feared she was too fragile to have a baby.



“Oh

Hear this



Lamb of God,

Sinner”

—My name is Brenda Lee and I want to tell you about the most thrilling thing that ever happened to me in my whole life. It wasn't when my recordings *Sweet Nuthin's* and *I'm Sorry* made the *Hot 100* lists in *Billboard* and *Cashbox* magazines, although this was probably the second greatest, for a fifteen-year-old girl.

The greatest thrill I've ever had came when I was saved. Saved from sin and the curse of the devil. Saved because I finally mustered up enough courage to march down the aisle of our First Baptist Church back home. Saved because I became a Child of God after all the terrible things I'd done.

Before I was saved there seemed to be a devil in my soul. I knew what I was doing was sinning, but I couldn't help it and I almost didn't care. My biggest sin was against my pop.

He was a handsome man with coal black hair, deep-set burning eyes and a ruddy complexion.

His name was Rube, and he (Continued on page 79)

I REFUSE TO GROW OLD

The French people spare no one when it comes to caustic comment, not even Ingrid Bergman who, since her marriage last year to producer Lars Schmidt, resides in a rambling stone villa in the country town of Choisel, outside of Paris.

"Who does she think she is?" one of France's top screen actresses blurted the afternoon

Ingrid appeared at a theatrical cocktail party held by her friends in Paris to celebrate Ingrid's Emmy Award for her remarkable performance in the TV production of *The Turn of the Screw*.

"It's after six," the French actress continued, "a time when everyone who's anyone gets dressed to the hilt. Only our honored guest bounces in looking for all the (Continued on next page)

**A SPECIAL
CONDENSATION**

— of the —
**Exciting,
Controversial**

**New
Biography**
— of —

**INGRID
BERGMAN**



I REFUSE TO GROW OLD

"each morning I feel reborn"

world like a parlor maid. Not a touch of make-up. Her hair's pulled back and tied in a spinster's knot, and there's a milk-fed expression on her face. She comes in wearing that hideous duffel coat that's designed for a child, and look at all the men. They're gasping. They think she's the living end."

What the French actress said was true. Ingrid bowled the men over. Every man in the smoky cocktail salon preened when Ingrid entered the room. She smiled, chatted with them. Finally, one of the flashily-dressed women, a diplomat's wife, walked up to her.

"Miss Bergman," she said, "your coat? May we help you with it?"

Ingrid, for a moment, looked perplexed. "Oh," she said. "I'd forgotten."

The diplomat's wife clapped her hands, her long manicured fingers glittering with jewels, and summoned a servant who took Ingrid's brown suede, sheepskin-lined duffel coat to the cloakroom.

The popular French actress picked up the thread of her sassy conversation with her ladyfriend. "Now where on earth do you suppose she picked up that stupid coat?"

"What does it matter?"
her (Continued on page 65)



I WAS ONE OF Rock Hudson's ON-LOCATION GIRLS

■ Rock and Erika met one Sunday recently in Acapulco. Erika, there for the week end, relaxing, had just completed touring Mexico with a Spanish-speaking road-show company of *The Redhead*. The twenty-three-year-old Erika spoke perfect Spanish, even



though she was an American citizen. She'd lived in Mexico for thirteen years, alone now, after her Danish father (from whom she'd gotten her slight European accent) and American mother went back to the States. Rock was

relaxing, too; he'd just finished all location work on his latest picture and would leave, that evening, for Mexico City and two additional weeks of interior shooting. News of his being in Acapulco was plastered all over the papers that Sunday
(Continued on page 69)

WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THAT
IN RECOGNITION OF MODERN SCREEN'S INFLUENCE
AS THE WORLD'S LEADING FILM PUBLICATION
AND IN RESPONSE TO THE INTELLIGENT CONCERN OF
ITS READERS ON THE SUBJECT OF NEW "ADULT" MOVIES
THE MOTION PICTURE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
REPRESENTING THE NINE MAJOR U.S. STUDIOS
HAS SELECTED THIS MAGAZINE IN WHICH TO PRESENT
FOR THE FIRST TIME TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE
THE CASE AGAINST CENSORSHIP
PLUS A PRINTING IN FULL OF THE INDUSTRY'S PRIVATE
CODE ON SIN AND SEX



By Taylor M. Mills

Director of Public Relations—Motion Picture Association of America

The August issue of MODERN SCREEN carried an article entitled *For Adults Only*. It brought forth a flood of mail from readers, many of whom agreed with the theme of the article—that movies today present too much adult entertainment, and that perhaps some form of “adult” classification should be adopted by the motion picture industry to advise movie patrons concerning films treating mature subjects.

We appreciate this opportunity to present our viewpoint on these subjects and to reply to some of your very thoughtful letters you wrote in response to this article. The editors of MODERN SCREEN were good enough to share them with us.

The article discussed ten films which the editors implied were too adult for those of tender years. The films mentioned were: *Who Was That Lady?*, *Blue Denim*, *Because They're Young*, *A Summer Place*, *Home from the Hill*, *Pillow Talk*, *Happy Anniversary*, *The Best of Everything*, *Suddenly Last Summer* and *The Fugitive Kind*.

Though the majority of letters received agreed with the publication's views, more than a few readers contributed some interesting personal comments. In connection with the film, *Who Was That Lady?*, one young film fan said: “What was so terribly ‘sordid’ about that film? In the movie Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh played the parts of a young married couple—just as they are in

real life. Everyone who saw the film realized this. And if I can be frank for a moment,” she added, “what is wrong about a married couple being shown together in a bed?” (Incidentally the bed scenes shown in the two photographs in the article did not appear in the picture as released.)

Blue Denim also was listed in the article as a shocking film—especially for teen-agers. A fifteen-year-old girl from Portland, Maine, wrote: “The advertisements gave a good idea of what the movie was about. The action, dialogue and story-line were all handled carefully and with good taste. I personally feel that all teen-agers should have seen this movie.”

Another young writer from Illinois told the editor: “I thoroughly disagree with your opinion that these movies are ruining teen-agers. Everyone of the movies mentioned, and I have seen most of them, pointed out to teen-agers the problems that result from being over-emotional about their feelings and desires. All of the movies mentioned taught a lesson to teens. I feel they are presented in such a fashion as to teach a moral.” This young lady sounds like a thoughtful and mature person for nineteen years of age.

If the plea from those who wrote to the editor asking for more wholesome family entertainment is an honest and sincere one, the question arises as to why the public, supposedly hungry for such films, does

not give better support to these subjects at the local theaters. Many a fine picture suitable for the entire family has failed to succeed at the box-office. Frequently these have been expensive color films that have been widely advertised and yet never earned their production cost, not to mention any profit for the producing company. So despite the fact that many of the letters received by the editors appeal for more fine family films, moviegoers seem to flock to pictures based on powerful, dramatic subjects portraying true-to-life stories. One cannot expect any film company to continue to produce family films, if these pictures do not gain support at the box-office.

The year 1960 has seen more family-type pictures released than have been noted for some time. How many have you seen? Over the Christmas holidays you had: *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, *The Last Angry Man*, *1001 Arabian Nights* (the feature-length *Mr. Magoo* cartoon) and Disney's dramatic Alpine story, *Third Man on the Mountain*. The Easter season saw *Dog of Flanders*, *Scent of Mystery*, *The Snow Queen*, *When Comedy Was King* and *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*. This past summer there were a host of fine family films to choose from, including: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, *Hound Dog Man*, *Kidnapped*, *Toby Tyler* and *Pollyanna*. And certainly no one could object (Continued on next page)



The Case Against Censorship, continued

on moral grounds to *Ben-Hur*, *The Story of Ruth*, *Hercules Unchained*, *Sergeant Rutledge*, *A Visit to a Small Planet*, *Conspiracy of Hearts*, or *Bells Are Ringing*.

Yes, there have been many fine, wholesome films that offer many wonderful hours of family fun.

(Family films for 1960 are listed on the next page.)

It seems unfair that any writer should condemn the entire output of the movie industry by using a handful of films as examples. Many of the titles mentioned as examples of "adult" films were spectacularly successful at the box-office. Obviously the majority of movie fans enjoy seeing films with mature themes.

There have been great sociological changes in our society since the end of World War II. The theater, books and magazines, and even our daily newspapers treat subjects that twenty years ago were considered hush-hush and taboo. The motion picture has been well behind other mass media in their approach to mature themes.

When skillfully treated, almost any subject can be presented without offense. Provocative books like *From Here to Eternity*, *Peyton Place* and *Suddenly Last Summer* have been brought to the screen under the Production Code as effective dramatic films. They have been well received by theater patrons. The industry, in presenting this material on the screen with consideration and in good taste, is meeting a definite demand for well-handled adult themes.

The article also broached the subject of classifying films—in other words labeling certain films as adult entertainment. Again, a majority of you, in response to MODERN SCREEN's article, favored some sort

of classification. However, a number of young people felt this wouldn't work at all—that any such classification of films would merely incite the curious teen-ager to attend those films labeled *Adult*.

Classification is used in a number of foreign countries, but not always with complete success. In England the "X" or "Adults Only" rating has resulted in the production of a number of *very* daring films. As long as a film was going to be classified "For Adults Only" some producers decided to go all out with little or no restraint.

Classification of films by any government body is another form of censorship and is *not* the American way of solving anything. We in the United States have always fought to maintain our freedom of expression and freedom of choice. We like to examine the facts and make up our own minds.

As far as young children are concerned, it is not only the right, but it is the responsibility of parents to make their own decisions in selecting motion picture entertainment for their children.

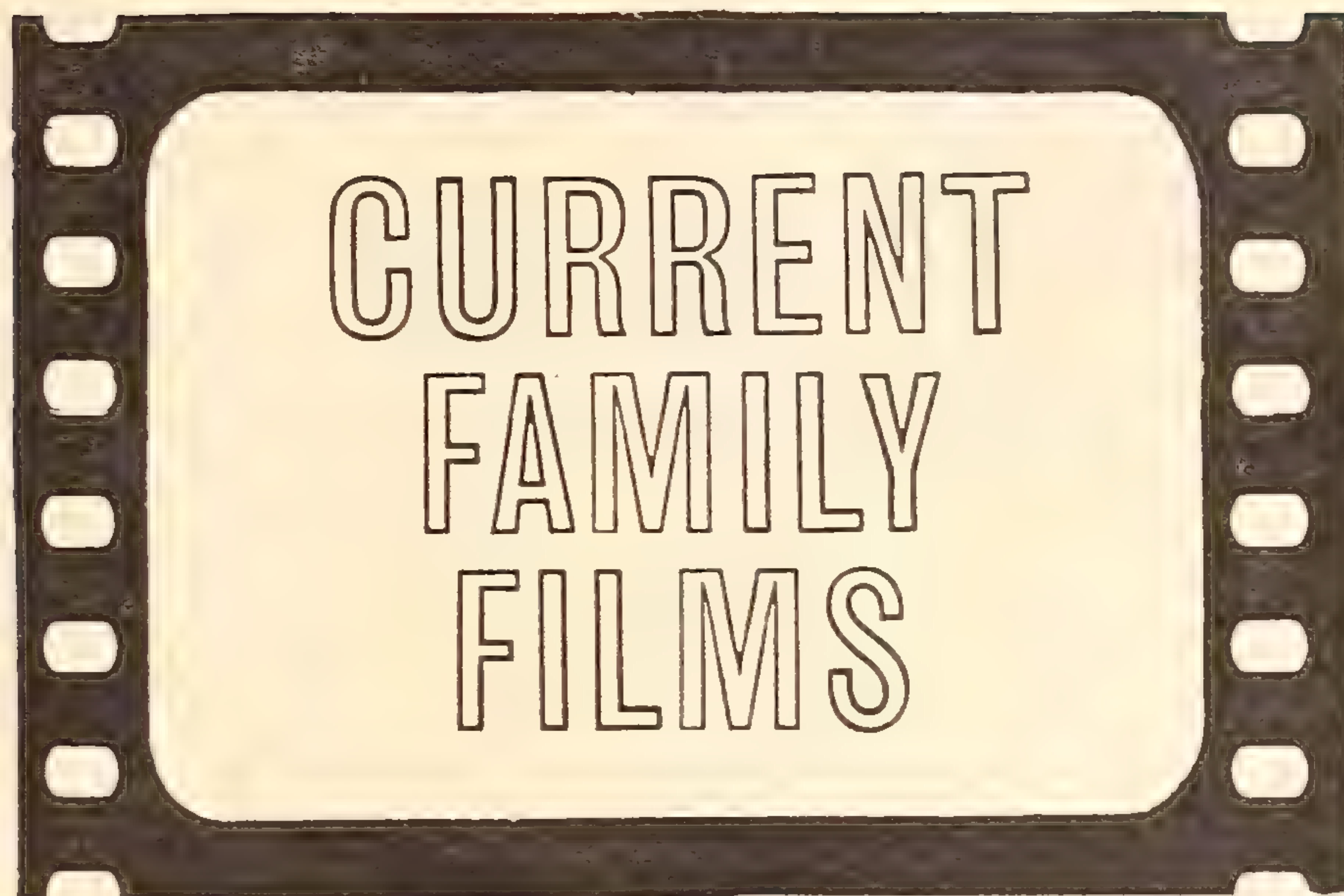
There are many sources of information about film content and audience suitability available. Newspapers usually review films and describe their content. Many magazines carry a listing of current films and some rate the films for various age groups. The Film Estimate Board of National Organizations (FEBNO), made up of representatives of eleven national women's organizations, publish a monthly *Green Sheet* which reviews and rates films for adults, adults-and-mature-young-people, family-and-children-under-twelve-years. The *Green Sheet*

may be found on library and church bulletin boards. The Legion of Decency of the Catholic Church releases regular ratings of films for the members of their faith. Certainly any parent who is interested can find information about films. You can always consult the theater manager before sending your children.

The motion picture industry—through the Motion Picture Association of America—operates a voluntary code of self-regulation called the Production Code. Every film carrying the Production Code Seal has been carefully reviewed from the first script—right down to the final release print. The Code is based on sound morals common to all peoples and all religions. The Code Seal has never been given to an immoral film. [EDITOR'S NOTE: You will find the code reprinted in full on page 54. We suggest you decide for yourself whether Hollywood has lived up to it.]

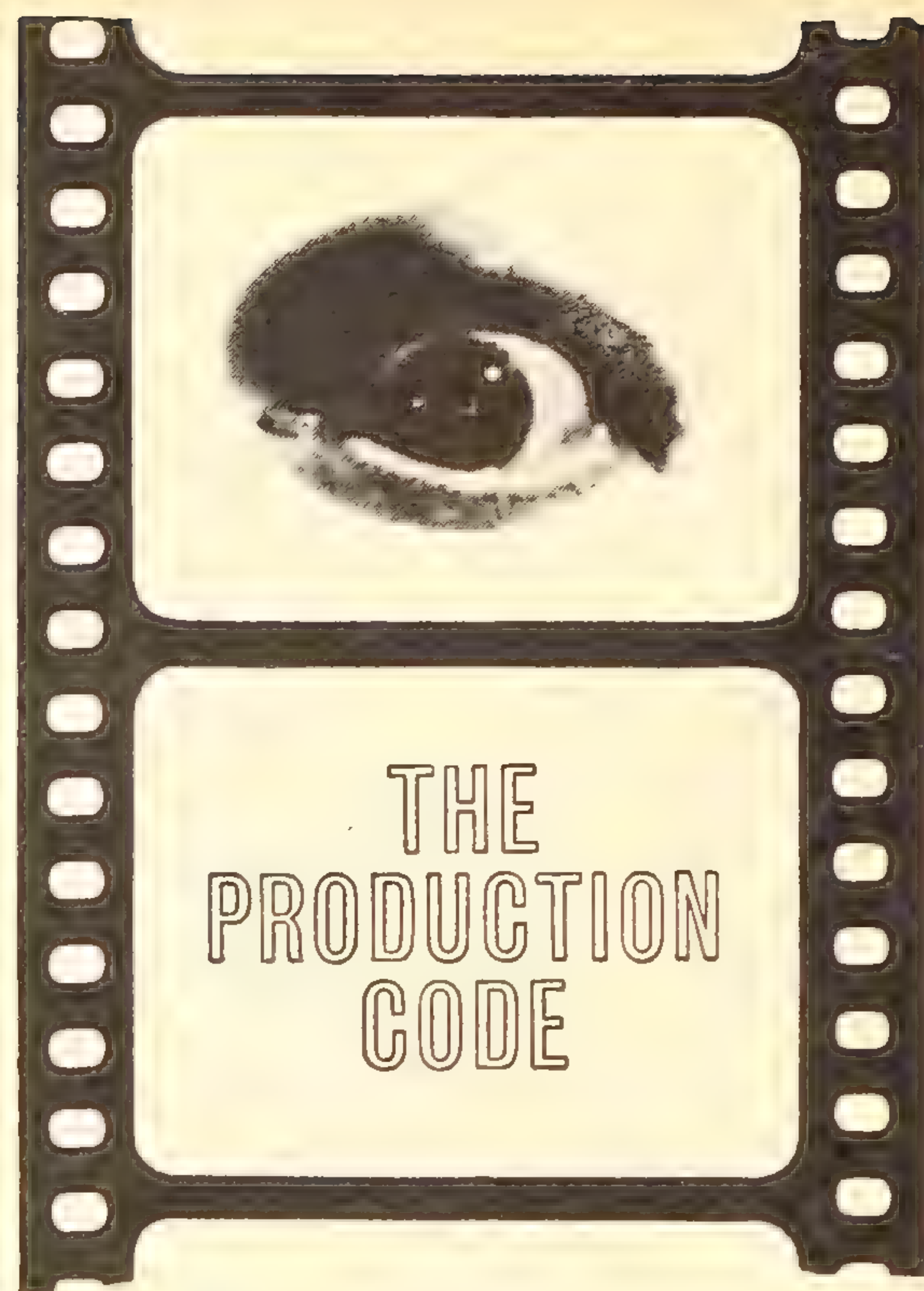
As Production Code Administrator, Geoffrey M. Shurlock, said recently before a Congressional Committee in Washington, "In the long run it is not the subject matter but the treatment that counts. And it is with treatment that the Code operation is fundamentally concerned. Hollywood film producers have proved themselves skillful and trustworthy enough to take outstanding, if sometimes sensational material and, applying the Code machinery, develop inherent drama and engrossing character delineations, to come up with entertainment that is mature, morally acceptable and of world-wide appeal."

We have appreciated the interest so many of you have shown by writing your feelings about MODERN SCREEN's article on "adult movies."



A DOG OF FLANDERS
BOBBIKINS
JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH
MASTERS OF THE CONGO JUNGLE
SWAN LAKE
KILLERS OF KILIMANJARO
PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES
SCENT OF MYSTERY
TOBY TYLER
WHEN COMEDY WAS KING
THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN
THE BOY AND THE PIRATES
CIRCUS STARS
POLLYANNA
RAYMIE
MY DOG BUDDIE
STOP, LOOK AND LAUGH
TWELVE TO THE MOON
CHARTROOSE CABOOSE
DINOSAURUS
JUNGLE CAT
FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE
THE LOST WORLD
THE SIGN OF ZORRO

THE BELLBOY
THE LAST ANGRY MAN
1001 ARABIAN NIGHTS
THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN
KIDNAPPED
SNOW QUEEN
BEN-HUR
THE STORY OF RUTH
HERCULES UNCHAINED
SERGEANT RUTLEDGE
A VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET
CONSPIRACY OF HEARTS
BELLS ARE RINGING
SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON
SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO
SPARTACUS
CIMARRON
THE ALAMO
I AIM AT THE STARS
SONG WITHOUT END
101 DALMATIANS
THREE WORLDS OF GULLIVER
CINDERFELLA
THE TIME MACHINE



GENERAL PRINCIPLES:

1. No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown to the side of crime, wrong-doing, evil or sin.
2. Correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.
3. Law—divine, natural or human—shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation.

PARTICULAR APPLICATIONS:

I. CRIME:

1. Crime shall never be presented in such a way as to throw sympathy with the crime as against law and justice, or to inspire others with a desire for imitation.
2. Methods of crime shall not be explicitly presented or detailed in a manner calculated to glamorize crime or inspire imitation.
3. Action showing the taking of human life is to be held to the minimum. Its frequent presentation tends to lessen regard for the sacredness of life.
4. Suicide, as a solution of problems occurring in the development of screen drama, is to be discouraged unless absolutely necessary for the development of the plot, and shall never be justified, or glorified, or used specifically to defeat the ends of justice.
5. Excessive flaunting of weapons by criminals shall not be permitted.
6. There shall be no scenes of law-enforcing officers dying at the hands of criminals, unless such scenes are absolutely necessary to the plot.
7. Pictures dealing with criminal activities in which minors participate, or to which minors are related, shall not be approved if they tend to incite demoralizing imitation on the part of the youth.

8. Murder:

- (a) The technique of murder must not be presented in a way that will inspire imitation.
- (b) Brutal killings are not to be presented in detail.
- (c) Revenge in modern times shall not be justified.
- (d) Mercy killings shall never be made to seem right or permissible.

9. Drug addiction or the illicit traffic in addiction-producing drugs shall not be shown if the portrayal:

- (a) Tends in any manner to encourage, stimulate or justify the use of such drugs; or
- (b) Stresses, visually or by dialogue, their temporarily attractive effects; or
- (c) Suggests that the drug habit may be quickly or easily broken; or
- (d) Shows details of drug procurement or of the taking of drugs in any manner; or
- (e) Emphasizes the profits of the drug traffic; or
- (f) Involves children who are shown knowingly to use or traffic in drugs

10. Stories on the kidnapping or illegal abduction of children are acceptable under the Code only (1) when the subject is handled with restraint and discretion and avoids details, of gruesomeness and undue horror, and (2) the child is returned unharmed.

II. BRUTALITY:

Excessive and inhumane acts of cruelty and brutality shall not be presented. This includes all detailed and protracted presentation of physical violence, torture and abuse.

III. SEX:

The sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home shall be upheld. No film shall infer that casual or promiscuous sex relationships are the accepted or common thing.

1. Adultery and illicit sex, sometimes necessary plot material, shall not be explicitly treated, nor shall they be justified or made to seem right and permissible.
2. Scenes of passion:
 - (a) These should not be introduced except where they are definitely essential to the plot.
 - (b) Lustful and open-mouth kissing, lustful embraces, suggestive posture and gestures are not to be shown.
 - (c) In general, passion should be treated in such manner as not to stimulate the baser emotions.
3. Seduction or rape:
 - (a) These should never be more than suggested, and then only when essential to the plot. They should never be shown explicitly.
 - (b) They are never acceptable subject matter for comedy.
 - (c) They should never be made to seem right and permissible.
4. The subject of abortion shall be discouraged, shall never be more than suggested, and when referred to shall be condemned. It must never be treated lightly or made the subject of comedy. Abortion shall never be shown explicitly or by inference, and a story must not indicate that an abortion has been performed. The word "abortion" shall not be used.
5. The methods and techniques of prostitution and white slavery shall never be presented in detail, nor shall the subjects be presented unless shown in contrast to right standards of behavior. Brothels in any clear identification as such may not be shown.
6. Sex perversion or any inference of it is forbidden.
7. Sex hygiene and venereal diseases are not acceptable subject matter for theatrical motion pictures.
8. Children's sex organs are never to be exposed. This provision shall not apply to infants.

IV. VULGARITY:

Vulgar expressions and double meanings having the same effect are forbidden. The treatment of low, disgusting, unpleasant, though not necessarily evil, subjects should be guided always by the dictates of good taste and a proper regard for the sensibilities of the audience.

V. OBSCENITY:

1. Dances suggesting or representing sexual actions or emphasizing indecent movements are to be regarded as obscene.
2. Obscenity in words, gesture, reference, song, joke or by suggestion, even when likely to be understood by only part of the audience, is forbidden.

VI. BLASPHEMY AND PROFANITY:

1. Blasphemy is forbidden. Reference to the Deity, God, Lord, Jesus, Christ, shall not be irreverent.
2. Profanity is forbidden. The words "hell" and "damn," while sometimes dramatically valid, will if used without moderation be considered offensive by many members of the audience. Their

use shall be governed by the discretion and prudent advice of the Code Administration.

VII. COSTUMES:

1. Complete nudity, in fact or in silhouette, is never permitted, nor shall there be any licentious notice by characters in the film of suggested nudity.
2. Indecent or undue exposure is forbidden.
 - (a) The foregoing shall not be interpreted to exclude actual scenes photographed in a foreign land of the natives of that land, showing native life, provided:
 - (1) Such scenes are included in a documentary film or travelogue depicting exclusively such land, its customs and civilization; and
 - (2) Such scenes are not in themselves intrinsically objectionable.

VIII. RELIGION:

1. No film or episode shall throw ridicule on any religious faith.
2. Ministers of religion, or persons posing as such, shall not be portrayed as comic characters or as villains so as to cast disrespect on religion.
3. Ceremonies of any definite religion shall be carefully and respectfully handled.

IX. SPECIAL SUBJECTS:

The following subjects must be treated with discretion and restraint and within the careful limits of good taste:

1. Bedroom scenes.
2. Hangings and electrocutions.
3. Liquor and drinking.
4. Surgical operations and childbirth.
5. Third degree methods.

X. NATIONAL FEELINGS:

1. The use of the flag shall be consistently respectful.
2. The history, institutions, prominent people and citizenry of all nations shall be represented fairly.
3. No picture shall be produced that tends to incite bigotry or hatred among peoples of differing races, religions or national origins. The use of such offensive words as Chink, Dago, Frog, Greaser, Hunkie, Kike, Nigger, Spig, Wop, Yid, should be avoided.

XI. TITLES:

The following titles shall not be used:

1. Titles which are salacious, indecent, obscene, profane or vulgar.
2. Titles which violate any other clause of this Code.

XII. CRUELTY TO ANIMALS:

In the production of motion pictures involving animals the producer shall consult with the authorized representative of the American Humane Association, and invite him to be present during the staging of such animal action. There shall be no use of any contrivance or apparatus for tripping or otherwise treating animals in any unacceptably harsh manner.

?
DO YOU
AGREE
THAT
THE MOVIES
YOU'VE
BEEN
SEEING
LIVE
UP TO
THIS CODE

ELVIS *and charity*

In our August issue we ran a story entitled, "Have I Failed as a True Christian?" We chose this story because we wanted to show how stars can be misunderstood, how one misstep can, sometimes, forever erase a man's good reputation. As an example, we reprinted a letter from a reader about an encounter she had with Elvis Presley, in which he turned down her request that he appear at the Crippled Children's Hospital in Memphis. The mail response to this story was enormous. Most of the letters defended Elvis vigorously and completely, and we were very glad to know that the loyalty of Elvis' devoted fans and friends was too deep to be affected by one not-too-pleasant incident. To bring the story to a real conclusion, we want to share with you the following letter, which so perfectly describes our own feelings about Elvis Presley.

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Crippled Children's Hospital School

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MEMPHIS 14, TENNESSEE

July 27, 1960

Mr. David Myers, Editor Modern Screen
c/o Dell Publishing Company, Inc.
750 Third Avenue
New York 17, New York

Dear Mr. Myers:

An article, "Have I failed as a True Christian?" referring to Elvis Presley in your August issue of Modern Screen, has come to our attention.

The ladies Board of Managers of Crippled Children's Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee, and the people of Memphis feel most strongly that Elvis Presley has been more than generous with his time and has graciously supported all charity work in Memphis. He has made numerous contributions to this Hospital and has been most cooperative whenever he has been called upon.

All the entertainers who come to Memphis have been exceptionally wonderful about visiting our Hospital and we are most grateful for their giving of their talents to entertain and provide happiness for our children.

We would like to request that you publish this letter so that friends and fans of Elvis would know that his generosity is sincerely appreciated.

Very truly yours,

CRIPPLED CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL SCHOOL

Mrs. William L. Taylor

Mrs. W. L. Taylor
Member of Board of Managers

cc: Mr. Elvis Presley
Memphis, Tenn.

new movies

(Continued from page 7)

the Japanese attack Pearl Harbor he is torn by conflict. He doesn't want to fight against people like his family and he is enraged by the fact that his adopted mother and father are considered dangerous and sent to a relocation camp. However, when his Japanese-American brothers join the Army Jeff signs up with the Marines where he becomes the close buddy of David Janssen and Vic Damone. Jeff's an expert shot but he prefers to talk the enemy into surrendering until one of his buddies is brutally killed. Then Jeff goes berserk and runs all over Saipan bent on slaughter. Later, a calmer Jeff matches wits against General Sessue Hayakawa and succeeds in delivering, unarmed, every Japanese on the island to his superior officer. There are scenes of violence in this movie which one can only accept as the truth about war, but there are other scenes (particularly of a drinking and strip-tease party) that are in amazingly bad taste.—ALLIED ARTISTS.

BETWEEN TIME AND ETERNITY

Lilli Palmer
Willy Birgel
Ellen Schwiers
Carlos Thompson
Robert Lindner

love against death

■ Although her famous doctor husband (Willy Birgel) has been trying to keep the news from her, Lilli Palmer knows that her days are numbered. She's suffering from a rare and fatal disease. Determined to enjoy whatever time is left to her she wanders alone and restlessly over Europe and eventually finds a little island in the Mediterranean whose scenery is beautified by Carlos Thompson. Thompson promptly steals her bracelet and signs her up for some sightseeing trips with him as guide. He then informs his girlfriend (Ellen Schwiers), a passionate gypsy type, that he and she will grow rich on Lilli's sentimental heart. Naturally, Thompson has no intention of falling in love with Lilli, an accident that makes him regard his past with a certain shame. Their romance is so therapeutic that Lilli feels completely healthy and plans to stay on the island with him forever. Well, love has been said to move mountains—can it cure fatal diseases, too?—TECHNICOLOR, U.-I.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

ELMER GANTRY (United Artists): In *Elmer Gantry*, Jean Simmons plays Revivalist Sister Sharon. Her saintliness and zeal attract a number of different people for a number of different reasons: Dean Jagger gives her constant paternal care, atheistic newsman Arthur Kennedy is drawn in spite of himself—and last, though surely not least, is Burt Lancaster (or, Elmer Gantry). Gantry, a preacher-cum-adman type has the gift of gab, a powerful alcoholic thirst, and an equally powerful appetite for the opposite sex. Based on Sinclair Lewis' novel, the story of Gantry is a fascinating study in corruption. A "must" film!

SONS AND LOVERS (20th-Fox): This is essentially the story of a sensitive boy's growing-up—and of the family ties, both welcome and unwelcome. Dean Stockwell (the boy) is a painter: he has a strong-willed mother (Wendy Hiller), an embittered, often drunk coal-miner father (Trevor Howard) and a dream of escape from his background. The women who help or hinder his dream are Mary Ure and Heather Sears. Here is a graphic tale of the strange, lonely giant step into the alien world of adulthood.

ALL THE FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS (MGM): All of these fine young cannibals (Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner, George Hamilton and Susan Kohner) gobble each other up in short order (no pun intended). Lives that begin in dirty Texas shanties end in dramatic and rich cosmopolitan surroundings. The sophisticated atmosphere is also inhabited by singer Pearl Bailey. The complications are numerous and really should be seen in this film of love and life among the young.



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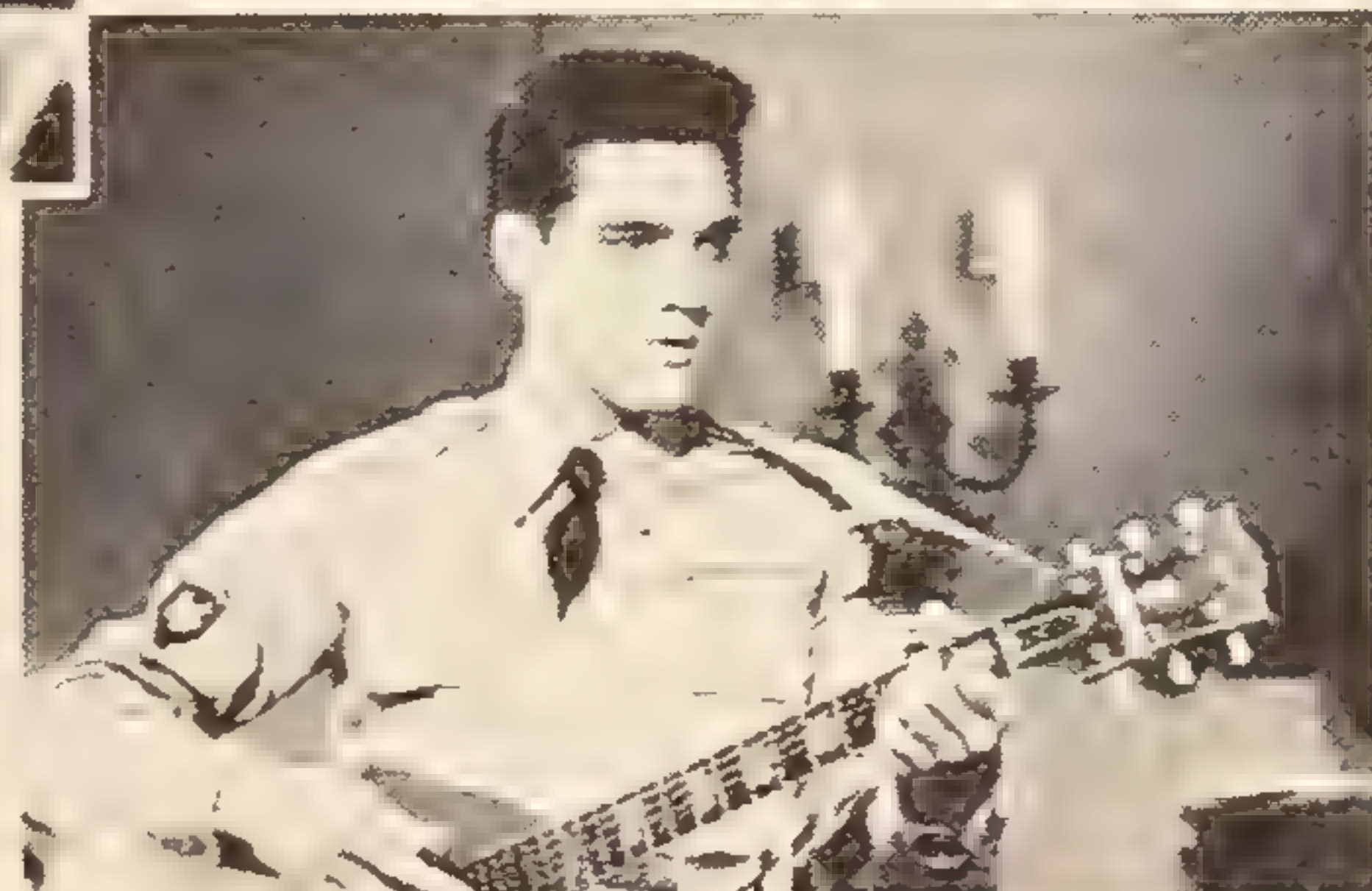
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Paramount Presents
ELVIS PRESLEY
IN
G. I. BLUES

A HAL WALLIS
PRODUCTION
Co-starring
JULIET PROWSE

Directed By
Norman Taurog



Tonight Is So Right for Love
What's She Really Like
Frankfort Special
Wooden Heart

G. I. Blues
Pocketful of Rainbows
Shoppin' Around
Big Boots
Didja' Ever
Blue Suede Shoes
Doin' the Best I Can

I'd been around.

I thought I could handle my own emotions,
but I was wrong...
so wrong!

MY FIRST PICKUP



by Frankie Avalon

(as told to George Christy)

■ I dropped a dime in the wall juke-box, and I sat back in the empty booth and listened to Little Anthony and the Imperials take off with *Shimmy Shimmy Ko Ko Bop*. I was lonely. Sure, it was exciting making a movie in Texas with John Wayne, but I hardly knew anyone in the town. Every day (Continued on page 59)

I was up at the crack of dawn to go in front of the cameras, and when evening came I was beat. I'd have dinner at the Fort Clark Ranch where we were staying in Brackettville (somehow it reminded me of Schofield Barracks in the flicker of *From Here to Eternity*). Then I'd play a little ping pong with Sonny Troz, my guitarist who was "standing in" for me, finally go to my room and play my trumpet or listen to records before I fell asleep.

But this was Saturday, our last day off, and I had driven to San Antonio with Sonny. He wanted to buy some ranch clothes at a fancy men's store, and I just wanted to take it easy so I ducked into a soda shop for a pineapple milkshake. I wore the white ten-gallon hat John Wayne gave me because it shadowed my face and this way people wouldn't recognize me.

SITTING THERE in the soda shop booth though, I was wondering about the girls back home, what they were doing, and I was wishing I had a date.

Suddenly, in the booth in front of me, I saw a girl's head pop up quickly, look at me, then drop down like a jack-in-the-box. I put another dime in the juke box and I heard her voice say, "Hey, play that song again. I like it!"

I punched the number for *Shimmy Shimmy Ko Ko Bop*, and I got up and walked over to the booth where the girl's voice came from.

She looked me in the eye for a second; then she looked away. "You . . . you're Frankie Avalon," she said, her voice shivery with excitement. "I'm . . . I'm a big fan of yours," she told me and I found myself looking at her pretty wavy auburn hair and her soft brown eyes. She wore eyeglasses but, to tell the truth, I didn't really notice them. There was something about her face that I liked. It glowed.

"Mind if I sit down?" I asked.

She nodded her head.

"Gee, Frankie," she said, looking at me, "I'd . . . I'd really love your autograph because nobody will believe I saw you. I wanted to scream when I recognized you. I don't know how I controlled myself."

I reached for a paper napkin from the metal container. "If you have a pen I'll sign the napkin for you."

"Darn," she said. "I don't."

"Well," says I, "I'll ask the soda jerk."

"Oh no, don't. He'll notice who you are and then there'll be a riot! I could tell you wanted to play it cool because of the way you were wearing your big hat."

I liked her, not only the way her pink cheeks glowed but the way she talked.

"That's a wild sweater," I said, looking at the striped white sweater that brought out the pink in her cheeks.

"It's my Frankie Avalon sweater," she said. "I bought it because it reminds me of the sweaters you wear!"

I didn't know what to say. She seemed to say such nice things—and to mean them. I was bowled over.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Vir—" she started to say. But she caught herself and said, "Why? You'll never remember it. You meet so many girls every day in the year."

"But I want to know," I insisted.

"Why don't you call me KoKo?" she said. "From the song—*Shimmy Shimmy Ko Ko Bop*!"

"Okay," says I. "It's KoKo then, if that's what you want."

I ASKED HER if she'd show me around. I wanted to see a little of San Antonio.

Her eyes lit up. Then, in an instant change of mood, she seemed downhearted: "I can't. I'm supposed to meet someone."

"Oh."

"He's a good friend, a classmate."

"What year are you in school?"



Obviously, the lady doesn't know
Perma-lift Magic Oval Panties

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**CAN'T
 RIDE
 UP
 EVER**

"Senior!" she said proudly. "But we've got too much homework. It's killing me."

"Are you meeting your friend here?"

"Yeah," she said.

"Well, maybe I better go!"

"Don't forget," she reminded me. "The autograph!"

"But I don't have a pen or a pencil and you don't want me to ask the soda jerk." She paused, then announced, "I'll go up and borrow one."

She returned with a ballpoint and I signed the napkin: *To KoKo, the first rose I met in San Antonio. Best o' luck—Frankie Avalon.*

"Thanks," she said. "I'll treasure this." She looked at the white napkin reverently. I was touched because I could tell the autograph meant a lot to her.

"What . . . what are you doing later, KoKo?" I ventured.

"I don't know," she answered. "I'm waiting for my friend. I don't know what he wants to do."

I swallowed, then I asked the \$64,000 question. "Is he your steady?"

She smiled.

Her eyes sparkled.

But she didn't answer me.

"Well, I'm going to leave now. Nice meeting you."

She looked into my eyes and there was a sweet wistful expression on her face that melted me.

I wanted to reach out and touch her wavy brown hair but I knew I shouldn't and I held myself back.

"So long, pardner," I muttered.

"So long, Frankie," she said, and the way she said Frankie it was as if she was singing lyrics to a song. It was beautiful.

I LOOKED AROUND the busy street, wondering what to do, where to go. The Texas sun was out and the San Antonio skyline was bright. But I was blue because I was alone again. KoKo was cute, and I wished she didn't have any plans. But it just wasn't my luck.

I began walking down the street, glancing into the gleaming shopwindows, and I heard someone rushing behind me.

I turned.

It was KoKo.

"Hi," she said softly, the ribbed wool sweater looking even prettier in the sun light. "I was thinking about what you said. I'm expecting to see my friend now, but I thought . . . if you were free later . . . well, I'd meet you."

"But won't your boyfriend be upset?"

"Let me worry about that."

"I was going to walk around town, that's all."

"Why don't we meet in an hour back at the snack shack?" she suggested.

"Only if you don't get into any trouble with your guy," I emphasized.

"Don't worry."

"Tell the truth. Tell him you met someone that's a stranger and that he's asked you to show him the town."

She smiled, then nodded. "See you soon, huh?" she cooed and her brown eyes seemed to be smiling, too. . . .

WE MET and she told me her boyfriend was having trouble with his car and that he had to take it to the garage for a check-up. "Anyway," she explained, "he's not my 100% steady. We sort of go together but I wish everybody didn't take the word 'steady' so seriously. We like each other a lot, but we're not going to stop seeing other people. It's not fair when you're young. Don't you agree?"

"I'm with you," I told her.

We took a bus and she began to point out the sights of the city to me: department stores, hotels, the city jail. She told me a couple of jokes, some daffynitions I got a kick out of. A tennis racket was a bunch of holes strung together and a dime was a buck after taxes.

"When do you have to be home for supper?" I asked her as we got off the bus.

"I'm . . . I'm going to call and tell Mom I'm going to be late."

"Do you think you can have something to eat with Sonny and me?"

She looked directly into my eyes, and I shivered all over. "Maybe," she said.

She came back from the pay phone in the corner drug store and said her mom would let her stay out. We picked up Sonny at the men's store, and KoKo and he got along fine.

We ate in a noisy cafeteria: hamburger steak and chocolate cake and milk.

Then we went for a spin in the company car Sonny and I had, a blue and white '59 Chevy, and we sang *Be My Guest* and *Just Ask Your Heart* and *Mack the Knife*. KoKo sat between us in the front seat, and, boy, did it feel great to be with a girl.

"I was wondering," KoKo began, her voice soft and inquiring, "if I called Joey—he's the friend I was telling you about—we all might have a little party. Wouldn't that be fun? Joey plays the piano and a friend of his plays the drum, and you play trumpet, Frankie, and Sonny plays guitar. We could have a jam session. Be great,

wouldn't it? We'd all just love it, Frankie."

I didn't want to disappoint her, but I had to say it. "We don't have our instruments here."

KoKo, her bright brown eyes flashing, pooh-poohed my comment. "We could borrow some, couldn't we?"

We spent the next hour searching for a music shop that was open, and finally we found one. The old, hunched, white-haired proprietor was Italian, and I exchanged a couple of words with him in Italian and he flipped.

WE RENTED a guitar and trumpet. KoKo promised she'd return them both on Monday. When we left, KoKo said, "He's a nice man, but you know, Frankie, he didn't recognize who you are!"

"What's wrong with that?" I asked.

"I just thought maybe you'd feel funny. Doesn't every star like to be recognized?"

"Depends . . ."

We drove to Joey's place and made some mighty wild music. KoKo shimmied and clapped.

She took turns dancing with each of us. We bopped, rock 'n' rolled, calypsoed. Then, Joey's parents came home from the movies and we said hello to them.

Sonny and I had a long drive ahead, almost one hundred and thirty miles, so we decided we had better get started. KoKo was holding Joey's hand as we said good-bye, and I kept wishing I had the nerve to ask her for her telephone number.

I just couldn't ask. It didn't seem right. Sonny and I got into the Chevy and we started the drive back. When we got to the Fort Clark Ranch, the lights were all out. It was past midnight, and Sonny and I went to our rooms to fall asleep. I was exhausted. But I couldn't stop thinking of KoKo. The more I thought of her, the more special I thought she was. Because now, as I thought back, I realized she wasn't pretty. Yet she made herself seem pretty with her vitality and the way she flirted with her bright brown eyes.

Just in the space of one afternoon and evening KoKo came into a part of my heart. It's sad to think I might never see her again. I keep wishing I had asked her for her telephone number, but I couldn't. It just didn't seem fair to Joey. But if anyone out San Antonio way knows KoKo please tell her thanks for the good time and also tell her that should she and Joey ever call it quits I'd sure love a date. I'd take the next flight for Texas!

END

Frankie's in United Artists' THE ALAMO.

The Man Who Almost Destroyed Marilyn Monroe's Marriage

(Continued from page 25)

Marilyn said. "He really must be in—" "Sorry," the operator said again.

Marilyn placed down the receiver. And she turned and she ran to the door of her bungalow, and then outside, and into the lovely little garden there, and across it . . . running, faster and faster, until she came to Bungalow Nine.

She rapped on the door.

"Yves," she called out.

She rapped again, harder.

"Yves," she called, "please be in. . . ."

"What is the matter?"

He was behind her.

She turned.

"Yves," she asked, "where've you been?"

"I went to the main building," he said, opening his door, "to buy some cigarettes . . . What's the matter?"

rushed into the bungalow, to the middle of the room.

"What, Marilyn?" he asked again, closing the door behind him.

"I had to talk to someone," she said, finally. "I had to talk to you . . . Do you see what they keep writing about us in the papers?"

"Bah," he said, "they must write something. Especially about two people who work in the same picture together. Isn't that the custom here? . . . And besides," he said, "Simone in France, and Arthur in Ireland, they know it is not true."

"But do they?" Marilyn asked. "Do they?" She brought a trembling hand up to her face. She rubbed it hard against her cheek.

Yves smiled. "Simone knows me very well indeed. Some types, maybe they play with love and with marriage. But Simone,

she knows those types. She took one look at me years ago and said to herself, 'I can handle him,' and she was right. When she reads foolish stories in the newspaper she laughs. Do you think she knows me too well?"

"No, no," said Marilyn. "You can't know anyone too well."

"You don't really think Arthur believes this nonsense?" said Yves waving in disgust at the newspaper.

Marilyn turned her back to Yves and stood a moment in thought. "I've seen," she said slowly, "wonderful people, understanding people destroyed by rumor, and cruelty and gossip. It could happen to us too, Yves. Just because we talk to each other . . . just because, well, just because I'm here, alone with you now."

"Oh how I hate them, some of those writers," she said. "With their lies. Their

bitterness . . . Oh, how I hate them all."
"I know," said Yves, lightly, "something you would not hate right now . . . A drink?"

"Oh how I hate them," Marilyn said.

Yves shrugged. "Today you hate them, yes," he said. "But tomorrow, you will see, tomorrow you will forgive them."

"No," Marilyn said. "No, no, not me. Not for what they're trying to do."

"Yes, you'll see," he said. "You especially, Marilyn. For hatred, it is not for you. Just like for me, it is not for me. I think we are the same way. About such a thing as hatred."

He paused for a moment.

"HATRED," he said then. "I thought once that I would never stop hating . . . It was a long time back. During the war. In France . . . Shall I tell you about it?"

Marilyn didn't answer.

"It was hatred for the Germans I had then," said Yves, going on, anyway. "The pigs from the East," as we would call them. Hatred because they killed our people and conquered our country and laughed at us, the French, their old enemy, their new slave.

"I remember the last day of the war, how I hated them," he said. "I was in Paris that day. I was at the Etoile, with many other people. We were cheering. We thought they were gone, finally, the Germans. But they were not. Not all of them. Because all of a sudden from the windows of some of the buildings around us the Germans, those who stayed behind, they began to open fire on the crowd. And I see women standing near me fall, and men, and little children. Fall. Fall dead.

"Soon after, I join some of the soldiers who arrive now to get rid of these last Germans. I help them, walking with them,

a captain and five or six of his men. At this time the streets are practically empty. I am walking up the Champs-Elysee now. We are near the Normandie Theater, I remember, when we see him—a young boy, blond, a Nazi—standing in the doorway of a building. He is alone. He seem to have no gun. He look frightened. The captain I am with says to the Nazi, 'Hey, pig, come here.' Then, while the captain holds his gun on him, he asks me to touch the Nazi, all up and down, to see whether he has a gun.

"So I begin to touch him. And, you know, I find that now I am shy to touch him. Because suddenly he becomes not a Nazi to me, but a human being. One half hour before he is probably with the others, killing everybody, I know. But now that I know the war is over nearly, now that I stand here face to face with another human being, I feel that the passion is gone. And with it the hatred. The terrible hatred that makes us fight one another all the time, and have to kill, insult, hurt. . . ."

He stopped.

Marilyn had brought her hand down from her face.

He smiled.

"How about it," he said, "now maybe you will stay and have a drink with me . . . Look," he said, walking over to a small bar, pointing to a lone bottle on top of the bar, "I have not so much whiskey—but enough. And in here, this thing, there is ice. And I will make us both a good whiskey on the stones."

"On the rocks," Marilyn said.

"Eh?" asked Yves.

"On the rocks, we say," said Marilyn, "—not 'the stones.'"

She couldn't help it; she began to laugh.

"Ahhhhh," said Yves, as she did. "That

is better. To see you laugh like this. Much better than to see you with your face long, like a horse . . . like this."

He made a face.

And Marilyn laughed some more.

"Come," Yves said, suddenly, laying down the glass he'd just begun to lift, "if it's laughing you need, I have something to show you that will make you laugh for real. Here. In the kitchen. Come."

MARILYN FOLLOWED him into the other room.

She watched him as he placed his hand on the refrigerator door, and then as he turned to face her.

He kissed the air and then he opened the refrigerator door.

"I make myself *this*," he said, pointing to a dish.

Marilyn looked.

"What is that?" she asked.

"An omelet," Yves said, "with onions."

"And you put it in the refrigerator first?"

"Of course," Yves said. "This is picnic-style omelet. The way I used to have it when I was a boy. On the special day. The Sunday in the summer. The day when my papa would take what little money he had and bring us, all the family, in the trolley car, to the beach. And there, first, we would swim and play in the water. And then, at twelve o'clock, to the dot, we would all run to where my *maman* was sitting, holding the bag in which she had packed the cold omelet. And we would eat. There on the beach. With the blue, blue water next to us. And the yachts going by. And the sun smiling on us. And us, with our wonderful omelet and our bottle of wine . . . just like the biggest millionaires on earth we felt we were."

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cious," said Marilyn smiling at his story.

"It is lovely and delicious," said Yves. "Now, how about you? You will stay with me and share some of the omelet?"

Marilyn shook her head. "I don't know—" she started to say.

"Well, I know," Yves said. "You will stay with me for picnic-dinner tonight. And you will say, 'Yes, I am happy, Yves, to stay for the kind invitation.' And then you will work, like the woman should, and put the dishes on the table while me, I start to cut the bread."

He looked at Marilyn, teasingly.

"Am I understood?" he asked. "Am I—"

But he stopped suddenly.

"That is," he said, and not teasingly now, it seemed, "—that is, if you don't mind, Marilyn, to share with me such a simple dish as this, an omelet with onions."

Marilyn smiled.

"Yves," she said, "there were many times in my life when I had much less to eat."

YVES SMILED BACK. "*Moi aussi*," he said. "Me, too . . . you know," he said, "I think that when I was young it was food, or the absence of it, that gave me my whole style of singing. That's funny, isn't it? But it is true . . . You see, the very first time I ever went to an audition, it was at a cabaret, in Marseilles. And it was at lunchtime. And there was nobody in the cabaret that afternoon but me and the owner—and his lunch. *Hola*, I have never in my life seen such a lunch as he was eating, that owner. I stared at it, I remember, like it was not real; the soup, the fish, the meat, the salad, the cheese, the *everything* that he was eating. I stared so hard, in fact, that I did not begin to sing at first. And the owner, annoyed, said, 'Well, sing if you're going to sing.' So I began. To sing. But all the while I am still staring at the food and getting hungrier and hungrier. And, you know, as I am getting hungrier, my voice, it starts to get better. So better, in fact, that I am hired right away. And ever since that day, before I sing, I never eat too much now. It's as if I am remembering that hungry day. And remembering what a blessing it was that it brought me, being hungry . . . That's funny, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Marilyn, softly.

"And what are you thinking," Yves asked, "with your face so thoughtful like that all of a sudden?"

"About food, too, and once when I didn't have any," said Marilyn.

"A droll story," asked Yves, "like mine?"

"No, not really," said Marilyn. ". . . It was the first time in my life I was ever actually going hungry. I mean, as a kid there'd never been much food, in most of the homes I lived in, the orphanages. But, at least, came mealtime and there was always something, something to stick in your mouth, and to swallow . . . But this time, it was years later, I was here, in Hollywood, just beginning. I was in hock for everything I owned. And there was absolutely no money for food. So I spent one day not eating. And another. And part of a third. And on that third afternoon the phone rang and this man called me.

"He was an old man. He was a big wheel with one of the publicity outfits. He was an obnoxious person, always calling me, always after me. And always I'd say no to him.

"But this day when he called me and asked me to go out to dinner with him, I said yes. I was *that* hungry.

"Oh, you should have seen me, Yves, when we got to the restaurant that night. I didn't even bother looking at the menu.

62 The waiter came over to the table and

said, 'What will the young lady have?'—he said this to the old man—and I answered and I said, 'The young lady will have shrimp cocktail and thick soup and the biggest and thickest steak you've got.'

"The old man thought this was very funny. He laughed and he laughed. I laughed, too. Till they brought me the shrimp. Till I started to eat it, and I had my fork up to my mouth, like this—but I could see him sitting there, the old man, from the corner of my eye. And I was so ashamed of myself suddenly for having come with him, for having said yes, that I couldn't eat. I couldn't eat. I couldn't eat anything that night. Not a thing. Not until I made him take me home and I got back into my apartment and, all alone then, opened my purse and took out a little package of saltines I'd filched from the table and gobbled them down. . . ."

She looked down.

"Well," said Yves, "I can only say that I hope you can eat with me tonight, that I do not have the same effect on you that this obnoxious gentleman had."

Marilyn looked back up.

"You, Yves?" she asked. "You? You are just the opposite of that kind of man. You—"

She looked at him, long, into his deep brown eyes.

"You—" she started to say again.

Her face flushed then, suddenly.

And, suddenly, nervously, she turned and began to walk toward the door.

"Marilyn, where are you going?" Yves asked.

She stopped at the door. "I'm sorry," she said. "I feel upset again. I don't know why. I get like this sometimes. . . ." She took a deep breath. "Besides," she said then, "you said you'd make me a drink. On the stones—remember? And you didn't . . . I'd like that drink, if you don't mind," she said.

"And later we will eat?" asked Yves.

"Yes," said Marilyn. "Later. In a little while. . . ."

SHE SAT on a large easy chair, next to a small table, while Yves fixed the drinks.

He handed one to her, kept one for himself, and then he sat, too, across from her.

For a minute or two, an awkward silence overcame them both, awkward for two people who'd had so much to say to one another only a few minutes before.

And then Yves, in an attempt to say something, said, "You know, Marilyn, just before you came, there was a young writer here, from a magazine. He came to interview me."

"He did?" asked Marilyn, taking a quick sip from her glass.

"He asked me many questions," Yves went on. "But, you know, I don't think he liked my answers."

"Why not?" Marilyn said. "What did you tell him?"

"Well," said Yves, "he says to me at one point: 'You are French, Mr. Montand. So please tell me all about your bachelorhood and all the women, eh?' And he winks at me. 'Well,' I say to him, 'despite what you might think of me, and all Frenchmen, but especially me, I worked hard at my job when I am a bachelor. And when you work the way I did, doing the one-man show all the time, in the music hall, that is a lot of work and you move around a lot and you don't have much time for the women.'" Yves smiled. "Poor writer," he said. "He was so disappointed."

"And?" Marilyn asked. "What else did he ask?"

"And he says to me another time," Yves said, "—he says, 'Tell me, Mr. Montand, about some of the sad incidents in your life which you remember best.' And I say to him, 'I won't; I refuse to remem-

ber them.' So then, he say, 'Tell me about some of the beautiful moments.' So I think of one. I tell him about one time, in France, when I am working on a picture, *Salaire de le Peur*. And how after the picture is finished the crew chips in and buys me a present. It is not the watch. Or the wallet. Or the usual thing. But it is—how do they say it here—the Erector Set. 'You see,' I say to the writer, 'the crew had overheard me once tell somebody that as a boy I never had any toy, that one thing I'd wanted so much was the Erector Set. So now they buy one for me. And it is one of the happiest moments of my life.' . . . And after I get through telling this story to the writer, you know what he say, Marilyn?" Again he smiled. "He say to me, 'Mr. Montand, is that the best you can do?'"

"Yves," Marilyn asked, "—what did you tell him about me?"

"About you?"

"They always ask. 'What's she like?' They've asked everybody else I've ever worked with . . . If they haven't asked you yet, they will."

SHE PAUSED for a moment, and took another sip from her glass.

"What will you tell them, Yves," she said then, "—when they do ask?"

"About Marilyn Monroe," he said, not pausing, "I will tell them that she is a courageous woman. For her is torture this job, I will say, and she does it with the most conscientious and courage she can. Yes, maybe she come late on the set a lot of the time, I will say; you boys are always writing about that with a chuckle, about the big star who always keep everybody waiting. But that is not because she is Marilyn Monroe she does this, I will say, but because she is frightened and it takes her time to get over this fear and to get ready to work.

"And when she does work, I will say," he went on, "that she is an amazing creature to watch. She has a wonderful thing—an extraordinary instinct for acting. She never does anything ridiculous. Others, me, we make a mistake in rehearsing, or with the camera on us, and we are ridiculous, we are suddenly out of the role we are playing and people, they can only laugh at us. But if Marilyn forget something, or do something wrong, she is not ridiculous. This is a talent very few creatures have in the theater, the pictures. This is a *real* talent.

"Also," he said then, "I will say that she is not only rich in beauty, this girl. But that she is rich in her heart. She is a good person. And she does good things. I will think of her that night, long ago, when she sat with the obnoxious gentleman, and how she could not eat. I will think of her the day, with nobody knowing it, she *thought*, when she sent a big check to the widow of one of the electrical men who died while we were making our picture together. I will think of these things and I will say that she is a good person. That also she makes me feel very good just to be with her. That—I am very, very fond of her. . . ."

"Now," he said—he began to smile, suddenly—"when they ask you, Marilyn, about me . . . and I have enough of the ego to hope that they will . . . what will you say?"

Marilyn looked down into her glass.

"The truth," she whispered.

"That is?" asked Yves.

"That you are the finest actor I have ever worked with," Marilyn said. "That you are wonderful to be with. That you are very attractive. That you have the face of a peasant, and of a king, in one . . . That you are a *man*."

Again there was an awkward silence.

"Your ice is melting?" asked Yves, after a while.

"Yes," said Marilyn, looking up. "I'd like another drink if you don't mind."

Yves rose and reached for her glass. Their hands touched as he did. Marilyn drew hers back, with a start. . . .

SHE LOOKED AWAY, to her right. She found herself looking at a photograph, in a frame, of what was obviously a chateau, in France.

"Is this where you live, with Simone?" she asked.

"Yes," said Yves, from the other side of the room now. "That's our place in Normandy. It was built in the seventeenth century. It is beautiful, no?"

"How'd you meet Simone?" she asked.

"Did you ever hear," asked Yves, "of a place in France, named St. Paul de Vence?"

Marilyn shook her head.

"Well," said Yves, "that is one of the most beautiful of all places on the Riviera. And it was there, in 1949, I met Simone."

"It was on a small terrace of an old, old inn where we met. I was there that day with people I know, Picasso, other artists and entertainers. And then someone enters, a beautiful girl. It is Simone Signoret, the actress, the top star. We are introduced. But she goes away after she say hello to me and she talks to some other young man. Then, after a while, I see her again. She is not with the young man anymore, but she is over in a corner of the terrace feeding a little colombe, a dove."

"So I walk over to her and I say, 'You are very tender with the birds.' And she say, 'Shhhhh, you will make him fly away.' And that is our second conversation together . . . Till later, at lunch. We sit next to one another. And we begin to talk. And we talk about so many things, all that afternoon, and half into the evening. . . ."

"Did you love her—Simone," asked Marilyn, then, "from the beginning?"

Yves nodded. "Yes," he said.

"Why? What was there about her—" Marilyn asked.

"Because she was a good woman, I could see," said Yves. "With the same good qualities you have. Very warm. And feminine. Very soft . . . And because she could put up with my qualities, many of them not so good. My temperament. My getting mad at things easily. My blowing the top when something does not go my way."

He smiled.

"OF COURSE," he said, "I don't say that Simone, she was perfect, without fault. Like with the make-up she used to wear. Oh boy, you know, she used to wear two pounds of it on her face; two pounds. I wear you. And how this used to annoy me. I would say, 'Simone, you are not a clown, why do you wear so much junk?' and she would say, 'Oh yes, you don't like this; all right, next time I will not put on so much.' But next time, it never came. So one night, just after we were married, I see her with all this junk on her eyes, her mouth, her cheeks. And I can't stand it, no more. So I take her by the hand, into the bathroom, and I take a towel and I wipe her face clean. And Simone, you know what she say? She say nothing. And after that she never wear anything again on her face except a little shadow here—" he pointed to his eyes—"and a little rouge on the mouth."

He paused.

"She is the kind of woman—" he started then. "Do you know, Marilyn, what she do for me, a few months ago? It is the time of the Academy Award, remember?"

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Valda Sherman

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Simone is nominated. Maybe she will win an Oscar, and maybe she won't. But is she nervous for herself? No. Not Simone. She is nervous for *me*. Because me, I am to appear on the same show that night. I am to sing and dance. In front of eighty million people watching the TV . . . But me, while I have been starting to make the picture with you, I have not practiced the dancing for months. When I rehearse, the first time, everything goes wrong. I drop my cane. I drop my hat. I trip over my feet. So Simone sees what is happening with me and for three days and nights before the show she rehearses my act with me. For hour, and hour, and hour. Right up until it's time to go to the theater she stands with me, here, in this room, throwing me my hat and cane, dancing with me, making me calm, saying I will be great, so not to worry. *Her* night. And she is thinking only about . . . Now that is a wonderful woman, I think. Don't you think, Marilyn?"

She nodded.
"You must miss her very much," she said.

"Yes," said Yves, "I do . . . Just like right now you must miss your Arthur . . . You know, Marilyn," he said, "I am sure I don't have to tell you this—but your Arthur, he love you very much. Oh, he love you all right . . . I tell you, Marilyn. I was sitting on the set with him one day. You were doing a scene. You were very good, and I say something very much compliment to Arthur about you. And him, instead of saying anything, he just continue to look at you, to watch you. And I think to myself that this is really the good emotion, the best emotion; because when you are the most happy, and proud, just as when you are in the biggest pain, then you say nothing, no?"

Again, Marilyn nodded.
"Do you want another drink?" Yves asked, noticing that she had already finished her second.

"No," she said.
"Do you mind to talk with me a little more?" Yves asked.

"No . . . I want to talk to you," Marilyn said.

"Then," Yves said, "answer me a question, as I have answered yours . . . How did you and Arthur first meet?"

"On the lot one day," said Marilyn, "at Fox."

"That's all?" Yves asked.
"I was walking with another actor, on our way to the commissary. It was nine years ago. I was working in my second picture. I was walking, and I saw him."

"SO YOU MET and you got married," Yves laughed.

"No," said Marilyn. "We met. And I began to talk to Arthur, right away, about his plays. I'd read them all. I didn't want him to think I was just another Hollywood blonde."

"He did not ask you to marry him right there?" Yves laughed, again.

"Arthur was married at the time," Marilyn said. "He had a wife and two children, living in Brooklyn. I could tell it wasn't a good marriage. Maybe it had been. But it wasn't any more. But, still, there was a wife and children, and—"

"And?"

"So after a while, Arthur went away. And I thought I'd never see him again. I felt very sad about this, but I tried to cover up my sadness by going out a lot. I went with many men. Finally, I met one I thought I could love. We got married. But it wasn't a good marriage. We tried. But it wasn't good."

"And?"

"We got divorced. And I, I decided to change my whole way of life. I left Holly-

wood. I went to New York to study. Acting. And while I was there, at a party one night, I met Arthur again."

"He was still married?"
"Still. But now it was really going badly between him and his wife. So we began to see one another, quite a bit. More and more. And then, four years ago, in June, in Connecticut, we got married."

"You were very much in love?"
Marilyn looked to her right, at the photograph of the chateau on the table. "For the first time in my life, I felt."

"You had loved him from the beginning," Yves asked, "from that first time you had met?"

Marilyn nodded. "Yes," she said.

"Why?" Yves asked.

"I remember," Marilyn said, "as I stood talking to him, as I looked up into his face, I could see that it was a sensitive and compassionate face. I'd never had much compassion from anyone in my life. I guess I figured I would find it in Arthur."

She thought for a moment.
"And," she said, still looking at the chateau, "I trusted his face . . . Does that sound silly?"

"No," Yves said.

"I really trusted it. In my life, too, before this, I'd never been able to trust people much. They were always either kicking me out of places, or trying to drag me into something. And then, suddenly, looking into Arthur's face, I saw something there that I *knew* I could trust."

"Trust," Yves said. "That is very important in a love, is it not?"

"Yes," Marilyn whispered.

"And in a person."

"Yes."

"And in a marriage."

MARILYN LOOKED AWAY from the photograph and over at Yves again, looking at him through the darkness that had fallen on the room, gradually.

She stared again into his eyes.
And then she said, "Trust . . . Yes, in a marriage, trust is very important. On both sides. Trust."

She sat there, very still, very quietly, for a while. And then she smiled.

"What are you thinking?" Yves asked.
Marilyn said nothing.

"I tell you one thing, what I am thinking," said Yves. "—That it is good for us to talk like this once in a while. About the husband away, the wife away. To remember to each other the things about them that we love. Things we take for the granted sometime. Things the miles of separation make us forget just a little sometimes. . . ."

"Now you tell me, Marilyn," he said. "What are you thinking?"

"How strange," she said then, "—how strange and mixed-up a girl can get to be, to feel, sometimes. For a while. For a month or a week, a day or an hour, a minute sometimes . . . That's what I'm thinking."

"I don't understand," said Yves.

Marilyn shook her head. "It's better sometimes," she said, "that a man doesn't understand everything a woman says."

She continued to smile.

And Yves began to smile, too.

"What else are you thinking—now?"

Marilyn opened her eyes.

"Right now," she said, her voice vital suddenly, happy suddenly, "I'm thinking about the first night we all met together—you and me, and Arthur and Simone."

"When you made the spaghetti?"

"Yes," Marilyn said. "How you both came over and we sat on the floor. And talked. And ate. And laughed . . . How we liked each other so much. All of us."

"That was a good time, that night," Yves said.

"I want to do it again," Marilyn said. "When Arthur comes back. When Simone comes back."

"We will," Yves said.

"And I'll make spaghetti again," said Marilyn. "I'll go all the way. You'll think I was born in Rome by the time you're all finished eating . . . I'll make an antipasto, too, and meatballs and real garlicky bread. And there'll be spumoni, of course. And apples and that gorgonzola cheese. And—"

"Hey," Yves said. "Stop that. You are making me too hungry."

"And—" Marilyn started to go on.

"Hey," Yves said again. "That's enough now . . . Besides, *our* meal, in the refrigerator. Maybe it's getting too cold now."

Marilyn threw up her hands. "Let's go eat then," she said.

"Yes," said Yves. He pointed at her. "And then you, you go off with you to sleep after we've eaten. And me, I go to sleep, too. We have a big scene to do tomorrow, remember? The scene in which I spink you."

"It's 'spank,'" said Marilyn.

"No matter," Yves said. "If you don't let me eat and get some sleep tonight, I'll give you whatever-it-is good tomorrow, on the set, so you will not forget it."

They got up from their chairs.

And Yves pulled the switch on a lamp close by where he stood.

The room filled, suddenly, with new light.

Marilyn walked towards him, and she took his hand.

"You're a very good friend, Yves," she said.

"I hope, too," he said, "that I am still a good omelet maker."

Marilyn still held his hand as they walked, laughing, to the kitchen. **END**

Marilyn and Yves co-star in LET'S MAKE LOVE for 20th-Fox. Marilyn's next is THE MISFITS; Yves' is TIME ON HER HANDS—both films for United Artists.

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I Refuse to Grow Old

(Continued from page 46)

friend replied. "The men don't care. Here we are, dressed to beat the band, and in she struts looking like she's just finished cleaning her living room, and every man in the place hops to her side."

"I'd like to know her secret," the actress confided.

"Who wouldn't?" her friend frankly replied.

And so the gossip goes, year in and year out. What is Ingrid Bergman's secret? This woman who has three marriages behind her, who became the disgrace of the world by flaunting an illicit love affair in the public's face, who has four children (one fully grown-up and married), who thinks nothing of appearing at a party without make-up—what is it about her that charms men the world over?

Her movies, in spite of strong religious pressures to ban them because of her love affair with Italian director Roberto Rossellini, gross millions of dollars. Her romantic appeal, like Cary Grant's, grows instead of dwindling at the box-office. Even teen-agers, who know little of the many great roles she's portrayed, list Ingrid as their favorite film actress regardless of the fact that she appears in less than a film a year.

What is it, then, this mystery that makes for such exciting Bergman magic? Elusive and difficult to pin down, it nonetheless begins to reveal itself if one examines the high points in her life story.

AN ONLY CHILD, Ingrid was born in Sweden of humble parents on the 29th of August at the time of the First World War. One year later, 1916, she was posing for her photographer father by snuggling and cooing in her mother's arms and lap. When she was two, her mother died, and in another year's time her father passed away from heartbreak. An elderly Aunt Ellen cared for her, but in a while Aunt Ellen died. Saddened and torn by her nearly orphaned status, Ingrid went to live with an Uncle Otto whose five children tormented her for being "all arms and legs, so awkward."

She lived in agony in her uncle's strange household where the teasing never stopped. She was ashamed of her gangly, towering height. The boys laughed at her, told her she'd never marry. Finally, with what little money Justus Bergman left to his daughter, she was sent to the Lyceum School for Girls where she, again, was looked fun at.

One day when a gym teacher was sick with influenza, Ingrid's gym class was called off. And the students sat around the gymnasium wondering what to do.

"I'll . . . I'll act out a story for you," the retiring Ingrid ventured. Secretly and passionately, within her heart, she wanted to be friends with all of the girls at school. She wanted their teasing to stop.

But the girls laughed aloud at Ingrid's proposal.

Ingrid looked at their ridiculing eyes, clenched her fists together and walked directly to the bandstand at the far end of the gymnasium.

Muttering to herself that she'd prove she could entertain them, Ingrid stood on the stage and stared at her audience of mocking contemporaries. But nothing came to her mind. Ingrid couldn't remember any of the plays or the books she had read. Still, she was determined to show the class she could please them.

Closing her eyes, she asked God to help her, and began making up the tale of a

lonely girl who was impatiently waiting, praying, for a man to come, a man with a soft voice and a heartful of love and a princely white steed, a man who would take her away in his arms, away from the dreary loneliness, away from all the scary strangers.

The girls sat spellbound, enraptured. For many hours afterward Ingrid was to amuse and entertain her fellow-students with her make-believe stories.

In due time, however, she was faced with the imminence of her graduation from the Lyceum School. There was the problem of her life thereafter. What should she do?

WHAT LITTLE LEGACY her father had left her had gone to those first few years of schooling. There was no money for further education. Ingrid's only hope, and an almost impossible one at that, was a scholarship at the state-owned Royal Dramatic Theater School. Over two dozen judges chose a handful of scholarship winners.

She entered the scholarship competition. After her delivery of the speech of the deranged boy from Rostand's *L'Aiglon*, the judges sat silent, immobile, without expressing so much as a "thank you."

She was positive she had failed.

Two days later she was notified she was chosen. She had so affected the judges with her performance they were stunned and speechless, unable to applaud or congratulate her. And two months after she was chosen, she met the man who was to lift her out of her pitiful loneliness. Instead of the dashing white charger, however, his attraction turned out to be spotless white uniform of a dentist. To the teen-aged Ingrid, the uniform symbolized solidity, security.

At eighteen she began going with Dr. Peter Lindstrom, ten years her senior. For an orphan girl who had been teased and tormented by boys and girls most of her life, Dr. Lindstrom's kind attention, thoughtfulness and soft-spoken manner were like a soothing balm to a whimpering heart.

It wasn't love at first sight. But their friendship grew. And long before the night when they decided to marry, Ingrid hoped that a man like Peter who displayed a strong interest in her work and in her personal life, a man who had both his feet on the ground, would guide her out of her fog of loneliness and lead her to the world of bliss and happiness her love-starved heart craved.

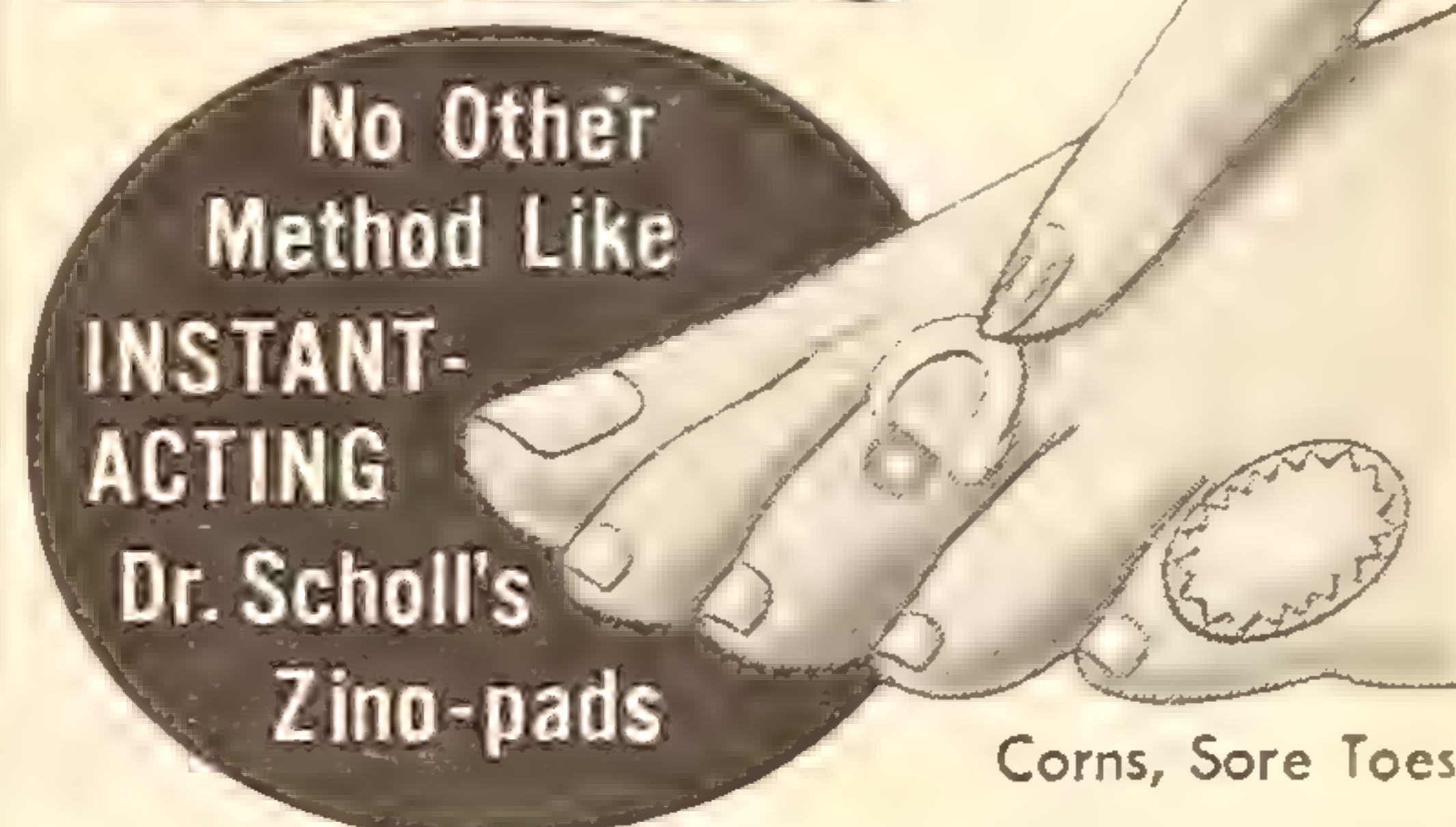
They married on July 10, 1937, in a Lutheran church in Sweden. A year later, a daughter, Pia, was born. At the time of Pia's birth, Ingrid's film, *Intermezzo*, was the rage of Europe. Hollywood producer David O. Selznick's representative, Kay Brown, suggested Selznick make an English version of it. But the shrewd Mr. Selznick, after seeing a print of the Swedish film, not only bought the story but snagged its star into a contract as well.

"I'm flattered to go to Hollywood, darling," Ingrid told her husband. "I'd like to work in American movies, but I don't want to leave you and Pia. The baby needs me, and you have so much to do with your work that you need me to look after you."

"Don't worry," Peter comforted her. "You won't be there forever. Just for a while, and then you'll come back to us." She went to him and embraced him for his understanding, but, deep within her heart, she trembled because she sensed Peter didn't need her, could get along without her.

IN HOLLYWOOD, at the swanky party Selznick gave to introduce her to the Hollywood elite—Cary Grant, Katharine

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Hepburn, Greer Garson, Livvy de Havilland, Gary Cooper and all of Hollywood's top directors, Ingrid sat in a corner by herself all through the long evening, tongue-tied, bewildered by the polish and slickness of the Hollywood stars. The world-renowned director, Ernst Lubitsch, shook his head over Selznick's folly. "She's nothing but a big peasant," he lamented.

Selznick asked her to change her name, but Ingrid refused. She wanted to keep it in honor of her father. But she agreed to work on improving her English. She wrote Peter that it was difficult living without him. She needed his manliness to guide her. "I can't wait," she wrote him, "to finish the film and return to your love."

She returned to Pia and Peter as war began to ravage central Europe. Selznick's English version of *Intermezzo* was released in America, and it was a huge success. Both press and public acclaimed Ingrid Bergman's "star" quality and talent. Selznick cabled her to return to Hollywood, and Peter beseeched her, "Take Pia and go. Don't worry about me. I'll join you before long. But get out before the war reaches us here."

Another separation. More loneliness. Ingrid starred in *Gaslight*, *Casablanca*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Success followed success.

Finally Peter came to America to continue his studies for an M.D. at the University of Rochester. Ingrid couldn't bear to have him so far away, to be so desperately alone in Hollywood, without an escort in a showplace where everyone has an escort. She begged him to transfer to Stanford University at Palo Alto near San Francisco. He agreed, and she flew to him every week end.

"My darling," she told him, "the work you're doing is so much more important than my work. And I want to be near you to help you." She tried to assuage her guilty feelings of separation, of rejection by Peter, by rationalizing and downgrading her acting ability.

But Peter didn't give a care for Hollywood, and he chose to withdraw from the spotlight around his wife. She was the star. She should bask in the limelight. And suddenly his was no longer the strong shoulder Ingrid needed to lean on with her woes. He took a position behind her, in shadow, while film after film of Ingrid's broke box-office records—*Notorious* with Cary Grant, *The Bells of St. Mary's* with Bing Crosby.

TODAY, PERHAPS, it's easy to say that Ingrid should have given up her career when her stardom forced Peter into the shadowy background. But Peter's willingness at the beginning of their marriage to have her leave their home in Sweden frightened her. One day her publicist, Joseph Henry Steele, asked her if she had her choice between her work and her home—would she give up her career?

"Never!" Ingrid snapped, clamping her teeth in harsh retaliation.

How could she throw all her success to the winds now? Within herself Ingrid had built up a fever pitch of excitement. Everyone loved her, and this mass love gave her more of the confidence she needed. The lonely orphan girl from Stockholm was the world's darling! But the man in her dreams, the man who rode the beautiful white charger, the man who could save her from anything—where was he?

Her love for Peter had died. They were more like cousins once removed now. One autumn evening in 1946, two years before she was to meet the man who could disgrace her name, she turned to Peter Lindstrom, as they sat by the glowing fire in

the living room of their Hillhaven Lodge. "Peter," she said, unflinchingly, "I want a divorce."

Peter's mouth dropped. His penetrating eyes searched hers; his brow wrinkled in puzzlement.

"No," she continued, "it's not another man or anything like that. It's just that we've grown so much apart we have little in common and why should we deceive ourselves? I'll always love you, but our love is no longer what it was. We should both be free to love again."

Peter didn't answer her. She brought up the subject again; he ignored it. In a few months she accepted the leading role in Maxwell Anderson's *Joan of Lorraine*, which was being readied for Broadway. She hoped the separation would help them. Several evenings before the play opened Peter flew to her, sending her a cable that he was LONESOME FOR MY GIRL—and signing it, YOUR P.

Moved to tears by his wire, she waited breathlessly for his arrival, and they went night-clubbing the night he arrived. Columnists had begun to hint at the break-up of their marriage, but Ingrid and Peter's "night on the town" wiped away all suspicions.

After her play opened, Peter returned to his medical work in California. Ingrid became very involved with the theatrical cliques in New York.

Still, the separation didn't help patch up the differences of their marriage. It made Ingrid realize all the more that the two of them could no longer be happy—forever.

When she returned from New York, she couldn't stop raving about a certain movie she had seen. It was the most-talked-about film in New York: *Paisan* directed by the young Italian genius, Roberto Rossellini.

"How exciting it would be to make a picture with a director like that!" she told her husband Peter who urged her to write him.

"But he'll probably misunderstand and think I'm interested in him," Ingrid countered.

PETER CHIDED HER for "dark thoughts." Finally, she listened to Peter, sat at her desk and began:

Dear Mr. Rossellini,

I saw your films, "Open City" and "Paisan," and enjoyed them very much. If you need a Swedish actress who speaks English very well, who has not forgotten her German, who is not very understandable in French, and who in Italian knows only "ti amo," I am ready to come and make a film with you. Best regards,

Ingrid Bergman

Rossellini wired back that her letter arrived on his birthday; it was the most precious gift he received. Negotiations began for Ingrid to make the movie with Rossellini after she filmed, *Under Capricorn*, for Alfred Hitchcock in London.

They were to meet on a Sunday at the George V Hotel in Paris. Dr. Lindstrom was to negotiate Ingrid's end of the business deal, and there were to be producers and business representatives present.

The meeting was very business-like. A financial agreement was reached. Peter flew back to California. Ingrid returned to London.

But she couldn't forget Rossellini, the smiling, chubby-faced artist who seemed uneasy among the businessmen. His manners were impeccable, and after he kissed her hand she shook with nervousness, awed over being introduced to a genius.

He seemed nervous, too. And the two of them couldn't stop looking at one another, trying to sense each other's character through their sidelong stares.

When Rossellini didn't raise the film money in Italy (as had been agreed upon), Peter and Ingrid invited him to move into their small California guesthouse to work on the plans for the movie while Peter tried to raise the capital.

Ingrid and Roberto couldn't resist seeing each other every day, talking "art" in the melodious language of French, discussing music and all the other subjects they had in common. They took long walks together exploring the wild life.

She had found him: her hero. The idol she dreamed about. Instead of a white horse, he had a movie camera. Roberto returned to Italy in February. In March, Ingrid followed him to begin filming *Stromboli*. And at Rome's airport the mid-night of her arrival, Roberto waited for her and embraced her, kissing her on both cheeks as he whispered, "Je t'aime."

Within a week's time, Ingrid couldn't contain herself. Ecstasy shuddered in her heart. She was torn between love and marriage. But she had to tell Peter:

It was not my intention to fall in love and go to Italy forever. But how can I help or change it? I know this letter falls like a bomb on our house, our Pelle (the name they had selected for their next child), our future, our past so filled with sacrifice and help on your part. And now you stand alone and I am unable to help you. Poor little papa, but also poor little Mama.

(signed) Mama

Ingrid applied for a Mexican divorce. While waiting for it, she gave birth to Roberto's son on February 7, 1950, at the Villa Margherita Clinic. Cables and letters arrived from people the world over, bearing vile obscenities and outrageous threats about her illicit love affair with Roberto and their child which they named Renato Roberto.

Ingrid, contrary to what people rumored, did not forget her daughter, Pia. She spoke to her constantly via transatlantic telephone; and before Ingrid gave birth, she wrote Pia a ten-page letter. Ingrid asked her closest Hollywood friends to contact Pia before the birth and to stay with her while the headlines screamed the news of the child born out of wedlock.

THREE MONTHS AFTER Ingrid gave birth, she and Roberto were married by proxy. Sweden refused to recognize her Mexican divorce. Italy wouldn't permit a civil ceremony unless Sweden agreed to the divorce. Consequently a judge married them in Mexico while they knelt in a sidestreet Roman chapel, praying for guidance and forgiveness.

The press, from all corners of the earth, clobbered them. The American public, after lavishing endless adulation, rejected her for her sin. Ingrid was a bad woman, a disgrace to their image of the happy homemaker.

Her film with Roberto turned out to be a colossal flop; the world was thrilled. This was justice; this was the penalty she must pay. Frightened by the overpowering hatred she encountered everywhere, Ingrid worked with Roberto in seclusion on plans for forthcoming films while she looked after the baby.

Meanwhile, Peter Lindstrom married Dr. Agnes Ronanek of Pittsburgh. Ingrid gave birth to twins, Ingrid and Isabella. After Peter's marriage, Ingrid wrote to a friend, during the filming of her fifth failure with Roberto:

Isn't it wonderful news about Peter's wedding! I am so happy for him. Maybe he won't have so much time to hate me any more. I received a very sweet letter from Pia for my birthday. She said she has sent me a gift. Beset with agonizing financial head-

aches, her fortune squandered on Roberto's films, Ingrid found herself worrying about having enough money to buy the babies' new shoes. She confided to friends that the "style of her work with Roberto was unsatisfactory." Angelo Solmi, Italy's famed movie critic, suggested Ingrid and Roberto "retire into dignified silence."

Years passed. Ingrid's accomplishments were nil. Finally she admitted to her American agents that she would consider making a non-Rossellini film.

Hollywood had no stories for her.

In Paris she was offered the leading role of the sexually rejected wife in the French stage version of *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof*. She turned it down. "It's not me," she said. "People would laugh." But she agreed to play the role of the schoolmaster's wife who gives her love to a troubled student in *Tea and Sympathy*.

Roberto censured her for accepting the role—"pure trash" he called it. All the same, he jumped at the chance to make some documentaries in India later that year while Ingrid studied French for the production of *Tea and Sympathy*. Meanwhile, Ingrid accepted an offer from Jean Renoir to star in a movie to be photographed in Paris.

During the shooting of *Paris Does Strange Things*, her American agents flew to Ingrid and asked her to accept the starring role in 20th Century Fox's million-dollar film, *Anastasia*.

She asked Roberto's advice. He labeled the movie "junk." Roberto was depressed. Rainy weather had delayed his work in India. The following May, Roberto left for India, and Ingrid agreed to star in *Anastasia* against his wishes.

Her acting in *Anastasia* was acclaimed by all the American critics. They voted her to receive the coveted Film Critics Best Actress Award. She replied from Paris that she would fly to New York to accept it.

Author Ernest Hemingway, visiting Paris at the time, told Ingrid, "Why don't you let me fly with you to New York? If anyone's mean to you, I'll fight them."

"No, thanks," Ingrid laughed. "With all that I've been through now, I think I can take care of myself."

SHE NOT ONLY WON the Film Critics award; she received the Academy Award for her performance in *Anastasia*. And Cary Grant, in accepting the award for her, said, "Dear Ingrid, if you can hear me via radio, all your friends here send you congratulations, love, admiration and every affectionate thought."

Two months later Roberto Rossellini telephoned Ingrid from Bombay. "There's going to be a scandal," he announced furiously, "but don't believe a word of it. It's all blackmail. Nothing but blackmail!"

The news of Roberto's passionate love affair with dark-eyed, twenty-seven-year-old Sonali Das Gupta broke in front-page newspaper headlines around the world. Sonali was pregnant, the reporters insisted. Ingrid vehemently defended her husband. "All of this Hindu hoopla," she told a reporter, "is made-up stuff."

That month, her agent, Kay Brown, flew to Paris to ask Ingrid to read the script of *Indiscreet* which Cary Grant wanted to star in. Ingrid liked the story and signed a contract. Miss Brown had planned to transact business with Ingrid in Paris, also to tend to other details with a Swedish producer, Lars Schmidt.

"Since you and Lars," she told Ingrid, "are the two nicest Swedes I know, I want both of you to know each other."

At Kay Brown's dinner party, Ingrid met Lars. He was tall, handsome, blond. There was no immediate attraction between them, other than he was wonderful company, unaffected, easy to listen to—

and so calm, after the fiery temperament she learned to put up with from Roberto.

When Roberto returned from India, Sonali Das Gupta followed him. The scandal was true. Ingrid met him at the airport, pretended nothing had happened. By the end of the month, they both flew to Rome to conclude a legal separation.

Roberto filed for an annulment, and early that March, Lars invited Ingrid to visit Sweden with him. After her holiday in Sweden, she flew to London to begin work on *The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness*.

Lars phoned her daily. He wanted to protect her from the mess in the Roman courts over the custody of her children with Roberto. He was the Rock of Gibraltar at a time when Roberto's scandal tore Ingrid's heart. There were no heroics about Lars; he was without a white charger. He was a simple man, someone she respected, a man with a deep understanding of her spirit. Perhaps, a white charger, after all, was a childish dream.

With Lars' concern and affection, Ingrid battled the Italian courts for custody of Robertino, Ingrid and Isabella.

And on December 21, 1958, she gave in to the pleas of her heart and married Lars Schmidt at Caxton Hall in London. The only invited guest was Cary Grant, a friend who had stood beside her through thick and thin. . . .

WHEN CARY MET HER, some months later, in Paris, Ingrid was waiting for him at the bustling train depot in her station wagon.

"Cary, Cary," she spoke his name as if she were singing a song. "I've never been happier." They drove along the narrow country road to her villa in Choisel. "I'm no longer afraid. I used to be. And I always got into trouble. I know now that when I look at myself in the mirror, I'm not the kind of person who can put on the brakes when it comes to living. I have to love. And I'm not afraid of it."

"God has been good to me. He has given me Lars. He feeds my life and understands me. That's the most difficult part of living. Understanding. That's where we always fumble and stumble."

They talked of Ingrid's children, their acceptance of Lars. And then Ingrid said, "The surest knowledge I have has come from my errors. I've learned a woman must be honest to herself, to her heart. I have no regrets. That is my secret. I would do everything all over again, because I'm not afraid. People say I'm too old to find happiness now. Well, when I hear that I always think of Sacha Guitry's comment: 'People may forgive success—but never happiness.'"

She sat behind the steering wheel, guiding the large car carefully along the winding dusty road. She wore no make-up; her shining blonde hair fell loosely to her shoulders. She wore an old white shirt and rumpled blue jeans. She was barefoot.

"Ingrid," Cary Grant said, looking at her, "you are the most beautiful woman in the world."

She looked at him for a second. Her eyes smiled and winked. Then she laughed. "Cary, Cary," she said, "I'm a mess. Just look at me! But I'm happy and I'm in love. . . ."

"How do you do it, Ingrid? How do you keep so young? You're like a . . . beautiful and wonderful child."

Shrugging her shoulders, she turned the car into the flower-bordered driveway of the medieval stone villa at Choisel. "I guess," she said, "in spite of all that's happened to me, I simply refused to grow old!"

END

Ingrid stars in United Artists' TIME ON HER HANDS.

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday is in November, your birthstone is a Topaz and your flower is a Chrysanthemum; and here are some of the stars who share it with you:

- November 1—**Jo Morrow**
Betsy Palmer
Jeff Richards
- November 2—**Burt Lancaster**
- November 4—**Cameron Mitchell**
Gig Young
- November 5—**Vivien Leigh**
Joel McCrea
- November 7—**Dean Jagger**
- November 9—**Dorothy Dandridge**
Russell Johnson
- November 10—**Richard Burton**
- November 11—**Susan Kohner**
Pat O'Brien
Robert Ryan
- November 12—**Ina Balin**
Grace Kelly
- November 13—**Jean Seberg**
- November 15—**Joanna Barnes**
Lloyd Bridges
John Kerr
- November 17—**Rock Hudson**
- November 21—**Ralph Meeker**
- November 22—**Mickey Callan**
Geraldine Page
- November 23—**Victor Jory**
Boris Karloff
- November 25—**Kathryn Grant**
Jeffrey Hunter
Ricardo Montalban
- November 26—**Barry Coe**
- November 28—**Gloria Grahame**
Hope Lange
- November 30—**Virginia Mayo**
Dick Clark
Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.



Roy Rogers
November 5



Katharine Hepburn
November 11



Dick Powell
November 14



Clifton Webb
November 19

The Miracle at Buergenstock

(Continued from page 41)

on earth. But for two people, a man and a woman in a mountaintop chalet in Buergenstock, wracked with anxiety, nervousness and fear, this was not always so.

Only a few years ago, when Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer decided to settle in Buergenstock, they dreamed of having the happiest household in the whole of Europe. But their hopeful dream turned into a harrowing nightmare.

Why?

Because of their great desire to create a child of their own. Even before their marriage in a chapel in Switzerland, Audrey told Mel, "I love my work, my darling, but it's an avocation next to you. You are my life, you and the wonderful family we want to have."

AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE, they lived in a chain of rented homes in England, France, Italy, Mexico, the United States. Homeless vagabonds, they traveled with their wedding china and silver so that something might have a personal touch in the various strange homes they lived in. Finally, when they chose the fairytale chalet in Switzerland with its ivy-covered walls and green shuttered windows, the time they had waited for so anxiously through their years of marriage and traveling had arrived. They had a home, roots of their own, and it was the moment they dreamed of: to begin their family.

All the while, though, Audrey had been a wonderful stepmother to Mel's four teenage children from his two previous marriages: Pepa, Mela, Christopher and Mark. Audrey referred to them as "our" children, sent them gifts from her world travels, held parties in their honor whenever they were together.

But Audrey yearned for the day when she could say, "This . . . this is *my* child!" And when the doctor at the famed Lucerne clinic told her one day, two years ago, that she was with child, her heart thundered with happiness and she rushed to the chalet where she made paté sandwiches and tea as she awaited Mel to tell him their glorious news.

To celebrate their good fortune, they treated themselves to whirlwind week ends in Rome, Paris, London. Mel told their friends, "We want this baby so much. Not only because it's an expression of our love, but for another reason, too. Audrey had a very unhappy childhood in Holland and Belgium during the war when the Nazi killers moved in and machine-gunned her relatives. She grew up under cover, forever in the terrifying shadow of fear. And she wants a child of her own that she can raise with joy and happiness in its heart, without the awful fear that scarred hers."

"We can't wait," Audrey announced to her circle of friends and acquaintances. "If it's a girl, we're thinking of naming her Kathleen. If it's a boy, I'm sentimental about my brother's name—which is Ian."

Then, that spring, after a staggering promotional tour in behalf of her award-winning film, *The Nun's Story*, Audrey and Mel returned to their hideaway house to await the birth of their baby.

Within weeks the harsh hammerblows of tragedy struck. Exhausted, achingly weary from her tour, Audrey collapsed and suffered a miscarriage. For days she sobbed incessantly, unable to control her shattered nerves over the heartbreaking news. Their mountaintop villa, once gay with Audrey and Mel's happiness, was quiet, somber, a scene of mourning.

ONE DAY as Mel and Audrey were walking silently through a field of wildflowers, Mel turned to his wife and began, falteringly, "We're heartbroken, my love . . . both of us. We've been immersed in grief for too many days now. Let me take you away from all this. Let's go on a trip to India where we can study Yoga and forget our sadness for a while."

"I . . . I don't want to leave," she confided. "I've wanted a home for so long, and now we have it. I want to stay."

"But, darling," he told her, "there are so many wordless memories here, memories of dreams we shared for our little one. If we go away, just for a while, we'll come back with lighter hearts."

She didn't want to leave the quiet of Buergenstock which soothed her torn heart. But she never liked to refuse her husband any of his wishes.

"Better yet," Mel suggested, "why don't we go to Hollywood and see a screening of your new film, *The Unforgiven*. Then we can make up our minds about what we'd like to do. We can fly to India, if we want, or we can return here."

"Whatever you want," she agreed softly. He was her lord and master, and she hated to interfere with his desires.

In less than a week they were flying to California, away from the restless memories of their unborn child.

In Hollywood Audrey remained depressed, moody, haunted by the devastating fear that she was too fragile, too delicate to carry a child.

She brooded morning, noon and night.

One morning as Audrey finickily nibbled at her breakfast of whole wheat toast and boiled eggs, Mel suggested she visit a devoted doctor friend in Los Angeles.

"But I'm so tired of hospitals and doctors with their long faces," Audrey answered.

"Why don't you call Sister Luke? She'll be the one who'll know what you can do to build up your body. She nursed you so lovingly all through your spinal injury when you fell off the horse."

"I love Sister Luke," Audrey said, sighing, recalling the hours of enjoyment she shared with the Sister whom she portrayed on the screen in *The Nun's Story*. "But Sister Luke is not a doctor. She's only a bedside nurse. She's the first to admit it."

"Then," Mel smiled, "you agree with me that you should see a doctor . . . ? I want us to have a child, my darling. And the only person who can help us is someone who—"

She promised to arrange an appointment before he finished his sentence.

The doctor, a gynecologist recommended to her by Sister Luke, turned out to be a fairy godfather. An aging man, with pince-nez perched midway on his nose, he was determined to help Audrey.

After a series of tests, he summoned her for the consultation.

"You lost your child," he began, his blue eyes bobbing brightly behind the pince-nez, "because of a lack of hormone activity within your body."

Audrey gasped, frightened, wondering if this meant the end of all her dreams.

"This is not an uncommon failing," he continued, "with mothers-to-be who are carrying a child for the first time. What we must do is step up your hormone production with injections. If you will listen to me and rest—and this means that you must stop working completely during your pregnancy—there's no reason in the world why you can't have a baby."

It took a moment for his words to reach her heart. She wanted to leap out of the hard wooden chair and kiss the kindly old man on both cheeks.

"Doctor," she managed to say, her voice quavering, "you've just made me one of the happiest women in the world."

THE INJECTIONS BEGAN, and after several months' time the doctor asked her to come in for the final examination that would reveal the good news.

When he voiced her wishes, Audrey quietly prayed, and consequently she didn't hear his last words: ". . . You must remain here, napping every afternoon, not straining yourself in the slightest. The least strain will endanger the life you are carrying in your body."

"I can't wait to tell my husband," she said. "We're leaving tomorrow for Rome where he's to make a movie."

"You can't leave. I won't allow you to travel."

"But I must," she insisted.

"It's out of the question," the doctor snapped. "Why, the traveling alone could destroy your child."

She panicked, rushed home to tell Mel.

"Why don't we both go and talk to the doctor?" Mel offered.

"Yes," Audrey cried. "And you must tell him how miserable I'll be without you!"

At the doctor's office, the discussion raged for over an hour. "I will only allow you to go," the doctor finally told Audrey, "if you will promise to go directly to your home in the mountains and stay there. Your husband can visit you week ends while he's in Rome for the movie. Then, after his movie is finished, he can be by your side. Your villa sounds like a perfect place for rest. I shall give you extra injections for your journey. We're taking a chance, of course, but we will all say a prayer and ask God to be good to you."

The flight to Switzerland was easy, peaceful. At the chalet Audrey rested quietly, forgetting all the shadowy ghosts of memories that had once haunted her there. She walked leisurely in the mornings through the fields of wild wind flowers accompanied by her Yorkshire terrier, Famous. When the New York drama critics cabled her that they had chosen her the outstanding actress of 1959 for her performance in *The Nun's Story*, inviting her to come to New York to accept the award, she wrote them that she was honored but that she could not leave her home where she was under doctor's orders to await the birth of her baby. When she was nominated for the coveted Academy Awards, again Audrey refused the invitation to appear, knowing she must safeguard the health of the child stirring within her.

Finally, this summer, the long nine months came to their end. And on the morning of July 17th she awakened at dawn and asked Mel to drive her to the Lucerne Maternity Clinic. "I think it's now, the time for the baby," she told him, her lovely brown eyes radiant with happiness.

Mel drove her slowly over the country roads to the clinic where Rita Hayworth gave birth to her Princess Yasmin, where Ingrid Bergman had her Roberto, and where, late that afternoon, Audrey Hepburn gave birth to her first child, a nine-pound boy named Sean Ferrer, under the supervision of Swiss obstetrician, Dr. Carlo Gianella.

Now, Audrey's and Mel's chalet, once a house of heartbreak, rings with the gurglings of healthy Sean and bursts with a joy and thanksgiving that may make it . . . the happiest home in Europe.

END

Audrey stars in *THE CHILDREN'S HOUR* for United Artists. Mel will next appear in Paramount's *BLOOD AND ROSES*.

Rock Hudson's On-Location Girl

(Continued from page 49)

morning. And Erika, when she read the news at breakfast, swooned.

"I've got to meet him," she said. "I've got to."

"How?" the girlfriend she was rooming with laughed.

"I don't know exactly," said Erika, "but I'll figure a way." She picked up her cup of coffee and swallowed. "I know!" she said, suddenly. "He's staying at the Presidente. He'll probably be at the beach this morning. Well, I'll be there too—"

"—And," the girlfriend said, "he'll see you, come up to you and take you in his arms."

"He'll see me, at least," said Erika. "Because I'll be wearing the tightest bathing suit I've got. My white one."

"My," said her friend, "you're getting very brazen all of a sudden."

"Once in a while," Erika said, "a girl has to be . . . And," she added, "that wasn't nice what you just said, about him taking me in his arms. You make it all sound foolish, as if I'm a dreamer. All I want to do is talk to him, look at him, to be able to remember I stood near him for a few minutes. . . . You know how I've always felt about him."

Her friend laughed again. "I'm sorry," she said.

"That's all right," Erika said.

Then she picked up a piece of toast, took a bite, and began to re-read the announcement in the paper.

She shook her head.

"He's here," she said, unbelievably.

SHE STARED, UNBELIEVINGLY, when she saw him.

There he was, Rock Hudson, standing on the beach, standing right there, near the water. And there she was, standing on that same beach, no more than twenty yards away from him.

"Well," a voice inside her asked, "he doesn't seem to be looking this way. Are you going over to him?"

"I don't know," Erika answered herself.

"You'd better hurry if you are," said the voice.

"I'm so nervous," Erika said.

"You'd better take a look around you then," said the voice.

Erika looked. And she saw them, a couple of dozen other girls, of all sizes and shapes, some prettier than the five-foot-ten, blue-eyed, blonde Erika, some not so pretty, but all of them looking over at Rock, and with that same ga-ga look in all their eyes.

"Hurry, Erika"—the voice spoke up again—"or else these girls, they might have the same idea you had."

She found herself walking over towards him a moment later.

She found herself standing beside him.

"Mr. Hudson," she said—he turned to look at her—"You are a very good-looking man and you should not be walking about the beach teasing all the girls like this."

She gulped.

"And," she said, "you must not go telling reporters that your eyes are the same color as brown shoe polish. . . . You have very beautiful eyes. They are more like the color of fine caoba."

"What's that?" her surprised victim asked.

"Mahogany," Erika said.

She gulped again.

"Well," she said then, as she began to turn and walk away, "I just wanted you to know. . . . Good-bye."

"Hey," Rock called after her.

She turned back around to face him. "Yes?"

"Is that all you've got to say to me?" Erika shrugged. "I think so."

Rock walked over towards her. He couldn't help smiling.

"May I ask please," said Erika, "what is so funny?"

"It's just," Rock said, "that girls have come up to me with many an opener. But none of them ever said what you just did."

Erika looked abashed. "It was the only thing that came to my head," she said. "I'm sorry if it disturbed you."

"Not at all," Rock said. "Once a girl came up to me, took a look at me and started to bawl. Now that disturbed me."

He smiled again. "But you," he said, "you didn't disturb me a bit."

He looked up at the sun for a moment. It was a scorcher.

"How about it?" he said then. "Take a swim with me? Out to that raft? . . . Okay?"

Erika opened her mouth to say something.

Nothing happened.

"Okay," said Rock, taking her hand.

"Come on, let's go. . . ."

THEY SAT ON THE RAFT, very silently those first few minutes, Rock looking at Erika, Erika looking away from him.

Then, finally, she brought her eyes around to his.

"You know," she said, "I am and have always been a great admirer of yours."

"No kidding," Rock said.

"Yes . . . seriously," she said. "I have seen every picture in which you ever appeared, with the exception of *Taza, Son of Cochise*, made in 1954. I was sick in bed at the time. But I will see it one day . . . And, also, I know everything there is to know about you, since I've read every word that has ever been written on your life."

"Well, now—"

"Yes, I do," said Erika. "I know what you like to eat, what colors you prefer, the kind of house you live in. I know what your greatest embarrassments were, your greatest disappointments, your greatest moments of pride. I know everything about you—even though I can't believe some of those things I read."

"Like?" Rock asked.

"No," said Erika, "I don't like those things at all."

"Like for instance, I mean," Rock said.

"Oh," said Erika. "Well . . . I read once that when you first arrived in Hollywood you couldn't walk down stairs without tumbling and you had a squeaky voice. . . . Now that isn't true, is it?"

"Sort of," said Rock, squeaking his voice.

Erika nearly laughed.

"And once," she said, "I read that the first scene you ever made in your first picture had to be done over thirty-eight times because you made so many mistakes . . . Is that true?"

"No," said Rock. He made a face. "It was thirty-nine times."

Erika did laugh now.

"Tell me," said Rock then, "haven't you ever read anything good about me?"

"Oh yes," she said. "You have a dog named Tucker you love with all your heart."

"Yep, that's true," Rock said.

"And you are a wonderful son to your mother. I read there is no better son in Hollywood than you are."



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"Well, I—" Rock started to say.

"And I read," she went on, "that although you are reserved with most people, that you are really very very kind to your true friends, of which you have five—one being an actor, one an actress, one an artist, one a piano teacher and one a liquor salesman." She took a deep breath. "Correct?"

"Yes," said Rock. "Except," he said, "I'd just kind of like to make that list a little longer now. . . . Say six friends?"

"Oh?" Erika asked. "And who would that be?"

"You," said Rock.

She looked down suddenly.

"What's your name?" he asked.

She told him.

"Do you live here, in Acapulco?" he asked.

"No," she said, "I live in Mexico City."

"What kind of work do you do?" Rock asked.

She told him.

"Did anyone ever tell you," he asked, "that you are an extremely pretty girl?"

"Some of the photographers, when I go to pose for pictures," Erika said. "They tell me sometimes."

"Do they ever ask you out for dinner, these photographers?"

"Sometimes," Erika said.

"And do you go with them?"

Erika said nothing.

"Once in a while?"

Still she said nothing.

"Will you come to dinner with me?"

She looked back up at him.

"With y-you?" she asked.

"Yes," said Rock. "—When do you go back to Mexico City?"

"This afternoon."

"I go back tonight," Rock said. "Why don't we make it tomorrow then. Okay? You and me, and a moon like a big yellow tortilla shining overhead."

Erika stood suddenly. "Oh please," she said, "—but this is very cruel."

"Huh?" Rock asked.

"It's not nice, Mr. Hudson, in case you don't know, to tease a girl this way," she said. "To tell lies that you will take her to dinner, to make her begin to think things that will never be."

She shook her head, rushed to the end of the raft and dove into the water.

"Hey," Rock called. "What's your address?"

Erika looked up over the side of the raft.

"Thirtieth-of-September Street," she said.

"And your phone number?"

"No," she said, "I shouldn't have given you the street. And now I won't give you the phone."

"Well," Rock grinned, "I'm sure it's in the book. . . . See you, Miss Carlsson. . . . So long."

"Ohhhhhh," Erika moaned, "don't, Mr. Hudson. Please don't make jokes. Don't spoil everything for me I have ever thought about you. Please."

And she made a quick turn then, and off she swam.

ROCK SAT ON THE PLANE that night, doodling with a pencil on the back of his ticket folder.

"Erika," he doodled. "E-R-I-K-A."

"Who's that?" the fellow seated next to him, an assistant director on the picture, asked.

"A gal," Rock said. "A very unusual gal."

He told the director the story of their meeting that morning.

"She sounds unusual, all right," said the director.

"No, I mean . . . there's a quality about this girl . . ." Rock said. "She's very naive, and very smart, both at the same

time. She's open; she says what comes to her head. She's not like those other dames I keep meeting, who flirt too much, or laugh too much, or booze it up too much and start telling the sad stories of their lives and who look hurt when you don't cry and drink along with them."

"To tell you the truth," said the director, dryly, "this Erika whateverhernameis sounds like just another Grade-A movie fan to me."

"Yeah," said Rock, "except there is something different about her."

"You going to phone?" asked the director.

"Sure," said Rock.

"Boy," the director said, "will she be surprised. . . ."

ERIKA CARLSSON was flabbergasted. She'd gotten the call from him that afternoon, Monday, and she was finished dressing now, waiting. She couldn't believe he'd really come, though. True, that had been his voice on the phone. "Seven o'clock pronto," he'd said. But still, she wouldn't believe he'd really come . . . And if he did, she wondered, that picture of him in the fancy frame on the little table near the piano—should she put it away? Would it look too silly there, she wondered, his own picture, looking back at him square in the eye; and would he think of her as a ten-year-old type, having his picture sitting up there in the living room like that? . . . No, she thought then, *why* should she put it away? That photo had sat on that

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table for three years now, and it would continue to sit there. Yes, she made up her mind, it would stay. . . . The doorbell rang suddenly. She heard his voice. "Hello in there," he called. "Oh my goodness," she whispered. She patted her hair. She adjusted the strap of her dress. She began to walk towards the door. Midway she stopped, turned, ran back to the little table near the piano and shoved the picture into a drawer. Then, once again, she walked towards the door. She opened it. He stood there, grinning. He held flowers. He'd really come. "Hi," he said.

"It's just like in the movies," Erika wanted to bust out and say.

So she did.

THEY WENT OUT that night and they had a fine time. Rock saw right off that what he liked best about Erika was what he'd figured; she *wasn't* like the other girls he'd known these past couple of years. She didn't talk about careers—his, or hers. She didn't ask about Doris Day, and Kirk Douglas, and Jane Wyman, "and what are they really like, all these people you've worked with?" Best of all, she didn't wait for that moment that invariably came, that quiet moment towards the end of the evening, when that one big question most always came: "I know it must be hard for you to talk about it . . . but how has it affected you, your divorce, I mean; how have you felt these two years since you and your wife broke

up? Have you been lonely—terribly, terribly lonely?" . . . Instead, Rock noticed, the things Erika talked about were things that happened to interest them both. Music. Art. Books. The sea. People. What kind of thing makes people tick. . . . He liked this about her. He liked this fine. . . .

The next morning, Tuesday, he picked Erika up and drove her out to the studio. She watched him shoot a scene. When it was over, and as he led her to lunch, Rock asked, "What did you think of all this?"

"The watching-you part was fine," Erika said. "But the repetition, the same things over and over again, to me it's a big bore."

Rock roared with laughter.

"Shouldn't I have said that?" Erika asked.

"Never change," said Rock. . . .

They went to dinner again that night, and the following night, and the night after that.

On the Friday, since Rock had no work-call that day, they got into a car and drove out to the Jardines Flotante, the floating Gardens, where they spent the day sitting in one of those gardenia-bedecked gondolas, holding hands, sniffing in the perfume around them, talking some more, and some more.

On the Saturday, on a sudden urge, Rock bought two plane tickets to Acapulco, where they spent the afternoon on the beach where they'd met, the night dancing.

On Sunday afternoon, back in Mexico City, they went to the bullfights.

And it was in fact after the fights, and as they were leaving the arena, when Rock told Erika about the conference he had to attend, called that morning for late that afternoon.

"On a Sunday?" Erika asked.

"When a picture's on location," Rock said, "they're liable to call 'em at three in the morning. . . . Come on," he said then. "I'll get you a cab, you can go home and change. And then tonight," he said, "tonight, Erika, do you know what I'd like to do?"

"What?" she asked, as they continued walking.

"Something very special," Rock said.

"But we're always doing something special," Erika said.

"I mean special for you," said Rock. "Other nights I'm the one who's been suggesting places to go, things to do. Tonight I want you to take your pick."

Erika was silent for a few moments.

"Well?" Rock asked.

"Well," Erika said, finally, "what I would like very much to do—" She shook her head. "No," she said, "it's really not at all proper in this country . . . And I don't even know if it's proper in yours."

"What's that?" Rock asked.

"I was thinking," said Erika, "that maybe you might come to my apartment for dinner. I would like to cook for you, you see, and—"

Rock interrupted her. "It's a date," he said. "And"—he took her hand, he winked—"if it's any good, I may just come again. I've got another week here, and I'm getting darned tired of eating in restaurants all the time. . . . So"—he smiled—"for your own sake, Erika, you'd better not make it too good."

"I'll try," she smiled back.

IF EVER A GIRL has tried hard not to make a good meal for her man, her name was not Erika Carlsson. For those two hours between the time she got home and the time Rock was to come, she puttered around her kitchen like half a dozen Waldorf chefs in one. Rock liked a big fruit cocktail to start? She made a big fruit cocktail. Rock liked scallopine with

mushroom sauce? She made that. He liked au gratin potatoes and carrots with just a little sugar glazing? To his order. Red wine, not too light? Lucky there was a bottle. Caramel custard for dessert? Yes sir; she beat those eggs and up it came. Finished with all this, she set the table, jumped into a shower, set her hair, and got dressed.

She was just finished dressing when the doorbell rang.

She ran to the door.

She opened it.

"Hi," she said, smiling.

"Hi." Rock didn't smile.

"A few minutes earlier," Erika started to say, "and you would have found me with my hair—"

She stopped.

"Rock," she asked, "—is something wrong?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, about tonight. . . . I won't be able to stay for more than just a couple of minutes, Erika."

"Something at the conference?" she asked.

Rock nodded. "They decided we're to go to Aguas Calientes and re-shoot some scenes. The whole company."

"For tomorrow only?" Erika asked.

"For the rest of the week," said Rock.

"Oh. . . . And then?" Erika asked.

"And then," Rock said, "we go to Hollywood to finish interiors, instead of finishing them here. . . . And then, that's it. The picture's wrapped up and I'm off to Spain to start another one."

Carroll Baker: Regardless of what anyone else might say, I am my own severest critic.

*Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post*

"I see," Erika said. "I see. . . ." She smiled again, tentatively this time. "But tonight," she said, "won't you be able to stay at least a little while? I've made your favorite kind of scallopine, Rock," she said. "And there's wine, red, but not too light. And there's—"

"Erika," Rock said, "—the car's downstairs, right now, waiting for me. I went from the conference to my hotel room to pack. My stuff's in the car downstairs. We've got to take off right away. . . ." He looked away from her for a moment and to a corner of the room, at the fancy-set table there. "Did you go through much trouble, Erika?" he asked.

"No," she lied.

"I was looking forward to it," he said, "—tonight, the rest of the week."

"I was, too," she said, not lying this time.

For a while, neither of them said anything. And then Rock reached into his pocket for a package.

"This is for you, Erika," he said, handing it to her. "Open it, go ahead."

"I wanted to get you something," he said, as she did. "I saw this in a window. The place was closed. I figured the owner might live upstairs, though. So I banged on the door." He laughed a little. "I banged so hard, he must have thought it was a fire. . . . So he came down. . . . And I was able to get you this."

Erika had opened the package by this time. "Oh Rock," she said, "it's beautiful. It's much too beautiful."

"May I put it on—you?" he asked.

She nodded.

He took it, this gold and pearl necklace he'd bought her, and he put it around her neck.

He brought his hands down to her shoulders then.

"I'm sorry that it all had to happen this way," he said, very softly.

"Me too," Erika said.

"We had a lot of fun," he said.

"We did," said Erika.

"I—" he said, "I haven't enjoyed being with anybody, *anybody*, as much as I've enjoyed being with you this past week. Not for a long time, Erika. Not for a very very long time."

She looked at him, and her feelings showed.

"Will you write to me?" he asked.

"Where?"

"I'll send you my address, in Spain, as soon as I know it."

"Of course," she whispered. "Of course I will write."

"And will you cook me a dinner again?" he asked then.

"When?"

"I'll be back sometime," he said.

Erika said nothing.

"I will," he said.

A car horn tooted downstairs.

They listened for a moment, as if to see whether it would toot again.

It did.

Rock brought his hands down from her shoulders, down around her waist now.

"Good-bye, Erika," he said.

"Good-bye," she said.

He kissed her.

The car horn tooted another time.

Rock held Erika close.

He didn't move.

"You. . . . you had better go," she said, after a while.

"Had I?" he asked.

"Yes," she said—she forced a little laugh—"or else," she said, "they'll come up here with guns, like in a cowboy picture, and take you away. The way they did to you in Winchester '73, which was made in 1950."

"It was?" Rock asked.

"Yes," Erika said.

"Well—" he said, and kissed her again.

"Rock, you'd better—"

He kissed her once more.

And then, suddenly, he turned and left.

SHE STARED at the door for a moment, a long moment.

And then she went to the little table near the piano, opened the drawer, removed the picture frame inside and placed it back on the table.

She looked at it, this photograph of Rock.

She wondered how long it would be before he came back.

She wondered if he would *ever* come back.

She closed her eyes.

She began to remember that scene on the raft, that very first morning.

"How about it?" he'd said. "Will you come and have dinner with me?"

"Don't be cruel," she'd said.

"I'm not kidding," he'd said.

"Please, Mr. Hudson," she'd said, "—don't make jokes."

She remembered the following night then, the doorbell ringing, him standing at the door.

"Hi," he'd said.

"You came," she'd thought.

"You came."

"You came."

She opened her eyes.

She looked at the picture once more.

She began to nod.

"Yes," she found herself whispering, "—maybe you will come back to me, Rock. Maybe you will. . . . And if you do," she whispered, "I'll be waiting for you—"

She brought her hand up now to touch the necklace he had given her.

She tried very hard not to cry. . . . **END**

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Cinderella

(Continued from page 39)

woman whom I don't recall having seen before. She smiled and begged my pardon . . . said she was "enchanted" watching me and the youngsters, and could she hear the end of the story? I said, "It's always the same—that's the way they like it best: she becomes beautiful, falls in love with a rich, handsome man and all that kind of thing . . . really, it's just Cinderella stuff." Somehow, I wasn't self-conscious until she introduced herself as the new beauty and fashion editor of MODERN SCREEN. For one hideous moment, it was as if a mirror were there reflecting me as I am at my dreadful worst, in the eyes of someone who is everything I'm not!

"I'm Frances Hodges," she said. "You must be Jerry?" No voice came so I just nodded. She continued to look at me, and then she spoke again, "You know, you have the loveliest eyes, Jerry. I am thinking . . . what a great story you could be if you would let me make you over. I'd love to show you what to do to make the most of the qualities you have."

Me? Attractive? And then she went on.

"I could show you how to make your whole face quite beautiful, just with those eyes, and then, I'd love to do something special and becoming to your hair which should be shining and prettier than it is . . . it's a very nice color, really, but I'd love to bring up the red I think I see." My drab, lifeless hair . . . could it ever be anything else? I hide behind it!

"You mean you'd dye it?" I asked in a panic. "You wouldn't cut it, would you?"

"No, you don't need dye . . . but I could do something with a tinted rinse . . . you'd see what I mean, and I'd like to cut it just a bit to make it more manageable, easier to take to a new styling."

IMAGINE! Here was I actually talking about me. Then I just spilled over . . . in a rush everything gushed out, all the things I hate about me, my terrible figure that's undersized and lumpy, my skin that's sallow and blemished, and on and on. It was simply wonderful to talk, to tell someone other than the children how it feels to be plain and unpopular. Could she make me over? Would she? Please, God, let her ask me again!

"Jerry, I have a proposition . . . how would you like to be 'Cinderella' for us? I'll bet I can make you into a brand-new girl—look like one and feel like one. Are you game? And, if you like the results, will you write what happened?" Oh! yes, yes, yes . . . would I ever! Just tell me when and where!

That's the way this story started . . . the rest is here with the pictures to prove that there are "miracles." I'm thrilled to be telling you of that one fabulous day, my most unforgettable one. And, at this writing, I want to assure you, just as Fran (we're now great friends!) reassured me, that everything they showed me how to do, I now do for myself. You can, too!

On that day, I was up early to get to MODERN SCREEN's offices by 8:30 to meet Miss Hodges. With her were Barbara and Justin Kerr, a team of photographers who were so kind and understanding. They snapped many "before" pictures . . . me, just as I was. I had plenty of moments when I wished I were far, far away . . . any place but in front of a camera. When we finished, we went into Miss Hodges' office where there were loads of darling things hanging on a rack. Still skeptical, I approached that "fitting" (as they call it) timidly, but as each outfit was tried on, and fitted so wonderfully and looked

so terrific, I could begin to see what Miss Hodges meant when she said I needed to learn to dress to bring out my best points. I'm 4'11", which I've always resented, but to find that so many things were perfect, I realized that I'd been a dope . . . I'd never shopped for the right size. I'm an almost perfect size 7, I found, except for those lumpy hips which disappeared under a new panty girdle which they fitted on me. Anyway, the only alterations were skirt lengths . . . this year just barely covering the kneecap to be smart. We went so fast that I hardly had time to be afraid, and everyone that came in said such nice things. I even asked if I could help hem up the skirts!

By 9:30 I was finished, we were packed and ready to dash. The first stop was Albert Carter's Salon on 58th Street. Going over in the cab Fran chatted about new hairdos and ideas she had for me. She kept using the word "young," and I realized that she really meant I looked much older than my nineteen years. I don't think at that minute I was quite ready to leave the "hiding place" I'd always had in my hair, but Miss Hodges said again that there would be no dying or cutting, and besides I couldn't jump out of the taxi! She also told me that whatever style we finally decided on would be the one that I, or anyone for that matter, could easily adapt or copy at home . . . True! I can.

FOR A GIRL who'd never had "the works," I began to like all of this attention I was getting. One girl did the shampoo, (how delicious to have your scalp scrubbed) another stood by advising on the new color-rinse, which did scare me a little. In between times, Justin would snap a picture or two, and Miss Hodges conferred with Mr. Carter and Ray, the stylist who was to "do" me. They all talked with their hands, peered and analyzed until I felt about like a bug on a pin, but secretly, I was beginning to enjoy it. Only yesterday I'd have died at the stares of all the other ladies in and out of dryers.

I guess Ray knew exactly what he wanted to do, because when he started he combed and rolled with the deftest of hands. All it seemed to me was a maze of curlers, those wire tube ones which I've found are very easy to use myself. But I was getting excited, I'll admit, at having a style created especially for me. More pictures, under the dryer, and out . . . back to Ray. And then . . . as he brushed and combed and patted, suddenly it was happening! I could see it with my very own eyes that my hair was beautiful! I began to fizz from the inside, and I kept saying, "I can't believe it! I can't believe it's me!" I felt just gorgeous, just like a real princess and said so, too, and everyone around seemed about as excited as I.

I literally floated out of that salon, past Mr. Carter, Ray and all the admiring ladies. I heard one of them say, "She must be a starlet," and I grew an inch, I do believe. Somehow, the Yellow Taxi was a pumpkin coach that took us on to the Kerrs' studio. They had lunch brought in but I was too bubbly to care about the hamburger, usually my favorite food. Champagne would have matched my mood that moment.

Then came the rest of the magic. The dressing room had one of those mirrors surrounded by light bulbs (just like a movie star's) over a table covered with jars and bottles, and things set up all for me. In that next half-hour I got the lesson of a lifetime in the art and skill of making up. What I know now about my skin and face! It must have been a magic mirror because I had looked and looked at myself before, but Fran seemed to know exactly what to do.

Earlier, at the hairdresser's, we had dis-

cussed the state of my face. My skin is oily and I had had blemishes most of the time. While I was under the dryer, I was introduced to a wonderful new medicated cream, and later a medicated lotion, both of which seemed to work even in a short morning. So, before the make-up, Fran applied the lotion again, soothing and refreshing, and then she used a medicated foundation cream in a tint just a shade darker than my skin which she calls "ivory" (it sounds so much better than "sallow"!). Then she did a trick with a white make-up stick, running a few strokes of it along my squarish jaw line from just below my ears down about three inches. This, it seems, fools the camera a bit, tends to soften any hard lines. She used a dab more on each of those fullish spots under my eyebrows which seem to disappear in the pictures. Fran said this is good for evening make-up and I've tried it . . . it's marvelous! (Yes, I've even had dates lately!).

MY BROWS needed a bit of shaping and cleaning up, and I loved the little soft brush made especially for eyebrow grooming . . . it gives such a natural look, and seems to add shine. For years, I've wanted to try eye shadow and liner, and never dared because I didn't know how, so I was careful to watch that operation carefully and use it often now! Barbara and Fran said my eyes are the greatest and I'm going to believe them. So when they put on the eye liner, I really began to sparkle. I seemed to feel flirty and by the time they'd added the mascara I was practicing side-long glances. Justin stuck his head in the door, and I flirted at him, and when he said my lashes were fringy and wonderful "like Liz Taylor's" I did a real flip! Then came the lipstick, a gorgeous new shade of satin red. I have to admit it—I felt like a doll—a real doll.

And now for the acid test . . . me as a model! What an experience! I loved that one terrific day of it, but I don't think I'd care to do it forever. Justin was like a director talking to me, teasing me, making me laugh, and, you know, I got the hang of posing in no time. It is something like acting . . . as a matter of fact with make-up on and behind lights I suddenly was alone and quite free to play at being someone else. It was fun to begin to understand what makes actors act. Barbara helped along the way, and both she and Fran were my ladies' maids to help the quick changes. Along about four o'clock Justin suddenly jumped in the air shouting, "I'm having a ball! This girl's great!" That, and the "starlet" line set me up forever.

At 5:00, when we'd all about had it, Fran, who had rushed around all day herself said, "How about going over to Sardi's . . . we could get something to eat and maybe get a good picture of that last date dress." So, off we trooped, me looking just gorgeous and my friends just looking exhausted. The doorman literally swept the door open for me with a deep bow, and there I was, in Sardi's, for the first time.

The Captain ushered us upstairs to the famous Celebrities' Corner, and I heard several whispers such as, "Who is she?" Then, while I was trying to act as if this was the sort of thing I did every evening, and practicing my new sidelong flirts, the waiter came over with a bottle of champagne and with it a note . . . and this you may never believe, but you must! . . . the note said, *Hello, beautiful—may I join you?* Signed, Paul Anka. I looked across the room, saw him and did something I could never have done before . . . I nodded my head and silently said, "Please do—" I knew in my heart, I'd never be afraid again.

But that was just the end of a day and

the beginning of a brand new me. When I got home and walked in the door, you should have seen the looks on everyone's face—sheer disbelief! And I just felt so good and so bubbling I could scarcely stand it, myself! I wasn't "Jerry" any longer . . . I suddenly was Evelyn, and Evelyn I've continued to be. Maybe you don't think this any miracle . . . maybe you're thinking that any girl could do as much for herself, and I know you're right—any girl can do it—but there aren't enough fairy godmothers to go around. But for lucky, lucky me, it was . . . and the real miracle is not that I'm more attractive to look at . . . it's that I'm more attractive to be *with*. I have loads of

good friends now . . . I'm no longer alone. P.S. I have several wonderful new stories for the children which they like just as much or maybe better!

Editor's note: Well, that is Evelyn's story, and those of you who are "too little" and who feel insignificant and left out, can surely find something to help you. That is our hope. Next month, we will tell you Suzy's story . . . Suzy is just the opposite. She is one of those "too tall" and "too fat" girls—wait till you see what we've accomplished with her! See you around here next month. My best to all of you!

Fran Hodges

We Paid \$300,000

(Continued from page 28)

moods. She would set the dial morning and afternoon so that her friends and fellow workers would know what to expect. The moods she had chosen for her dial were: very loving, tender, affectionate, bossy, sulky, nervous, malicious, dangerous. And for several years she was alternately "sulky" or "nervous" within the cramped confines of her dressing room. Or so she marked her "mood barometer." On the set, though, she was her usual charming and friendly self, talking with everyone and she was held in high esteem by all her co-workers, as "the English lady who's never unhappy."

When she arrived in Vienna that May of 1958 to film *The Journey* with Yul Brynner, she had just completed three movies in a row—with no vacation in between. She had rushed from the last day's shooting of *An Affair to Remember* to France for *Bonjour Tristesse*, then hurried back to the United States for *Separate Tables*.

Without one day of rest she arrived, pale and bone-thin from exhaustion, in Vienna. Her co-star, Yul Brynner, took her to dinner at the Imperial Hotel and asked her to the opera that evening, but she turned him down. "I'm so weary," she confessed, "that I can hardly think. I better get a good night's sleep so that I'll have my wits about me tomorrow."

Yul, who's very sensitive and perceptive about women, remarked, "Deborah, is something bothering you?"

"No," she answered curtly. "I'm just tired." Then she asked to be excused.

But, for Yul, it was very easy to put two and two together. Deborah Kerr, a married woman for a dozen years, was the breadwinner of her family; and, yet, during the past five years she probably felt more like an old maid than a wife. Her husband was a slippery shadow in the Hollywood limelight. Deborah attended parties and premieres alone and unescorted. She joined groups of friends. But as a wife she was lonely. Is there a woman in the world who wears a gold wedding band on the third finger of her left hand who actually enjoys "stepping out" by herself? Although Deborah's work demanded it, her husband Tony refused to take her to the Academy Award dinners and the press galas. The Hollywood colony looked upon her as a lost, sad soul, in spite of the fact that she made statement after statement that her marriage was a happy one.

IN VIENNA THAT MAY the lilacs bloomed in the dooryards, and chestnut trees blossomed with buds of rosepink and milk-white. Every morning on the set

Deborah was greeted by screenwriter Peter Viertel who gave her the rewrites of her scenes. Often he told her how beautifully she was portraying her difficult role.

She had met Peter at Hollywood get-togethers; they were casual acquaintances. She had heard of Peter's warm and wonderful mother, Salka, who was Greta Garbo's dearest friend, and she asked Peter about her. As Peter talked, she found herself admiring the strength in his face: his blazing eyes, bushy black eyebrows, square jaw. They chatted about everything from Hollywood hypocrisy to the lovely rhododendrons in her backyard. Wherever she went on the set, he looked after her, bringing her a tray of tea and Viennese pastry, surprising her with a bunch of beautiful violets he'd picked from the roadside.

Mike Kellin, whose current screen role is in "Wackiest Ship In The Army," was discussing the peculiarities of film executives. Whenever Kellin was scheduled to leave Hollywood, his agent would phone each studio head and say: "Y'know? Mike Kellin is leaving town" . . . As a result, said the actor, "They got panicky—even producers who never even heard of me—and four times I was yanked off planes to be signed to a movie deal."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

One day, as they were walking from the studio, he stopped suddenly. "May I tell you what I feel?" he asked.

"Of course," she answered. "You should be honest with friends."

"You . . . you are as beautiful as the spring in Vienna," he said softly.

It took a moment for his words to penetrate, to reach the target of her heart. She looked into his piercing eyes and she began to cry.

Then he whispered, "Even when you cry, you're beautiful. I . . . love you."

His strong arms embraced her, crushing her, and she looked into his dark eyes as his lips came closer to hers. Tears streamed down her cheeks. The flowering chestnut trees blurred all around her.

"I'm so . . . confused," she managed.

"I'm not," he answered.

He kissed her gently then, and she froze. She looked at him, scared and petrified. "What . . . what have you done?" she blurted. "I'm a married woman!" She stifled a sob and ran to her hotel room where she sat by the window, unable to stop her tears. She gazed at the deepening Vienna dusk, wondering why she had allowed Peter to hold and kiss her in the shade of the chestnut tree on the public

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country road. Had she gone mad?

Her telephone rang. Pulling herself together, she went to answer it. She hoped it was her husband. How many days had passed now since her arrival in Vienna, and he had yet to call.

It was Peter on the phone, asking her to be his guest at dinner. "There's a cafe on a side street where we'll be alone."

"I can't," she fibbed. "I must study my lines."

"One drink, then," he suggested. "Just have one drink with me."

She refused.

"I want to see you so much," he said. "I love you, Deborah."

Taking a long deep breath, she said, "Peter, we must stop seeing each other. You're married, and I'm married, and I don't think all this is right."

"Deborah," he whispered, "you're wrong. I know somehow we need each other."

She said good night to him. But she couldn't fall asleep. She tossed for hours, wondering why she allowed Peter to embrace her, why she had responded to his kiss. Was . . . was she hungry for love?

UNTIL THAT EVENING, Deborah believed that her relationship with her husband, Tony Bartley, was faultless, more or less what every woman expected of marriage. Now, suddenly, after Peter's nearness and his kiss, the beat of her heart quickened: there were murmurings of awakened emotions she had long forgotten. Could it be the springtime in Vienna . . . or was it Peter who was making her feel alive again?

After another week she knew it was Peter.

It was Peter who gave her sprigs of lily-of-the-valley or a handful of violets every morning, saying, "They looked so beautiful in the morning sun that I wanted you to have them." It was Peter who cared enough to talk with her on the set about her children, her future. It was Peter who gifted her with a yellow-gold ring with a ruby heart (how many years since Tony had ever given her a present?).

Finally, unable to hold back the longing in her heart, she gave in to his invitation to dinner. And each evening they ate schnitzel or goulash at the quaint outdoor cafes and listened to the strolling sidewalk balalaika players. They visited the Stadstoper—the State Opera House; the Auersberg Winter Gardens, the Kunst-Historisches Museum with its many Breughel paintings. At the Hofburg where the Austrian crown jewels were on display, Peter said, after pointing to a crown of fiery rubies, "That's how everlasting my love is for you—like the fire in those jewels."

How could she help herself? She hadn't planned to fall in love. She didn't want to fall in love. But Peter's love awakened her dormant heart. Her marriage, she finally confessed to Peter, was prosaic, dull.

At the end of the filming, she flew home to Hollywood. She refused to deceive Tony. She told him everything; how she had met someone for whom she cared.

The word leaked out to their friends and to columnists, and Deborah's romance with Peter Viertel made headlines in Europe and America. She was ashamed and crushed, afraid that her children would suffer. "More than anything else," she told Tony, "I want to protect them. I want us to think everything through so that they won't be hurt."

But Tony had stopped listening to Deborah. He had decided to launch the offensive with their separation. Deborah was stunned when he suddenly took their

two daughters to Europe and had them made wards of the British court. Naive and embarrassed over the publicity of her romance, she didn't know how to tangle with the painful thorn of divorce.

In the British newspapers, Tony accused Peter of having stolen the affection of his wife, and he demanded \$300,000. Deborah couldn't believe it. Finally she called him on the transatlantic telephone, and he repeated his demands. The British press then took her to task for destroying her happy home. All the British journalists defended Tony since he was an ex-war hero.

PETER'S WIFE, Virginia, filed for divorce, asking for \$12,000 in yearly alimony. The divorce was granted. Months later, Virginia fell asleep smoking in bed. Her nightgown caught fire. Suffering from horrible first-degree burns, she died within a matter of days.

Deborah was shaken by Virginia's tragic death. But she knew she couldn't stop loving Peter, in spite of all the anguish and embarrassment. For weeks she talked with marriage counselors, lawyers, advisers, all of whom helped her decide that she would pay Tony Bartley \$300,000 for the freedom to love the man who gave her spirit strength and happiness.

After Deborah agreed to pay Tony the gargantuan divorce settlement, the scan-

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dals came out about Tony, how he wasn't the ideal husband she'd pictured him to be, how he had enjoyed a "private" life all his own while he was married to Deborah, squiring pretty girls to dinner and out-of-the-way hangouts. But it was all too late. Deborah had signed the divorce agreement. She was to pay Tony for the right to her freedom. And Tony took every cent. . . .

Peter then began building a stone bungalow at Klosters, Switzerland, after Deborah's divorce was granted on the 15th of July, 1959. The decree specified she was to wait a year before marrying. And all through that year, Deborah and Peter were separated by Deborah's work. They flew to each other as often as they could. Finally, when the British court allowed Deborah custody of her daughters on week ends, she and Melanie and Francesca flew every Friday evening to Klosters from London, where Deborah was filming *The Grass Is Greener* with Cary Grant. Deborah got to know and adore Peter's daughter, Christina, and Peter got to know and love Deborah's daughters.

Of course, every time Deborah and Peter met they talked of their wedding. The date they chose was a Saturday, July 23, 1960. The 22nd of July was Deborah's final day of shooting in London.

She arrived that Friday evening before her wedding at Kloten, the Zurich airport, where she was met by Peter. They

were welcomed later at the Chesa Grischuna cafe by warm friends: Yul and Doris Brynner, Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer, Anatole Litvak, Irwin Shaw, Elsa Schiaparelli. They enjoyed a candlelight supper with wine while Swiss violinists played lilting European lovesongs.

The following morning, the day of the wedding, turned out to be gray and drizzly. Dozens of reporters arrived. But by 10:00 that morning Deborah was in a panic. Her wedding dress had not arrived. The ceremony was due at 11:30.

Peter's young secretary, Ann Hutton, raced to the post office in her sports car. The dress was to have arrived air-mail special-delivery from the famed salon of Givenchy in Paris.

But the postmaster shook his head, "No, there is no package for Miss Kerr."

Ann drove back to tell Deborah. "Maybe I'd better go with you," Deborah said. "He must have it there, somewhere."

Ann zoomed to the village post office where the postmaster shrugged his shoulders. "No, Miss Kerr," he nodded, "there is no package for you. You can see for yourself."

DEBORAH QUICKLY LOOKED through the clutter of parcels waiting to be picked up by village residents. There was a blue denim wrapped trunk from the House of Givenchy. "This is it!" she shouted with joy. "My wedding dress."

"But the label says it's for Mr. Viertel," the postmaster pointed out. "I can't let you have this without his written permission."

Again, Ann drove off. She found Peter who signed the postmaster's release form. Deborah rushed then to the Chesa Grischuna, changed hurriedly into her embroidered peppermint-pink wedding dress, the peppermint-pink picture hat, her matching embroidered court shoes.

The rain continued. In the meanwhile, spectators surrounded the main street and the Gemeindehaus (City Hall). Within the hallowed halls of the Gemeindehaus, another crisis occurred. The official wedding documents were not back from Chur, the capital of Graubunden, and Mr. Hans Joos, the alderman who planned to marry them, announced, "Without the papers I will not perform the ceremony."

Hundreds of spectators with umbrellas mobbed the street now. The festively-dressed guests arrived in dark limousines in the gray, chilly drizzle. When Deborah arrived at Gemeindehaus with her daughters and Irwin Shaw who was standing in for her as a witness, the crowd sighed over her beauty, and the dark rainclouds lifted. And, suddenly as if by a miracle, the sun shone through with a brilliant burst of light.

At exactly eleven twenty-eight, the wedding documents arrived by special messenger.

Hans Joos called the gathering to order. Peter, in a dark blue suit, waited with his daughter, Christina. Deborah walked to him and took his hand. Christina, bowing, gave Deborah a wedding bouquet of pink carnations. In a moment, as the sunshine gilded the medieval stained glass windows of the Gemeindehaus, Hans Joos began the ageless ceremony that pronounced Deborah Kerr and Peter Viertel man and wife.

Cameras clicked. Rice laced the air. Deborah and Peter kissed, and as they walked to the front door of the Gemeindehaus, Peter kissed her again, whispering, "My darling, I will love you forever."

Her heart nearly bursting with ecstasy, Deborah thanked God for the new richness in her life with Peter by her side. **END**

You can see Deborah in PARAMOUNT'S THE SUNDOWNERS.

Should I?

(Continued from page 20)

Debbie, and Debbie will have made her decision.

Eddie cares deeply what her decision will be. He cares deeply about the man who will replace him as the day-to-day father of his children. Were Debbie a bitter person, she might say to herself that Eddie chose to leave her and her children, and therefore has not the right to even an opinion about who and whether or not she will marry. But Debbie is not a bitter person; Eddie is still the natural father of her children, and Debbie is listening carefully to his feelings on her marriage-to-be.

Eddie is worried. He has confessed this worry to those who are close to him. He is worried that Debbie may decide not to marry. He more than any other human being knows how deeply Debbie was hurt by her marriage with him; he knows that she has good cause to be frightened of marriage, and that when the fateful moment of decision arrives next month, she may say no to a husband for herself and a father for her children. With all the concern he can express, Eddie wants Debbie to understand that she must not fear marriage—that, on the contrary, what she must fear is the profound emptiness for herself and her children so long as there is no father there to make their house a real home.

SOON, EDDIE KNOWS, the children will be in school—there will be questions from playmates like, "Who's your daddy?" There will be school parties and report cards to sign, and a hundred and one little times when Daddy should be there. He, Eddie, cannot be there, and he hopes and prays that someone else will be.

Perhaps he has no right to interfere with his opinions of Debbie's suitors; but, right or wrong, he does not want his children to go through the confusion of a broken home another time. And so, in his heart of hearts, he wants to convince Debbie not only to marry again but to marry the man who will be mature enough to be a solid and selfless father. He knows most of Debbie's suitors personally: Leon Tyler, Glenn Ford, Walter Troutman, Bob Neal, Michael Dante, Jorge Guinle, Bob Peterson, Carleton Carpenter, Jerry Wunderlich, and Harry Karl. And as a father, concerned with the security and happiness of his children, he has confided to intimates that he approves of Harry Karl, and hopes she will marry him. Harry Karl—the man who, despite his wealth, loves most to take Carrie and Todd to Disneyland and buy them popsicles, or sit home at night helping them build little doll houses on the rug, helping them all feel again that they are a family. If Debbie marries Harry a great and terrible burden will be lifted from Eddie's heart.

But, there is another man whose feelings Debbie is also listening to now—a man who has known Debbie even longer than Eddie, and who in many ways has been even closer to her. A man who through thick and thin, through his own hopes and disappointments has always been there waiting to guide Debbie. This man is Leon Tyler, and as deeply as Eddie hopes Debbie will marry, Leon hopes she will wait. As deeply as Eddie feels Harry Karl will be a wonderful husband and father, Leon feels that by marrying Harry Debbie will destroy the essence of the human being she really is. No one knows the real Debbie Reynolds better than Leon Tyler. No one in the world is more en-

titled to speak now or forever hold his peace if he can show any just cause why Debbie and Harry should not be married.

For a long time during the period when Debbie and Leon had attended Burbank High, they were sweethearts. At the time, Debbie was an independent youngster who wouldn't go steady with any boy, but went more steadily with Leon than with anyone else.

He worshipped her. She was a tiny bundle of energy, and he loved the way she clowned around. His mother, Mrs. Maud Sperl, and Debbie's mother, Mrs. Maxine Reynolds, were neighbors in Burbank and close friends. They were both hearty, capable women who went to church together, had the same type of family background and thought alike.

Debbie'd already been signed to a movie contract, but she was earning only \$65 a week, and no one thought she was going to be a great star. Leon had acting ambitions, too, and because he was a talented dancer, the kids thought he would be the one to make it in pictures.

If Leon had become a star, he and Debbie might be married today. And happily so. But though Leon loved Debbie, he didn't really propose. He saw Debbie's star rising and rising, and he knew that he could never be content to become Mr. Debbie Reynolds. One evening, as they were sitting in Debbie's back yard in Burbank, they made a pact: "If neither of us falls in love and marries before 29, we'll marry each other."

THE LOVE LEON FELT for Debbie was so great that he could rejoice in her happiness and suffer with her when she was unhappy. He could share every mood, every emotion of Debbie's. It is an enduring love from which the heat had vanished—but there are marriage counsellors who say that this is the greatest love of all. And with it goes the deepest of understandings.

Debbie has always turned to Leon. He's been by her side through everything that happened through the years, through the good and the bad.

He was with her six years ago when she had a party in Burbank, and she was clowning around when a slight, dark-haired young man walked in. When the party was over, Debbie came over to Leon, the clown expression gone from her face. Looking very thoughtful, she said, "Did you see that boy?"

"You mean the singer—you mean Eddie Fisher?"

"Yes. Well, I like him. A lot. I think I'm in love with him. I'm going to marry him."

After she married Eddie, Leon often went along with the two of them on dates. When things began to go badly between Eddie and Debbie, he saw the strain Debbie was going through. And he suffered untold agonies himself, seeing the girl he'd always loved going through her own private hell.

When the world did its best to get her to talk about how Liz had broken up her marriage, she wouldn't talk to the world; she wouldn't talk to reporters, but she'd call Leon at all hours of the night, when she was unable to sleep. To Leon she poured out her heart. She knew that he was her most sympathetic friend. And if this selfless friend wishes sometimes that he could have been more than a friend to her, he puts the thought behind him.

"The movies are a funny business," he said. "Debbie got there first, and I didn't want to be a Mr. Reynolds."

Now Leon—still in love with Debbie—watches unhappily as she goes out on dates with Harry Karl. Not because he's jealous. Long ago he gave up any idea, any hope of ever marrying Debbie him-

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self. But he's seen her go through hell once in her marriage to Eddie Fisher. And he wonders if marrying Harry will prove as serious a mistake.

Leon confided, "Harry's not really like Debbie—not like the Debbie I know, anyway. He hasn't her warmth; he doesn't understand her kind of clowning around. I'm afraid if she marries him, he may try to change her . . . and if he does, he'll destroy the warm, wonderful girl I know. And Debbie doesn't take matters of the heart lightly. She fought hard to keep from becoming bitter after Eddie left her. If she marries Harry, she'll fight equally hard to make a go of that marriage."

"I hope she doesn't rush into marriage with Harry. There are so many warning signs on the horizon."

Debbie is a completely different person with Leon than she is with Harry. Not long ago, Debbie was talking to Leon and suggested, "Let's dress up as beatniks and have some laughs." He was as enthusiastic about the idea as she was—it was crazy enough to suit both of them. They rented the beatnik costumes and then paraded down Beverly Boulevard, drawing stares. Debbie grinned like a gamin. Then she had another idea. "Let's surprise Harry. I want to see the expression on his face."

They got a lift to the swank Beverly Hills Hotel where Harry now lives. The doorman, not recognizing Debbie, wouldn't let them in. They slipped in through a side entrance. A bellboy tried to get them to leave, but Debbie insisted upon calling Harry Karl on the house telephone.

DISGUIISING HER VOICE, Debbie said, "This is Mrs. Herman Schultz, a friend of Debbie Reynolds. Debbie told me to call you. She says you're the living end—real cool—and she wants you to come down and meet another cat and me. So why don't you get on your bicycle and roll down?"

Harry came down. He looked at Debbie and Leon, and a horrified light of recognition dawned in his eyes. "What's the idea of doing this, honey?" he asked Debbie.

"Oh, Harry, I think this is fun. Real funville. Why don't you take Leon and me into the swankiest cocktail room in the hotel. We'll knock their eyes out."

Harry looked as if he wanted to crawl underground.

"He was in a state," Leon recalled. "He just didn't dig Debbie's pixie sense of humor. Debbie and I, however, took each other's hands and walked in. We were hysterical with laughter. I'm afraid Harry was just plain hysterical. We stayed in that cocktail room, attracting lots of talk and lots of stares, until Harry, hot under the collar, insisted that we all leave. But Debbie and I had a ball. Harry begged her to change those crazy clothes and behave herself. She said, 'Okay, Harry. I'll see you later.'"

When Leon drove her home, she said she was going to shower, put on an evening dress and go with Harry to Romanoff's. She looked a little wistful as she said it. Or was it just Leon's imagination?

"Why should Harry try to talk her into marrying him, if he feels he can't accept her as she is? Debbie is a blithe spirit, a pixie. Why does he say he's in love with her if he wants to make her into a Beverly Hills society matron? On the other hand, I adore Debbie for exactly what she is. And I always have. She relaxes when she's with me."

After a steady diet of Harry, Debbie seems almost compelled to go out on a date with Leon "to relax."

Why does she feel this necessity?

With Harry, Debbie goes to the finest restaurants and night clubs, dresses up, wearing her minks and the fabulous 76 jewels Harry gave her.

But with Leon, it's altogether different.

One night, only a short while ago, she and Leon made a date. "What are you going to wear, Leon?" she asked him.

"A blue sweater, maybe red Bermudas."

She showed up wearing an almost identical costume—big, bulky blue sweater and red Bermudas. Her hair was tied back in a ponytail. She looked like a cute teenager—the pre-glamorous, pre-Harry Karl Debbie.

"Let's have laughs," she said. She and Leon doubledated with another couple—an old Burbank school friend, Ray Stevens, and his wife, Carole. They went bowling. Debbie was a riot, clowning all over the place. Her eyes danced. She took off her shoes. She was like a kid. Then they went to some little "dives" around Sunland and in the Valley.

"She was a three-ring circus," said Leon wistfully. "In the bowling alley she hoisted a big ball, then pretended it was too heavy for her, and as she tossed it, she fell down the alley with the ball. Debbie was her old self, clowning, laughing, her pony-tail flying. It made me feel as if she was eighteen and I nineteen again, and I thought back to the days when we had solemnly looked at expensive lots and laughed at the idea of either of us ever having enough money to afford anything like that."

"When I started to drive Debbie home, her face was glowing."

THEN, AS SHE WAS LEAVING for her big, beautiful home, facing a formal date with Harry the next evening, Debbie shivered slightly. She looked up at Leon tenderly and said, "I had such a wonderful time tonight. I'd almost forgotten what it was to have fun like this any more. I loved it. This is the kind of fun I enjoy. I've had the best time tonight I've had in two years. Thank you, Leon dear."

And then she walked into her beautiful home. The next night she was the glamorous Debbie Harry Karl knows and loves.

But Leon says, "Can Harry really understand this girl? Or will he try to remake her—and break her? It would be tragic if he did. For Debbie has a priceless gift of fun and laughter."

Why does Debbie continue to see Harry? Why, perhaps, will she marry him, when there is so much in her bubbling personality that is alien to his nature?

Leon thinks she wants a man to respect and look up to, emotionally, financially



This is a picture of Leon Tyler and Debbie, taken when they were teenagers. They have remained true and steadfast friends.

and socially. "I think she's rationalizing. Harry seems to fill the bill on those things Debbie thinks she needs. She's had one bad experience in marriage. She was so badly hurt, now she wants protection and dignity. She thinks Harry will give her that protection. She doesn't need his money—Debbie will make millions through her own talent. But there is an aura of power around Harry. People bow to him—the maitre d's to whom he gives big tips, his hundreds of employees, the people in Hollywood cafe society to whom he is a big spender. I think Debbie's beglamoured and confused."

"I'd rather see her wait for a while until she's sure. I think she's lonely. Perhaps that's why she likes to go with Harry. It's always one party after another, or traveling to Palm Springs or Las Vegas, or to night clubs. When she's with Harry, they're always with other people or doing something—moving, moving, moving, so that Debbie doesn't even know what Harry is like deep inside."

At one time—shortly after her breakup with Eddie—Harry seemed to be the answer to Debbie's needs. At first there were lots of men who wanted to date her. She found out that many of them were leeches—out for the publicity they could get from dating a big-name star.

Once at this time, she took Leon's hand in hers and said earnestly, "I have many acquaintances, but I can count my friends on the fingers of one hand."

Debbie feels that Harry likes her for herself. He doesn't need her money. She feels he doesn't need her fame, and isn't attracted by it (although many people in Hollywood disagree with her about that).

Once, one of her old friends in Burbank warned her, "Harry doesn't have any sense of humor."

SHE QUICKLY DEFENDED HIM. "He has a dry sense of humor. Maybe it's not like ours. He's a different kind of man—but he has a worldly humor."

When any Burbank friends warn her about Harry's weak points, she rushes to his defense.

"He does so many things for Debbie. How can she help but be impressed?" says Leon. "He comes to the house, loaded with gifts for her children. More than anything else, this strikes home with Debbie."

Once, someone who loves Debbie and feels Harry is wrong for her said, "Debbie, if he's so fond of children, what about his own? Although he pays a hefty sum for the support of his three young children (as decreed by the courts) he seldom comes to see them!"

At this, Debbie flared up and defended Harry all the more, insisting that he loves his children, and does his best to see them whenever possible—and that it isn't always possible.

On Sunday mornings, Leon is often at Debbie's house, romping with her children. He doesn't come loaded down with as many expensive gifts, but the children's faces light up when they see him. They adore him. Leon has a special way with children; he teaches youngsters in a Valley school and he knows how to get down on the floor with little Carrie and Toddy and play with them.

Many of Debbie's Burbank friends hope that she doesn't marry Harry. "He doesn't really understand her or us," they say. "When Debbie lets loose and clowns, sometimes he acts startled, as if he can't quite get with it. At a party she gave recently, she invited Harry, some of her movie friends, her family and the Burbank crowd. She and Leon did a rock-and-roll-dance together and they were a riot. She was the bouncing, clowning Debbie we used to know before her heart was broken by Eddie. Everyone was laughing,

having a good time. Except Harry, who kept to himself and had very little to say. He seemed stiff and repressed at the party.

"He's not really Debbie's type. In her own way, she likes to have a good time. She has a good time when she's with Leon. But her way is not really Harry's way."

"Leon's ways are Debbie's ways," says Leon's mother. "My son is a brilliant, kind boy, a graduate of Los Angeles State College. He teaches school and also helps out in his father's ten-pump gas station. He worships Debbie. Always has. He and Debbie always loved each other. He used to tell her, 'Some day I'll make so much money I'll be able to buy you anything you want.' Debbie would laugh and reply, 'I don't want a lot of money. I want to be happy.'"

"She was born to be happy—that girl. But somehow she didn't quite make it with Eddie. And with Harry, what is she going to have—lots of money or lots of laughs? She doesn't seem to laugh much when she's with him."

DEBBIE ISN'T IMPRESSED only by the money Harry showers on her, the jewels he gives her. Next to her love for her children comes her love for her family. Harry Karl is very good to Debbie's folks. She feels this denotes strength and kindness in him.

When Debbie's brother Bill married a few months ago, Harry paid all the expenses for his honeymoon at Squaw Valley, where the winter Olympics were being held. Not only did this take money—but it took power and influence, too, for everyone and his brother had tried to get reservations at Squaw Valley at that time. But Harry got them. Debbie was wide-eyed.

Although Harry tries hard to be nice to Debbie's folks, they don't really click. "Like oil and water," exclaims one of the Burbank neighbors. "They have different sets of values."

Several months ago, Debbie was asked to ride at the head of a parade in Burbank. She agreed. She's crazy about Burbank, and Burbank is crazy about her. The town is only 30 miles away from Hollywood, but it might as well be 3,000 miles. It's small town—with small houses, hard-working, God-fearing people who like to go to church, who listen to Billy Graham, who have fun visiting each other and going on community picnics.

"Debbie was Burbank's very own when she rode in the parade, her children in her lap. Harry, wanting to be nice to Debbie's family, offered to take her parents to the parade. When Harry pulled up in his big, black Rolls Royce, driven by a chauffeur, Mrs. Reynolds nearly died of embarrassment. She didn't want to ride in a chauffeur-driven limousine and have her neighbors think she was putting on airs. But she couldn't hurt Harry's feelings by telling him how preposterous it seemed to her to be driven around in a chauffeur-driven limousine in the heart of Burbank. The way of life in Burbank is simple—and a chauffeured car is pretentious. Debbie's mother never has been pretentious. She was so embarrassed she slipped way down in the car when they got to where the crowd was, hoping her neighbors wouldn't see her.

"Perhaps someone should have explained to Harry that flashing wealth around isn't the way to make a hit in Burbank. But if he hasn't found all this out for himself, who is going to tell him?"

ALTHOUGH LEON USED TO accompany Debbie when she was with Eddie, he doesn't do it with Debbie and Harry. Harry is not too pleased with Debbie's continuing

friendship with Leon. Harry would like to be the only man in Debbie's life. Sometimes, when Harry was anxious to see her, Debbie would toss her head and say, "I'm going out with Leon." Once when she had been out with Leon, she found, on arriving home, that Harry had been calling her every half hour.

Yet Debbie seems to feel the need, every now and then, of getting away from Harry—of being with Leon, of mingling with her Burbank friends, of being the clownish and happy "Miss Burbank." She hosted a party at the Moulin Rouge for her friend, Camille Williams. That evening Debbie didn't try to mix oil and water—the Harry Karl crowd and the Burbank crowd. Leon was there, and several of her Burbank friends. Harry Karl was not. Leon, who used to be a professional dancer, and Debbie danced a lot. Debbie murmured to him, "This is like the times we used to dance up a storm at the Palladium . . . remember. . ."

No wonder Harry is frequently uneasy about her friendship with Leon. "It's just friendship," Debbie assures him. And it is. But it is a deep, deep friendship—and Harry dreads the gulf it places between him and Debbie. He knows that the girl Leon knows is very different from his girl—and yet both inhabit the same body.

Perhaps Leon sums up this strange triangle better than anyone can. "There's a very special thing between Debbie and me. Not long ago, I was bedridden, as the result of an old injury flaring up again—it was originally caused by an auto accident. When I became ill, Debbie was in Palm Springs. She wanted to fly in to visit me at St. Joseph's Hospital. I told her not to come, but she came anyway. It was wonderful to see her.

"Some time previously she had invited me to a party she was planning to have in her home in Holmby Hills. When I spoke to Debbie on the phone before she flew in, I told her that I didn't think I'd be able to make the party.

"When Debbie came to see me, she cheered me up, as only Debbie can. I don't know whether it was Debbie's visit that did it or the miracles of modern wonder drugs, but by the time the date arrived for the party, I was well enough to go.

"It was a big, beautiful party. I enjoyed it, but still weak from my recent illness, I tired easily, and started to leave early.

"When she saw me leaving, Debbie left the group of people she was with and said, 'Oh, Leon, don't leave yet. We've hardly had a chance to visit.' Ignoring the other guests, she sat down on the couch. She said, in the sweet, sincere way she has, 'Leon, if you need any money for doctor bills or hospital bills, as an old friend, I want to help. I mean it. I don't want anything to happen to you.'

"And I don't want anything to happen to Debbie, either. I mean I don't ever want anyone or anything to hurt her.

"I'm not in the same category with Debbie any more. A lot of our dreams had to go out the window when she became a big star. But there is still something very wonderful that exists between us. And in my heart I can only ask Debbie, in the name of that wonderful bond that there has always been between us, not to marry without thinking it over very carefully. Debbie, don't marry anyone who doesn't love the sprite that you are. For you have always been a blithe spirit—and if Harry or anyone else tries to change you, a lot of laughter and gaiety will go out of the world.

"Think it over, Debbie." . . .

END

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I Did Not Beat My Dog

(Continued from page 27)

"When the situation happened, I was advised to keep quiet and 'let it pass' because how can anyone fight charges like these. It's like answering the question, 'When did you stop beating your wife?'"

"And frankly I did not know how to defend myself against something of which I was entirely innocent.

"There's a ruling in the U.S. Constitution that a person is innocent until he is proven guilty.

"But in the minds of many animal lovers throughout the country—who read the initial accounts of this story in the papers—I'm guilty—period.

"After the police came to my house, the newspaper printed a 'so-called statement' from me in which I was quoted as admitting that I was cruel to my dog and offered 'to give him away if that will help matters.'

"But I have never made such a statement. I'd sooner cut off my right arm and give that away than to part with Fritz.

"At first I was only heartsick and bewildered by what happened. I'm still heartsick but now that the shock has worn off a little, I'm also fighting mad.

"And I'm not fighting for my 'good name,' nor for my career.

"I'm fighting for the public faith—which I know has been badly shaken. Unjustifiably shaken.

"I KNOW THIS because of the many letters I have received.

"Cruel letters, many unsigned, which give me no chance to answer.

"I've received letters which weren't addressed at all. Just the headlines of the story, pasted on the back of a three-cent post-card.

"I don't hate these people for writing such letters.

"I think perhaps I would be equally irate if I had read a story of a similar nature about someone else. Anyone who loves animals would.

"But I do think I would have waited for more evidence—more proof that the charges were irrevocably true—before I would have condemned the individual involved.

"And that's the only consideration I ask for.

"That the truth be heard. And the reasons for the accusations understood."

Tab was at the breaking point as he said this. The last few weeks had been torment for him.

"I love Fritz. I love all animals. I've taken my share of kidding for being so gone on animals.

"In fact I even bought my house in an unfashionable—'for a movie star'—district of Glendale because it had plenty of grounds in which a dog could roam—without being in any traffic hazard, and because the stables were located nearby.

"I couldn't care less that I was miles away from the studios—or from the fashionable Bel Air party circuit.

"I bought the house soon after I got Fritz. Dogs were not permitted in the building I was living in at the time. And I wanted a dog.

"I've loved pups since I was a baby but we never could afford to have one of our own. 'Three mouths are enough to feed,' Mother would say. 'We simply can't bring in a fourth.'

"I begged for a little pup. Very little, 'who wouldn't eat much,' but the answer was always the same. We couldn't afford it.

78 "Then I found an undernourished little

dachshund wandering in the streets and pleaded with mother to let me take care of him until its owner was found. I was afraid he'd die of the cold and starvation just on his own. He had no tag, no identification and for weeks we made every effort to find his owner. But he was never claimed and finally, mother told me we'd have to send him to the pound.

"I remember crying bitterly and promising that I would share my meals with him and do anything to support him and take care of him.

"I think I threatened to run away from home—if he went to the pound. Mother eventually gave in—and in doing so told me something I have never forgotten:

"Take good care of him, Art, and give him love. We have God to look to—but animals have only us to look to."

TAB ALWAYS REMEMBERED this advice. And the relationship between him and his dog Fritz has been like something out of a book. We have spoken to his friends, his neighbors, his veterinarian, his trainer and others who have seen the two together, to learn of this relationship.

Two years ago come December, a friend of his, connected with the Artesia Stock farms, phoned him and asked if he was still interested in owning a dog.

"You're so right I am," Tab replied. "What's on your mind?"

"A beautiful pup," Millie replied. "A Weimaraner. Pedigreed. The whole thing. He belongs to two friends of mine who are getting a divorce. Both are moving into apartments—and both are too emotionally upset to keep a high-strung breed of dog. They asked me to see if I could find him a home. I thought of you first off."

"When can I see him?"

"When do you want to?"

"Tonight."

Tab took one look at the pup—and knew this was the dog he had wanted.

"I'll call him Fritz, after my first pup," he told Millie.

"You have no choice in the matter," she replied. "His name is on the papers."

"I don't care what's on the papers," Tab said stubbornly. "His name is going to be Fritz."

"Why don't you look at the papers?"

He did—and learned his pup was Fritz. El Greco Fritz.

He took him home that night.

And the next day started looking for an apartment or house where dogs were permitted.

Since he was bucking a "no pets allowed" problem where he was living, he decided to move into his agent Dick Clayton's house over the Christmas holidays. This would enable Fritz to have plenty of room in which to romp and also help out Dick who was looking for a guardian for his German Shepherd, Sam, while he was out of town for the holidays.

On Christmas Eve, while Tab was dressing for a party, the two dogs were playing in the garden. Sam jumped over a hedge and Fritz went after him, but being just a puppy, stumbled.

Whimpering, he limped into the house and held his forepaw up to his master.

Tab picked up the puppy and carried it gently to his car.

His party was forgotten.

His date was forgotten.

For two hours he drove through Hollywood and the San Fernando Valley searching for a vet who was home.

Finally he found one—and stayed in sur-

gery with the doctor while the injured paw was being taken care of.

AND AT MIDNIGHT—when the chimes in the Valley heralded Christmas, Tab lifted the cup of coffee he was drinking to keep awake, and toasted his small companion:

"Merry Christmas, Fritz."

After that—dog and man were almost inseparable.

Wherever Tab went, Fritz came along, if humanly possible.

On Sunday mornings, he'd say to his pup: "The stables, Fritz. We're going to the horses today." And the pup would grab Tab's lunge line and jump into the front of the pick-up truck to await his master. Once at the stables, Fritz would romp about the horses. When they got bathed, he would yowl until he too was given his bath.

There were certain places, however, to which Fritz could not come along.

Last winter, Tab went to the Orient on a buying trip for his new shop, The Far East, and left Fritz in the excellent care of the Happy Glen Dog Training School in Agoura.

On his way home he stopped off in Hawaii for a week's vacation.

The first night there, he called Dick to see if there were any urgent matters in Hollywood requiring his immediate attention and if everything was going smoothly in his absence.

"No trouble, businesswise," Dick told him, "but I'm terribly worried about Fritz."

Tab panicked.

"What's wrong with Fritz? Is he ill?"

"Not really ill—yet," Dick replied. "More like heart-sick. He's been moping around, will hardly touch his food and refuses to take water. He's completely dehydrated. We think he feels you have gone off and deserted him forever."

"I'll take the first available plane back. I'll wire you when I'm arriving. Can you meet me at the airport?"

"Will do."

When he got off the plane, Tab didn't bother to go to his house, but drove instead directly to the kennels.

When he saw Fritz he hardly recognized him. His eyes were glazed and his coat dull.

Mr. Frederick von Huly who owns the school has one of the best reputations in the country, but he told Tab, "There was just nothing I could do. In all my years of handling animals I rarely have seen a pup so homesick."

Tab took Fritz home immediately, stopping only briefly at a local super-market to pick up some of his favorite foods.

Once at home he set out two large bowls for Fritz—one of food and one of water.

Fritz nibbled at the meat—but despite Tab's coaxing still wouldn't take water.

So Tab dipped his hand in the bowl, and placed his wet fingers on Fritz's tongue. He kept repeating this until the bowl was half empty, and kept this up for the next few days until Fritz, secure in having his master back with him, ventured to the water bowl alone.

Shortly after his return to the Orient, Tab hired a wonderful Mexican housekeeper named Ninfa, to look after his home and particularly Fritz, whenever he had to be away for short periods of time.

"There never has been an hour," says Tab, "when Ninfa hasn't kept Fritz's water bowl full, nor taken the best care of him too. And Fritz has always had complete freedom of action within the fence that runs around my property."

Considering his deep affection for this animal, how did the manager of the apartment building across the way dare to lodge a cruelty complaint against him, and con-

vince tenants of the building to sign the petition that resulted in the city attorney of Glendale taking legal action?

TAB WILL NOT TALK about those people—for many reasons. But we talked to a former resident of the building who is extremely bitter over what he calls “the awful persecution of this guy.”

“Let’s face it,” the man said. “These people have been making it rough for Tab practically from the day he moved in. I guess he was the first movie star they had ever lived close to, and they figured it would be chumsville. You know, having him in for drinks—or going over to his place. And when he wouldn’t play their way, they decided to ‘let him have it.’”

“Whenever there were parties in our building and things got a little dull, the big game for the evening was ‘target practice,’ and Tab’s yard was the target: for beer cans and barbecue coals—and anything else that was ‘throwable.’ I ran into Tab the morning he was cleaning his yard out after one such party, and he was visibly upset. ‘Why are they doing this?’ he asked. ‘I haven’t done anything to them.’”

“Ignore it,” I told him. “If they see it doesn’t get your goat, they’ll stop.”

“But they didn’t stop. After a big party Tab’s yard was often the local receptacle for beer cans and whiskey bottles, and when they couldn’t get to him that way they started working on Fritz by taunting him with a stick through the fencing.”

“One morning as I was driving to work, I saw Tab catch them at this, and heard him threaten to call the police if he ever caught anyone teasing his dog again.”

“I moved out of the building shortly be-

fore all the trouble started, so I can’t say what really started the fireworks. But in my opinion, it was just another spiteful gesture. Because in all the time I lived there I never saw Fritz treated with anything but love and affection.”

Tab’s closest neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Emile Avery, confirm this: “My wife and I have known Tab ever since he moved next door,” Mr. Avery said, “and we both feel very badly about his dog situation. Tab is a good neighbor and he treats his dog with great care. In fact I rarely have seen anyone who has more affection with animals.”

Mr. Avery knows this from experience. A few weeks ago his own German Shepherd Fraulein wandered away from the house. Tab was entertaining at the time but when Mr. Avery told him the dog was missing he left his guests, got into his car, and searched the neighborhood for more than an hour until he found the adventurous pup.

Before a charge can be made, however, there must be some catalyst, no matter how minute, to set it off.

And we asked Tab to tell us exactly what happened on that Thursday afternoon last summer.

“I had been home all day,” Tab explained, “working on a script for my new TV series, and when I went out for a swim I spotted Fritz digging up the garden.”

“He had done this before many times and I would shout at him, ‘No dig, Fritz, no dig,’ and he would lower his eyes and slink away. Whenever I had to discipline Fritz, I’d simply walk away from him and ignore him for hours. In that way he knew he had done something naughty. In most

cases this form of punishment worked—but it was very difficult to train him *not* to dig up the garden. I consulted a top dog trainer who advised me to take Fritz’s paws, put them in the ground he had uprooted, and spank them, while saying in a loud stern voice, ‘No dig, no dig.’”

“And that’s exactly what I did that Thursday afternoon. This is a common procedure in dog training and I was in no way being cruel to—or mistreating Fritz.”

“However, Fritz does not like being spanked, shouted at or ignored. He’s like a child who has done some mischief and doesn’t want to be punished. So when I put his paws into the hole and spanked them, he began to howl. And when I ignored him afterward, he kept howling.”

“Honestly, that’s all there was to it.”

“I didn’t give the incident another thought until the police came by later that evening and told me a complaint had been lodged.”

“As I said before, I didn’t speak to any member of the press—and I have no idea who gave out that statement attributed to me in which I was quoted as admitting the charges, but as I *did* say in my only previous statement about this matter—and I repeat it again: ‘No accusation which could be made against me could wound me personally as deeply as this which involves cruelty to an animal I love. I’m confident that a thorough investigation of the facts will result in my complete vindication.’”

“But whatever happens—Fritz stays with me. And nothing or no one will change that.”

END

Watch for Tab in *THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY*.

Hear This Sinner

(Continued from page 43)

was a construction worker. My mom, Grace, was—and still is—a housewife. Everyone says Mom and I look a little alike with our dark brown eyes and auburn hair. I’m four-feet, eleven-inches tall, and my mom’s about an inch taller. I grew up in Atlanta, Georgia, where Pop worked—and where he died, God rest his soul.

I used to fight with him something terrible, the raging kind of fights that would go on for hours and hours and never seem to stop. My temper would hit high C, and I often thought I was losing my mind.

Pop loved watching boxing and wrestling on television. I despised it. I couldn’t stand to see grown-up men mauling and mangling each other. Shivers would creep up and down my spine. I liked the radio. I’d listen to it and imitate the different singers who were singing hit songs. But Pop wouldn’t allow me to play it—ever!—while he was watching television.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, it was the same old story. Pop’d come home from work and we’d all sit down to supper (I have two sisters, Linda who’s older and Robyn who’s younger—although she wasn’t born then, and a brother, Randall, who’s ten). Pop would go into the front room and turn the TV on, and he demanded complete quiet while he looked at all the fights. I’d turn on the radio very low in the kitchen while we washed and dried the dishes, but Pop had radar ears. He’d hear the radio and come in and snap at me, “I don’t want any of this noise, hear? When I watch a fight, I give it all my attention and I won’t have these fool songs distracting me.”

Mom’d interrupt and say, “Have a heart, Rube. Just a little music isn’t going to dis-

turb you. Little Brenda’s so music-minded I like for her to listen to some songs before she goes to bed.”

But he’d flick the dial on the radio and say, “Nuthin’ doing, I’m boss at this house, after four o’clock and what I say—goes!”

At first, I was afraid to speak up. Pop’s voice was so booming, and when he got mad you could see the blood vessels swell in his neck. But my mom was right. I was a bug about music. When I was four I sang in a talent show at my sister Linda’s school in Conyers, Georgia. I sang *Slowpoke* and won the first prize trophy. People asked me afterward if I was scared to go out on the stage and sing, and I said, “No, was I supposed to be?”

Singing never scared me. I loved it too much. But I never expected anyone to give me a prize for doing something I enjoyed with all my heart. And the only way I knew to pick up tunes and to learn lyrics was to listen to the radio after school. But Pop wouldn’t allow me so I started to give him a little lip, I’m ashamed to admit.

“How can I enter another contest if I can’t listen to some music?”

“Don’t give me any sass, Brenda,” he’d say.

“That’s no sass,” I’d answer. “That’s an honest question.”

“It’s sass!”

“It isn’t.”

And the fight was on. He’d holler and turn blood red in his face and tell me I was aggravating him deliberately, and that there was a devil in my soul prodding me with a pitchfork. I hollered back and then my mom would get me a crack and tell me to stop yapping like a fool. I’d moan some more, and my mom would slap me again, and I’d either burst into tears and run out of the house or stick out my tongue and go lock myself in my room.

IN MY ROOM I’d tremble all over, and I would wonder if it was wrong to like music and if singing was a bad business.

Maybe I ought to try to forget music and become interested in something else. For a stretch I tried tomboyin’ (chasing mean dogs and flying kites). Then I tried my hand at making fudge which always turned out to be pure slop. Then I decided to be a ghost, and I’d go whoooing through empty houses, but that turned out to be the biggest bore of all. I never met a single, honest-to-gosh ghost, and I could never get any of my pals to go with me because they’d shake all over as soon as I mentioned that I was of the frame of mind to go ghostin’.

So I went back to my first love, singing, and I would turn on the radio sneakily, and my pop would hear it and he’d run into the kitchen and rage until his blood vessels stood out like peppermint sticks on his neck. If I sassed him, my mom would whip me, and if I didn’t I’d go to bed mad as a hawk.

“You don’t care about anybody else,” I snapped once.

“Well, nobody cares about me,” he snapped back.

“We do care,” I said. “You’re our father.”

“As if that makes any difference!”

I felt funny after that, and for a while I didn’t listen to the radio. I was song-starved for weeks, except when I’d visit neighbors and listen for a little bit.

One day my Aunt Rene, who was as nuts about music as I was, wrote in to a local TV station, and she asked if I could appear on the program, *TV Wranglers*. I dressed up in a purple ranch shirt, a buckskin skirt with fringe, cowboy boots and a hat, and I sang cowboy style. I was nine, and I had a ball. Well, the TV station called and I sang every Saturday on *TV Wranglers* for three years.

At that time father died. He passed away on the job from a concussion of the brain. And the next thing I knew we were all standing up front in our First Baptist church while the preacher prayed for daddy’s soul, and suddenly we were walk-

ing to the graveyard behind the church while the choir sang *Abide With Me* so sweetly my heart almost broke. They lowered my daddy's wooden coffin into the ground, and I started to bawl like a baby.

"He'll never, never forgive me," I screamed. "He'll never forgive all the sass and trouble I gave him!"

And my Aunt Rene said, "Pray, child, pray. Pray for his soul to go to heaven."

I prayed, but I could never forget all the hard times I gave my pop. All the nights we yelled and hollered because I wanted the radio playing while he watched his favorite wrestling and boxing matches on TV. Sometimes, I got up in the middle of the night, all nervous and sweaty, because my father's face appeared in the darkness, and I'd say, "Pop, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for any trouble I caused you." But he wouldn't say a thing, and my heart would thunder and I'd cry.

I PRAYED every Sunday at our First Baptist church, and every time I'd hear our choir sing a sad hymn I'd think of Daddy and all the terrible trouble I caused him. One winter night, after we had moved to Nashville, my mom and sisters and my brother and I went to church. It was so cold that the moon looked like a hunk of ice, and when we stepped inside the church, I'll never forget what happened. A child was singing, *Jesus Is the One*. She sang it so sweetly that tears came to my eyes. And up at the altar the preacher was asking the congregation if we had ever asked ourselves, searched into our souls to find out, if we were really and truly Children of God.

"A Child of God," the preacher said, "is baptized clean and pure in the name of the Father and the Son."

The little choir child sang another hymn, and the preacher told us how this five-year-old already had had the urge to be

baptized, to be cleansed and born anew.

"Does anyone here wish his soul saved, his soul cleansed, his soul baptized in the name of Jesus Christ Our Lord?"

I'd heard our Baptist preacher in Georgia give the "altar call" before, but I was never moved. I always looked to see who felt sinful enough to march down the aisle. Well, all of a sudden, from out of some dark corner in my heart, a voice, faraway and holy, cried, "Go . . . go forth, sinner. Step forward and be saved."

I didn't know what to do. I looked at my mother who had her eyes closed as she sang a hymn. I closed my eyes and sang, but the voice in my heart wouldn't stop. *Go forward. Be saved. Now!*

I had sinned against my father. I knew that. I had defied the Ten Commandments. I had not obeyed him.

The voice prodded at me like a prickly thorn, and I started to shake, knowing my time had come. Then, the strangest thing happened. As soon as I stepped forward and started to walk down the church aisle to the preacher, the most glorious feeling came over me. It was as if trumpets were sounding in heaven and calling me to hold hands with the angels. I knew then God wanted me to be baptized. And I walked forward with pride and confidence and with the most thrilling feeling in my heart that I've ever had.

"I want to confess all my sins," I told the preacher when I reached the altar.

And the preacher looked up and cried, "O Lamb of God, hear this sinner!"

I knelt before him, and I listened to him pray, and I prayed with him while the heavenly sound of trumpets called and I saw the shining, beautiful face of our Good Lord, Jesus, smile upon me.

I couldn't wait then for the day of my baptism.

On that day I wore a white dress, and I walked into the river up to my waist, and

the preacher stood in the water beside me. "In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost," he said, "I baptize thee, Brenda Lee, a Child of God." And he touched my head gently and immersed me into the water.

I came out of the water, soaking wet, and I opened my eyes to the most beautiful sight I'd seen. The sun shone on everything, and the hills around the river were emerald green. And I thanked the Lamb of God silently for giving me "the call" to baptism and true Christianity. I thanked Him for saving me. . . .

HOW DID THIS HELP ME? If you believe in God, it's enough to know that He returns your love. And while He may not shower you with gifts, if you pray and have faith He'll ultimately take your hand and guide you.

He gave me strength. I made personal appearances in out-of-the-way places, never expecting anyone to hear about them. But Red Foley came once, unexpectedly, and he signed me to sing with him for six months. After that, I was signed by Steve Allen and Perry Como to appear on their shows. Then I recorded *Sweet Nuthin's* and it collected dust for months. Everyone at the recording company complained it was a dud. I prayed. I didn't lose faith. And one day, my manager, Dub Albritton, told me that we had made the *Hot 100* chart in *Billboard*.

After *Sweet Nuthin's* climbed to the top, I recorded *I'm Sorry*, and an album called *Brenda Lee*. And before you could say boo, *I'm Sorry* topped the *Hot 100* lists, and, after that, the album became a best-seller.

Every morning and every evening I thank our Good Lord for His blessings, for all the happiness He's given me, and I ask Him if I can help Him in any way to have other sinners see the light. **END**

A Soldier's Love Story

(Continued from page 31)

stretch in Texas. Nancy wrote to him every day, and he read her letters a dozen times before he fell asleep in the canvas tent he shared with Jock, his kibitzing buddy.

"You've really got it bad," Jock told him one night after chow.

"What?"

"You're hooked, man. Hooked! You're walking around like you were in a daze, and if you don't get married soon you're going to pass out from nervous exhaustion."

Tommy never talked about Nancy to Jock. Somehow, she didn't belong in this harsh world of curt commands and clanking mess kits. She was the dream he dreamed day and night of a world beyond this rigorous life of soldiering. He wondered how men, during the war, were able to spend so many months and years away from their dear ones.

NOW, THIS WEEKEND, he was to see Nancy. She was driving to San Antonio since his commanding officer had promised the airmen week end passes if the maneuvers went well. He hadn't seen Nancy for months, since his leave last summer, and he wondered what it would be like, seeing her, after so long a separation.

Would things be the same? Maybe, he shuddered, she had changed her mind about everything. Maybe she didn't want to get married. Maybe she had found someone else. Maybe things were different. He was right. Things were different.

She pulled up to the tan clapboard

orderly room that cloudy Saturday afternoon, and when the C. Q. announced his name over the squawk-box, he bolted from his barracks and ran to her. He let out a yell and reached out and embraced her, and the two of them kissed. Holding her tight in his arms, Tommy whispered, "Nanny, oh Nanny, I've missed you. You'll never know how much."

Nancy was tongue-tied. She didn't speak. She looked up at him in his neatly pressed airman's uniform.

"Hey," he suddenly cried out, "you want to see something new?" There was a flash of excitement in his eyes. "Take a look. Feast your peepers on Mr. Choptops himself!" And Tommy removed his blue airman's cap and winked an eye as he bowed his head to show Nancy his GI crewcut. Her eyes lit up and she smiled, and she reached out to touch his short, furry hair.

"Tommy," she said shyly, "I ought to check in at my motel."

"Okay, honey," he answered softly. "Let me sign out first."

The slate-gray sky rumbled and it started to rain. Tommy hurried into the orderly room. After he returned, he said, "You know, I ought to introduce you to Jock, but I guess that can wait. I've never talked to him about us, but I can tell he wants to meet you. He swears I'm gone, real gone, over you. And you know he's right!"

Nancy gave Tommy the key to the car. She sat opposite him on the front seat. He started the motor and pressed the acceler-

ator. "It's just a mile away," Tommy said. "We'll be there in no time."

AT THE MOTEL, Nancy checked in and the clerk wouldn't let her go to her cabin without asking her a dozen questions about her father. Tommy ultimately interrupted. "Maybe you all can talk later because right now I'm famished and I'd like to get some chow."

The clerk took Nancy's suitcases to her cabin, and Tommy waited in the lamp-lighted lobby. *Something's the matter*, he told himself. *Something isn't right. Why was Nancy acting so distant, so strange? In all her letters she had vowed her love for him, and now why was she acting as if they'd just met . . . ?*

They drove in the chilly autumn drizzle as dusk veiled the dry countryside. "Honest," Tommy said, "I'm not hungry. I only said that to get the clerk off his third-degree kick about your dad."

"But you must be a little hungry so let's stop."

"No, baby, I'm not."

They drove on in the darkness, the headlights of the car shining on the rain-spattered highway. At an intersection, Tommy turned and the car jostled along a bumpy country road. Tall black trees seemed to sigh from the rain, roadside gulleys gurgled. At the top of the small hill, Tommy pulled the car to the side of the road, braked it and turned off the ignition.

He cleared his throat, and they sat beside each other. Their eyes looked at one another, and for a moment Tommy thought he would go out of his mind. What was the matter with Nancy?

He closed his eyes and drew an uneasy breath, and in that next minute he felt her warm fingers clutching his hand, holding

it tight. He swallowed. Then she laid her head gently on his shoulder.

"Tommy," he heard her whisper as the raindrops thrummed against the windshield.

"Yes, Nanny."

"I'm . . . I'm afraid."

"Of what?"

Her fingers clasped his hand tighter. "I've been counting the hours when we'd be together again. I've prayed for this day for so many months. And now I'm scared."

He turned his head and his lips grazed against her downy cheek. "Is . . . something the matter?" he ventured. "Has anything changed . . . between us?"

She paused and she licked her lips. "Tommy," she sighed. "You've changed!" "I've changed?" he gulped. "And all the while I've been wondering if you've changed. . . ."

"You're different," she insisted. "And I'm frightened."

He didn't know what to say. She had taken him by surprise.

"I'm afraid," she continued, "of our love."

"Wh-a-a-t?" he countered, his voice rising sharply. "Why are you afraid of—"

SHE INTERRUPTED. "Tommy, maybe you'll think I'm crazy, but you have changed. You're no longer the boy I fell in love with. I saw that today when you came out of the barracks. You're . . . a man! Your face has lost all its babyishness,

and you look so rugged that you probably could fly to the ends of the world . . . and fight . . . and win! I was so worried when you went into the Air Force because I thought the tough training would be so hard on you. I wanted you to be pampered. I hated the Air Force for taking you away from me. I wanted to see you every day and talk and laugh and be near you. I wanted to spoil you with my love and all the attention I could give you because you've had such a terrible, lonely life. I wanted to make up for it with all the tenderness and thoughtfulness . . ."

"There's . . . still . . . time," Tommy whispered.

"But I was wrong," Nancy said. "I see it now. I was wrong because I wouldn't have let you become a man. And every boy has to become a man one day. That's the way God wills it. Just as every girl must become a woman. I'll tell you now why I'm afraid. I'm afraid, Tommy, because I never knew how deep our love was until this afternoon. When I saw you I got dizzy. I couldn't talk. My throat felt as though it were stuffed with cotton, and my heart pounded so. I never knew that it was possible for one human being to love another so much. And maybe that's why I'm so scared. I've never felt anything so deep in my heart before."

"I love you," he told her.

She rubbed her head against his neck. "It's funny," she spoke so softly now her voice was like a faint sigh, "but I be-

grudged the Air Force all the time it was taking out of our lives, and now I realize that it's given us both a chance to grow . . . for the better. But, Tommy, I'm scared. I just never knew that love could be so powerful."

"Don't be scared, my love," Tommy said softly, soothingly, "Just keep loving me, and I'll keep loving you . . ." And their lips met in the darkness while the night winds rustled through the rain. . . .

After he dropped Nancy off at the dark and quiet motel, he drove her car to his barracks. The earth smelled clean like a fresh spice, and the breezes brushed like light silk against his cheek. Tommy undressed and dropped into his cot, and he began to think of tomorrow when he and Nancy were going to study the furniture booklets she had brought with her, visit the Alamo, take a tour through the Air Force museum, go for a boat ride, be with each other again.

He couldn't wait for this night to end so he could be with her again.

But she was right. They had changed.

The separation, hard as it was to accept at first, had given them something after all. And, as he lay there in the darkness with the rain rattling against the roof, he wondered if this was true of every man and his sweetheart, if perhaps true love deepened and strengthened after a parting, if this wasn't—possibly—the crowning touch to every soldier's love story.

END

I'm Gonna Die Young

(Continued from page 33)

say. "You're the boss." And he winked at him.

The doctor sighed and shook his head sadly. "If I had my way," he said firmly, "you wouldn't be going back on that stage tomorrow night." He jerked his head in the direction of the door. "You wouldn't be doing any shows or singing, or anything but resting for a good three weeks. But I know I can't hold you to that. So the most I can say is take it easy. Just slow down. You know the score. You were lucky this time, but next time. . . ." The doctor broke off abruptly.

"Don't worry, Doc. Don't worry," the young man wise-cracked. "I'll be around to sing at your funeral!"

The doctor didn't smile. "I hope so," he said gravely. "I hope so." And he turned on his heel and left the room.

Bobby Darin lay quietly as the door closed shut. He lay there and listened to his own breathing. Then he held his breath and he could almost hear it—the haunting, telltale sound of his heart murmur, the frightening whisper that said his heart wasn't functioning properly, wouldn't be normal. Ever.

He released his breath in a quick spurt and slowly, in little prickles, he began to break out in a cold sweat. The murmurs weren't new. He'd been living with them for a long time, ever since the four horrible attacks of rheumatic fever he'd had when he was a kid. They'd occurred between the ages of four and eight. He didn't remember too much about those years, the lost years. They telescoped now into one big blur of pain. The fever, a form of arthritis, had attacked his joints, inflaming them, making them swell and making them so tender that if he moved the slightest bit, searing pains would shoot through him, so violently that he felt as if he was being torn apart. Finally, the siege had let up and he could get out of bed and

start to lead a somewhat normal life. But it hadn't let him escape entirely. It would always have a hold on him: it had irreparably damaged his heart valves, the ones that opened and closed to let the life-giving blood flow from one chamber of his heart to the rest of his body. It had scarred the valves in three places so that they didn't work right; they let some of the blood slip back into the heart chamber instead of all being forced into the arteries and veins.

If *too much blood* leaked back, well, that could be the end. But right now, it wasn't real bad, the doctors had told him, when he went in for the frequent periodic check-ups that every heart condition victim must have. Right now, everything would be okay, if he took it easy, if he didn't let himself get run down.

TWENTY YEARS AGO, when he'd first come down with the fever, medical men knew very little about what caused it. Today, it was still a mystery, but now they had a few more clues: there seemed to be a connection between the fever and certain harmful "bugs" in your system—either streptococcus or staphylococcus bacteria; they knew that if you got run down, these bugs could easily take over; they knew that a sore throat, or even a common cold could leave a former rheumatic fever sufferer wide open to a new attack, even though it might be years since he'd been stricken.

So they warned him to be careful. They prescribed daily dosages of penicillin to ward off infection, but he was allergic to penicillin, so he took sulfa pills. He had to double the sulfa dosage, or take some antibiotic before something as simple as a tooth extraction, just in case there should be an open wound in his mouth—fertile ground for the strep bugs. Most of all, he had to get a lot of rest, not overwork himself, not let his body weaken and become prey to the infection which could bring on another attack. Because you never knew what would happen if the fever struck again. It might not affect his heart—but then again, it might. It

just might hurt it beyond repair.

And now he was lying in bed with a case of glandular fever. The disease itself wasn't serious; it was just nature's warning to take it easy, the danger signal that he wasn't as strong as he should be, that he couldn't fight off the harmful germs. It was precisely the internal condition that his doctors were trying to avoid.

Here he was lying in bed in his suite in Hotel Fourteen, the annex to New York's plush Copacabana nightclub, where he was headliner; lying there helplessly, while the management told the audience that Mr. Darin had suddenly taken sick and he wouldn't be doing the second show tonight. No, it wasn't serious—Mr. Darin was just terribly overworked and his doctors had forbidden him to finish the evening. Oh yes, Mr. Darin would be fine by tomorrow and the shows would go on as scheduled.

The inevitable buzz that always follows such an announcement would sweep through the crowd—the sighs of disappointment, and the grumbles of annoyance. He knew that many of the people who had paid good money to come and see him would leave angrily, muttering to themselves and to each other. "Just who does he think he is anyway? Another Sinatra? That he can just take a vacation whenever he doesn't feel like singing?" Because they didn't know. They couldn't know the real reason.

And maybe they'd come back tomorrow, when he was on stage and they'd watch him and whisper resentfully to each other that he looked fine, and that he was probably "just playin' possum" the night before. Because make-up and a little acting talent can hide almost anything. And they wouldn't know that he'd be there, realizing full well that he should be in bed, giving his all, singing his heart out, while the fear nagged inside him, the secret fear that maybe this would be the last show in a long, long while. If the germs got the better of him. If they really dug in and laid him low. . . .

HE CLOSED HIS EYES and he saw the 81

whole scene again, how it had all happened earlier tonight. He hadn't been feeling too well all day—sort of tired and a little groggy. He'd tried to catnap during the afternoon, but something was always interfering with his rest: phone calls, interviews, a hasty conference with his conductor and accompanist when someone had misplaced some music and mild hysteria had set in. . . . And then he had gone on stage and in the middle of his fourth number, he'd suddenly felt very dizzy. After that song he'd taken a drink of water, and walked around the stage, making jokes and light talk off the top of his head, hoping that the nausea would pass. But it didn't. The audience started to blur before his eyes; his arms and legs felt like lead weights, his head began to throb and pound and he could feel the sweat pouring down his face, streaking the make-up and trickling into his collar. But he'd finished the show and taken a quick bow. Then he'd staggered back stage, breathing heavily and clutching at his collar.

His manager had taken one look at him, felt his forehead, and gasped, "My God, Bobby, you're burning up!" He'd ignored Bobby's half-hearted quip, "Well, you can't say I didn't go out in a blaze of glory," shooed him right up to the suite, and called the doctor. Two doctors had come immediately and examined him as he lay limply on the bed, alternately sweating and shivering. They'd diagnosed it as glandular fever, a virus that was going around town at the time, given him a double dosage of sulfa and ordered him to rest. Period.

He smiled a little bitterly. *The Copa*—that shining beacon to which every aspiring young entertainer fixes his sights. *The Copa*—symbol of "having arrived" in show business. Yes, he had finally made the big time, the Copa—and what was he doing? Lying flat on his back with a virus, and the stern warning that it could lead to complications . . .

It was only a little over a year since he'd been one of the aspirants, another face in the crowd of eager hopefuls, of talented, but not yet arrived performers, just another name people said "might amount to something one day."

A lot had happened to him in that year and a half. He got his break, he made it in a big way. And they began to hail him as the entertainment sensation of his generation. Even the staid, conservative *New York Times* had swallowed its usual disdain for young pop music talent long enough to glowingly report in February of 1960: . . . *On records, the most striking insistence of the renaissance of showmanship can be found in the work of Bobby Darin, not only because he is a young singer with all the assurance, projection and casual craftsmanship of an old pro, but what is more remarkable, because he first gained his popularity in the rock 'n' roll scramble.*

They said it couldn't be done—and Bobby Darin had done it. He had done it beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Yet most people talked about his sudden appearance in the big time line-up in the hushed tone of awe that one reserves for the recounting of a miracle, or shrugged off his success as an unprecedented "streak of luck. The kid musta been born under a lucky star. How else could he have made it so fast?"

But the kid Bobby hadn't been born under a lucky star. The kid Bobby had made it on two things: an abundance of talent and the unwavering will to make the biggest splash ever in the show biz pool. And he had made it fast because he'd lie in bed at night and think he could actually hear, in the stillness of the room, that

82 chilling heart murmur and with it the

harsh reality that very possibly he didn't have as much time as most hopefuls do, that if he was going to make good, he'd have to do it quickly.

So, he plunged in and flailed away, grimly determined to reach his goal. And when he was well on the way, they censured him for being brash, pushy, conceited.

ONCE, A FEW MONTHS ago, when a reporter had reminded him of these criticisms, he had shrugged and replied with a characteristic candor: "I've got this feeling that I'm gonna die young and there's so little time, so what I've gotta do, I've gotta do fast." But he hadn't mentioned anything about his weak heart, and the reporter, not knowing the truth, had insinuated that any 24-year-old who talked this way must be off his rocker and that the criticisms leveled at Bobby Darin were probably well-founded.

Bobby winced when he read these and other comments, but still, he refused to talk about the real impetus behind his seemingly demoniacal drive. He shied away from it mainly because he didn't want pity, he didn't want people to like him because they felt sorry for him. He remembered too many years of that. Of lying in bed with pain and pity as his constant companions. And later, the years of poverty and more pity, when his fatherless family was on relief, when they practically had to beg to stay alive. He remembered all that and he didn't want any more of it; he wanted acceptance and respect, sure—but only if he had earned it by his talent as a performer and by what he had to offer as a normal, intelligent human being.

So, whenever an interviewer would sniff along the trail of the truth, he'd squelch the line of inquiry with a sharp defense, "Whaddya mean weak heart? Everybody dies of heart failure, y' know. Look, I don't ask for sympathy from anybody. Nobody, see? I'm in a position now to give sympathy. Not take it. I don't need sympathy. Not from anybody . . . I don't worry about dying. Who knows what death is? Do you know what death is? Well, all right . . . When He comes to take me away . . . When He calls . . . then I'll go . . . Bye-bye . . . You gonna do it any different? Huh?"

"You're still not satisfied? Okay. Look, when I was ten years old, they told my mother that I'd never live to be 14. They never told me. I'd have laughed in their faces. Now they say I may never live to be 30 and I laugh in their faces. So you see, there's no story. There's nothing to tell. . . ."

He could fool most outsiders with that flippant, I-don't-give-a-damn attitude, but he couldn't fool the few people who really knew and loved him. And most of all he couldn't fool himself. Not when he got out of breath after singing two numbers. Not when he often had to rest after climbing a steep flight of stairs.

Still, he'd try. When a worried friend would admonish him, "Bobby, you've got to take it easy. You're doing too much, too fast. At this pace you'll kill yourself," he'd shrug and carelessly retort, "When I go, Baby, it'll be with a bang." But a split second after the quip, an almost imperceptible shadow of fear would cloud his face, and he'd murmur soberly, before the friend could say a word, "I know, honey, I know. I've got to be more careful. I've got to be as careful as I know how."

WHAT HE WANTED most of all was a guarantee that there would be time, time for all the things he wanted to do. But he didn't think he'd ever get that guarantee, so he became the personification of a

Young Man in A Hurry. He didn't know if there would be time later, so he had to prove he was top material now. Right away. He had to prove it not only in his career, but also as a man. In the career, he had to buck the handicap of having started out late—at the age of 21 in a field where most newcomers are often in their early teens. He had to make the transition from the idol-hungry, rarely talent-conscious, rock 'n' roll teen-age audience to the more sophisticated, somewhat selective, young adult nightclub crowd—and make it fast. It's a big gap between these two worlds, and his bridge was one of sheer guts. He simply turned his back on the teen-agers, the only real security he knew, and took the risk that he'd be accepted by the older crowd. He gambled on his talents—not so much as a singer, but as a performer who could magnetize post-teen women by weaving a spell of sex on the nightclub floor, by arousing them unabashedly and calculatingly with sensuous, subtle motions. It worked.

As a man, he had to face up to the fact that he wasn't the best-looking guy in the world. He leaped that hurdle by gaining an outstanding reputation as one of Hollywood's hottest new sexpots, a "big ten swinger," hit 'n' run lover, the slickest of the love 'em and leave 'em brigade, a guy who wanted fun without deep involvement, courtship without marriage, girls, but not wives. Women complained bitterly about him: he was forgetful, he was never on time, he didn't write, he flirted with other girls in their presence. And yet, they flocked to him as mice to the Pied Piper, they said he was, "a doll . . . amusing . . . entertaining . . . unpredictable . . ." They adored him.

Then he found what he wanted. Love, real love. Jo-Ann Campbell. No, it wasn't so much that he had found love—love had found him. Jo-Ann had loved him long and silently before she could break down his resistance to real happiness, before he could accept the wonder of the love they shared. And for a while life was so wonderful that even ambition-driven Bobby was satisfied at last. His career was nearing the top; he had the love of an understanding woman; he would soon have a wife, a home.

But then it began again, that needling fear that there wasn't too much time left that if he stopped running for even a moment, someone with more time would get ahead of him, would block his way to the top.

So he did what he had to do. "What I've gotta do, I've gotta do fast," he told himself, and there wasn't time for love, for marriage, for a home. There wasn't much time at all, only enough to get to the top before it was too late. So he "postponed" his engagement to Jo-Ann Campbell. He would go off on tour, alone, it would give them time to "think." But he knew in his heart what the answer would be. . . .

Now he lay in bed in the shadowy room and listened to the steady swish, swish of traffic beneath his window, occasionally interrupted by the bleat of a car horn or the shrill voices of revelers who were making a late night of it. And he saw the form of the sulfa pill bottle on the night table: *the crutch*. He resisted the impulse to reach out, grab it and hurl it across the room to shatter on the opposite wall. He gripped the sides of the mattress hard with both hands and firmly vowed not to let himself get rundown like this again, to get off the treadmill and take it easy. But even as he made the resolution, he wondered if he ever would really slow down, if he ever could. And if he couldn't, what would happen . . . ?

END

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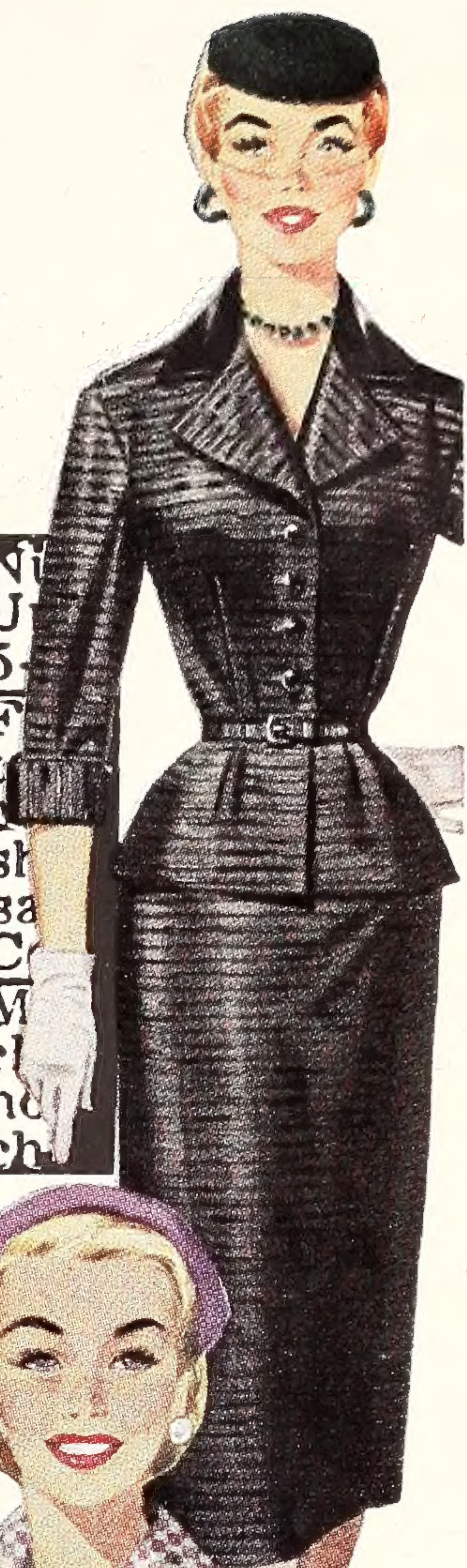
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